



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

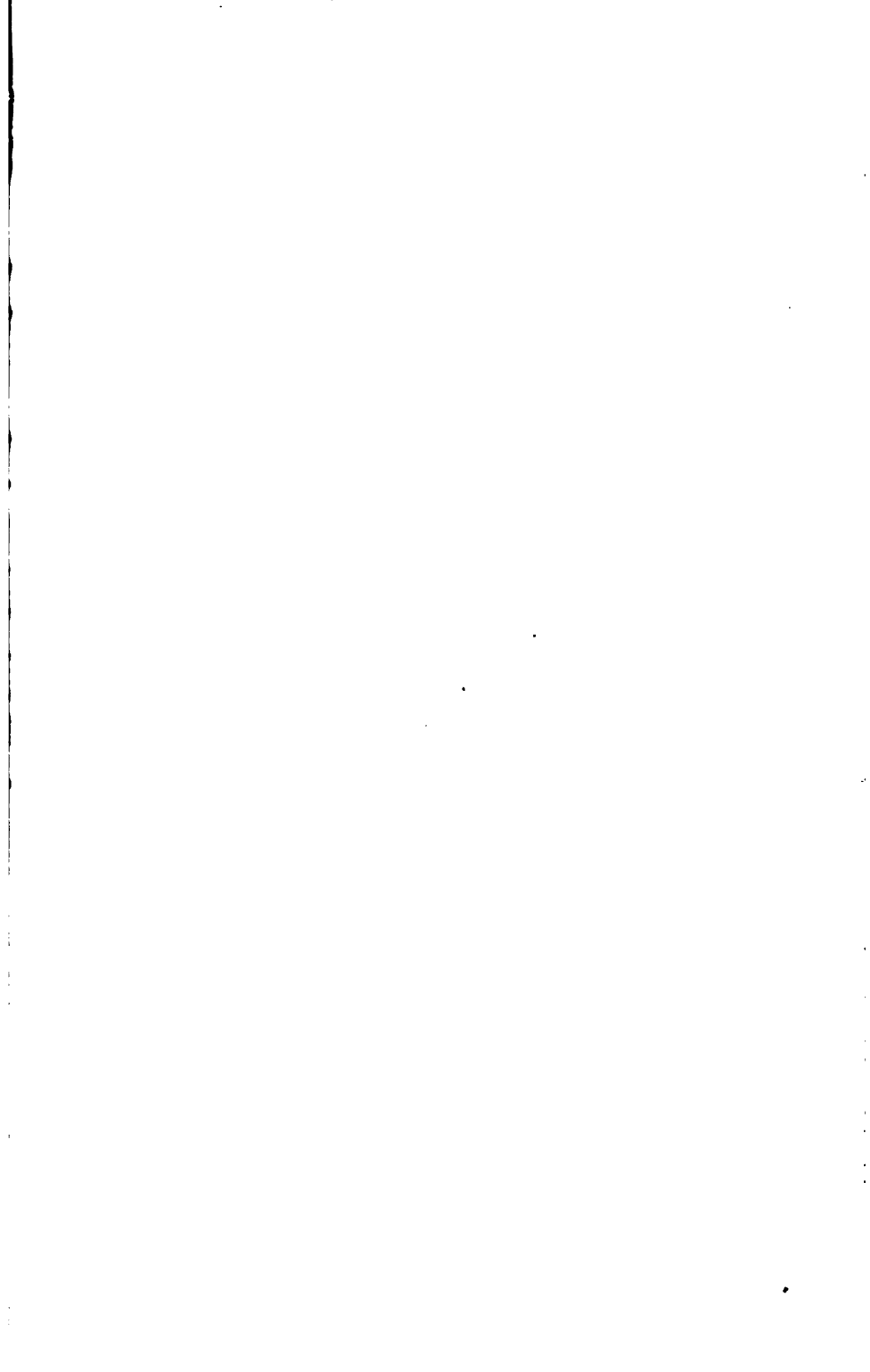
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







**SOME REMINISCENCES OF
WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI**





*W. M. Rossetti's Library.
shows Helen's Sofa, with Helen Rossetti, Angelo*

SOME
REMINISCENCES
OF
WILLIAM MICHAEL
ROSSETTI

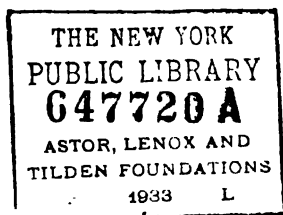
Pensando il breve viver mio nel quale
Stamane era un fanciullo ed or son vecchio
PETRARCA

VOL II
NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY
NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
153-157 FIFTH AVENUE

1906

65

19-
=



Printed in Great Britain

ROY WOOD
CLUB
YASSEL

A stylized, dotted or perforated version of the text 'ROY WOOD CLUB YASSEL', arranged in three lines.

B R vol. 2

B87769

CONTENTS

	PAGE
XIX. MY LITERARY WORK, 1858 TO 1867 . . .	297
XX. CHARLES CAYLEY AND CHRISTINA ROSSETTI .	311
XXI. THE CHEYNE WALK CIRCLE OF FRIENDS .	316
XXII. SOME FOREIGN TRIPS, ETC.	343
XXIII. EDITING SHELLEY, ETC.; TRELAWNY . . .	358
XXIV. OTHER EDITORIAL WORK: WHITMAN, LIVES OF POETS, ETC.	398
XXV. THE INLAND REVENUE AND SOME OF ITS OFFICIALS	409
XXVI. MY MARRIAGE AND MARRIED LIFE . . .	420
XXVII. OUR CHILDREN	446
XXVIII. LITERARY AND LECTURING WORK, 1874 TO 1893	468
XXIX. FAMILY INTIMATES IN OUR MARRIED LIFE .	487
XXX. OTHER ACQUAINTANCES, 1874 TO 1893 . .	495
XXXI. DEATHS IN THE FAMILY: DANTE, FRANCES, LUCY, AND CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, AND OTHERS	515
XXXII. MY WORK FROM 1894 ONWARDS . . .	545
XXXIII. CONCLUDING WORDS	564
INDEX	567

NOV 20 1964
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. II

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI'S LIBRARY . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
(Shows Shelley's Sofa, see p. 375, with Helen Rossetti Angeli)	
	TO FACE PAGE
TITLE-PAGE OF D. G. ROSSETTI'S JUVENILE POEM "SIR HUGH THE HERON"	302
MS. OF CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI	312
(Sonnet, "By way of Remembrance," addressed to Charles B. Cayley)	
DR. JOHN WILLIAM POLIDORI	385
(From the Oil-picture by Gainsford, c. 1820, now in the National Portrait Gallery)	
LUCY BROWN (ROSSETTI)	420
(Photograph taken in Rome, 1873)	
MARIA FRANCESCA ROSSETTI. C. 1874	427
ROMEO AND JULIET IN THE VAULT OF THE CAPULETS	494
(Water-colour by Lucy Brown (Rossetti), c. 1871)	
FRANCES AND CHRISTINA ROSSETTI	533
(By Dante G. Rossetti, 1877. Now in the National Portrait Gallery)	
WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI, 1905	564

SUMMARY OF THE SECTIONS

XIX. *My Literary Work, 1858 to 1867.*—My later work in *The Spectator*, and retirement therefrom—Writing in *The Saturday Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, *The Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, *The Chronicle*, etc.—Critiques republished in a volume—Work with a view to *The New English Dictionary*—Writings connected with William Blake—The Gilchrist family, Linnell, Tatham—My translation of Dante's *Inferno*
(pp. 297-310)

XX. *Charles Cayley and Christina Rossetti.*—A love-affair beginning late in 1862, not resulting in an engagement—Friendship continued—Cayley dies in December 1883—Writings by Christina bearing hereon
(pp. 311-315)

XXI. *The Cheyne Walk Circle of Friends.*—James Whistler, his art and personality—His brother and mother—Frederick Sandys—Legros—James Smetham and Frederic Shields—Nettleship—Mr. and Mrs. Linton—Cruikshank—H. Treffry Dunn—and other artists—Rev. C. L. Dodgson—The Marstons—O'Shaughnessy—Joseph Knight—Francis Hueffer—William Davies—Dr. Hake and his son George—Watts-Dunton—Joaquin Miller—Mrs. Lewes—Turguénief—and other writers—Picture-buyers, Rae, Graham, Leyland, etc.—Greeks in London
(pp. 316-342)

XXII. *Some Foreign Trips, etc.*—Trips in Great Britain—First foreign visit, Paris, 1853, and the Universal Exhibition of 1855—Mont St. Michel and Caen—First Italian tour, 1860—Numerous other Italian tours, one of them with John L. Tupper and one with Christina—A robbery in 1868 near Venice—Persons whom I saw in Italy, especially Miss Clare Clairmont in 1873—William Graham's articles, *Chats with Jane Clermont*—Visit to Germany during the war of 1870—Other details
(pp. 343-357)

XXIII. *Editing Shelley, etc.; Trelawny.*—Following upon some notes on Shelley published by me in *Notes and Queries*, I am invited to re-edit

his poems for Moxon, Son, and Co., and I undertake this work in 1868—Varying opinions as to my success—Sir Percy and Lady Shelley—Shelley's letters to Miss Hitchener imparted to me by Mr. H. J. Slack—Through Barone Kirkup I am re-introduced to Edward John Trelawny—Description of his character and demeanour, and of his friendly intercourse with me continuing up to his death in 1881—He presents me with a fragment of Shelley's skull, and with the sofa which Shelley used in Pisa—I attend to the re-edition of his book on Shelley and Byron—Mrs. Jefferson Hogg—Trelawny reading Blake and Whitman—Cremation of his remains, entombed in Rome—H. Buxton Forman and his edition of Shelley—Reprint of my edition, and interposition of Miss Clairmont—Other writings of mine on Shelley, including an annotated edition of *Adonais*, and a compilation, unpublished, named *Cor Cordium*—Shelley students, Locker Lampson, Denis MacCarthy, Mathilde Blind—The Shelley Society founded in 1886 by Dr. Furnivall—Its ultimate collapse—Drawings by and relating to Shelley—Anecdote as to his grave in Rome (pp. 358–397)

XXIV. *Other Editorial Work: Whitman, Lives of Poets, etc.*—Work for the Early English Text Society and for the Chaucer Society—Chaucer's *Troilus and Cryseyde*, and Boccaccio—An article of mine on Whitman in *The Chronicle* leads to my publishing a selection from his poems, 1868—Correspondence with Whitman, and Mrs. Gilchrist's published letters regarding him—Subscriptions for his benefit—I edit *Moxon's Popular Poets*, leading on to a volume, *Lives of Famous Poets* (pp. 398–408)

XXV. *The Inland Revenue and some of its Officials.*—The Chairmen of Inland Revenue—My work as Assistant Secretary—Remarks as to the constitution of the office—The Secretaries—On the resignation of Sir Robert Micks, a discussion arises as to his successor—My relation hereto, and appointment of Mr. Heberden—My official and other income—The Inland Revenue as related to literature (pp. 409–419)

XXVI. *My Marriage and Married Life.*—Lucy Brown, and my marriage to her in 1874—Trip to Naples etc.—We return to Endsleigh Gardens, Maria having entered the All Saints Sisterhood, and my two aunts having taken apartments elsewhere—My mother and Christina leave in 1876—Portraits of my wife—Death of Oliver Brown, 1874, and of Maria, 1876—Madox Brown, quitting Manchester, re-settles in London, St. Edmund's Terrace—Dante Rossetti, confining himself to his own house, is visited by me weekly from 1879—Dissolution of the partner-

ship, Morria, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co., 1874—Trips to Belgium, Edinburgh, etc.—My wife fails in her efforts to continue the painting profession; writes a *Life of Mrs. Shelley*—Her illness, ultimately fatal, beginning in 1885—She goes for health to various places, including San Remo, where we experience the earthquake of 1887—Pau and Biarritz—General condition of my own health—We remove in 1890 from Endleigh Gardens to St. Edmund's Terrace, after a short stay with Christina in Torrington Square—Stratford-on-Avon and Skipscey the coal-miner poet—My wife's malady develops into phthisis with brain exhaustion—In October 1893 she finally leaves England (pp. 420-445)

XXVII. *Our Children*.—Five children, Olivia, Gabriel Arthur, Helen, Mary, Michael, the last dying in infancy—Their bringing-up—Foreign nursery-governesses—Many foreign trips—Olivia and Helen, after mixing much with political extremists, write a book, *A Girl among the Anarchists*—What Anarchism consists of—Olivia marries Antonio Agresti, and settles in Florence, then Rome—Arthur employed in the Lancashire Stoker Works, and married to Dora Lewis—Helen goes for health's sake, with me, to Davos Platz and Sydney—Marries Gastone Angeli, and is left a widow with an infant daughter—Mary interested in Napoleon literature—A robbery from me in Bâle, *en route* to Davos Platz—Voyage to Australia, involving a quarantine for small-pox—Mrs. Allport and her family at Sydney—Olivia, leaving London to meet us in Italy, is suspected of sinister designs, and dogged by the police—The Australian explorer, Carr-Boyd (pp. 446-467)

XXVIII. *Literary and Lecturing Work, 1874 to 1893*.—My work in *The Academy*, followed by *The Athenæum*—A libel action founded partly on an article of mine—Work in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*—A series of *Democratic Sonnets*, begun in 1881—Writings on my brother after his death; his *Collected Works*, *Rossetti as Designer and Writer*, *Portraits of Rossetti*, etc.—Survivors who remember Rossetti personally: the list should include (casually omitted in the text) Arthur Hughes, Cathy Hueffer, Mrs. Morria, Mrs. Stillman—A *Life of Keats*—Essentials in biography—Paper relating to Browning's *Sordello*—Lectures on Shelley, The Wives of Poets, and Leopardi (pp. 468-486)

XXIX. *Family Intimates in our Married Life*.—George T. Robinson and his family—His daughter Mary, now Madame Duclaux—Irish Nationalist members of Parliament—Gaston Paris and others—Justin McCarthy and his family—Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy and his wife and

xii SUMMARY OF THE SECTIONS

daughter—Mrs. Stillman and her family—Mr. and Mrs. Moncure Conway—Charles Rowley—W. M. Hardinge, etc. (pp. 487-494)

XXX. *Other Acquaintances, 1874 to 1893.*—Sir J. Noel Paton—Walter Crane—Harold Rathbone—Philip Bailey—Remarks on his *Festus*—James Thomson—Augusta Webster—Hall Caine—Francis Adams and his poems—Mr. and Mrs. Dean—William Sharp—and others—Some Japanese acquaintances, especially the poet Yone Noguchi—Charles Aldrich, of Iowa—Autograph-collectors, and anecdote of Mr. B.—Edward Silsbee and Miss Clairmont—Mrs. Lonsdale—Persons known to me in Manchester through Madox Brown, etc. (pp. 495-514)

XXXI. *Deaths in the Family—Dante, Frances, Lucy, and Christina Rossetti, and others.*—Dante Rossetti, his illnesses, and death at Birchington-on-Sea, 1882—His will, and occurrences following his death—Exhibitions of his works—Buchanan's *Fleshy School of Poetry*, as analysed by myself and by Miss Harriet Jay—Tennyson on Rossetti—Death of Frances Rossetti, 1886—Directly after Lucy Rossetti's departure from England, 3 October 1893, Madox Brown dies, 6 October—Her stay in Pallanza, Genoa, and San Remo—I join her in March 1894, and she dies in April—Her will, and arrangements consequent thereon—Christina's generally frail health—Operation for cancer in 1892, and final illness confining her to bed from August 1894—The condition of her mind and spirits—She dies, December 1894—Her will, and provision for religious bequests—Her cat Muff—Notes taken by me during her last illness—Mackenzie Bell's biography of her—Other deaths in the family—Biography of Brown begun by Lucy Rossetti, and afterwards done *de novo* by Ford Hueffer (pp. 515-544)

XXXII. *My Work from 1894 onwards.*—The last stage of my career in the Inland Revenue, followed by work as professional assistant for estate-duty on pictures and drawings—I resign this position in December 1903—Visit to Venice, 1895, to act as one of the jurors for prizes in the International Art Exhibition—Professor Fradeletto and his family—My project in 1882 of bringing out Dante Rossetti's family letters, along with a biography to be written by Watts-Dunton—In July 1894, this biography not being forthcoming, I undertake to write one myself, and the book is published in 1895—Cross-purposes in *The Athenæum* office—Putting together other family documents, I construct a compilation, which gives rise to three volumes (*Ruskin, Rossetti, Præ-*

raphaelitism; Præraphaelite Diaries and Letters; Gabriele Rossetti), and to two magazine articles—Introductions to some works by Dickens and Thackeray—Dr. John Polidori's Diary unpublished—A further compilation named *Rossetti Papers*—A transaction with the Royal Literary Fund (*pp.* 545-563)

XXXIII. *Concluding Words.*—Some changes in my time, especially as to dogmatic religion, the position of women, Socialism, and the development of fine art—Political conditions, and Carlyle's forecast—Deaths of friends and acquaintances during the process of writing and publishing this book (*pp.* 564-566)

SOME REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI

XIX

MY LITERARY WORK, 1858 TO 1867

IN 1858 the editor and founder of *The Spectator*, Mr. Rintoul, was getting advanced in years, and was declining in health. He sold the property to a new editor, a Mr. Scott, and retired from the concern. I continued under Mr. Scott to be the art-critic of the paper, and got on very well with him, though I had felt more drawn to Mr. Rintoul. The only persons that I remember meeting through the agency of Mr. Scott were Mr. Andrew McCallum, the landscape-painter, and his first wife. Mrs. McCallum was a beautiful woman, having some fortune in her own right. She was not of the stately order of beauty, but had a face both fine and charming, and large eyes of surprising lustre. She was one of the not quite innumerable persons who, perusing Dante Rossetti's old prose-tale *Hand and Soul* (in *The Germ*) had supposed it to be a narrative of actual facts, and had made research in the Pitti Gallery for the picture, *Manus animam pinxit*, by Chiaro dell' Erma. She had to retire baffled, and I conjecture that she may have left behind her the name

of "*la bella inglese*" who asked some unintelligible questions.

Mr. Scott retired from *The Spectator* at the close of 1858, and another editor succeeded. For a reason which I need not here detail (not anything in the nature of a personal dispute) I was somewhat reluctant to act under the new editor, and I of my own accord relinquished my position, and have never since been a contributor to *The Spectator*. I had done my work there with some resoluteness, and between November 1850 and December 1858 I had lived to see the virulent invectives against the Præraphaelite painters and their movement change into very general (though certainly not universal) recognition, and in many quarters energetic eulogy. Possibly the eulogy was every now and then not much more intelligent than the preceding abuse. This change was of course due to the merits of the artists themselves; for my own small part, I will only claim to have "stuck to my guns." I did so without—so far as I observed—exciting any animosity among hostile artists or hostile critics. It is curious how long a tradition can persist in matters of this kind. At intervals since I left *The Spectator*—and one of the instances may have been some twenty years beyond that date—I have heard fine-art articles in this paper attributed to my hand, owing not to any conformity in the opinions expressed, but simply to the fact that I had at one time been known to be the art-critic, and the persons concerned had not happened to learn that I had ceased to be so. This experience has always rendered me rather chary in ascribing particular unsigned articles to particular writers. There may be a reasonable presumption, but not a certainty which one can securely

act upon. I have known another rather salient instance of the like kind. In 1873 Oliver Madox Brown published his first novel, *Gabriel Denver*. It was reviewed in *The Athenæum* with some degree of asperity. Oliver Brown and his family were led to think that Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson was the reviewer; they were more than sufficiently ready to believe that such and such persons were "enemies," and for some years Mr. Jeaffreson passed with them as an enemy. And yet the assumption was totally mistaken; Jeaffreson had nothing whatever to do with the review.

In the last year of my *Spectator* work, 1858, I was the art-critic of *The Saturday Review* likewise. This connexion lasted only one season, for the proprietor of *The Saturday*, Mr. Beresford Hope, was decidedly adverse to Præraphaelitism, while I had been championing its cause. The founder of *The Saturday Review*, Mr. Douglas Cook, continued to be its editor in 1858; a tall man of middle age, with a very red smooth face, not of the literary type.

Between 1861 and 1864, under the editorship of Mr. Froude, I wrote various articles in *Fraser's Magazine* upon aspects of fine art, in immediate relation to the annual exhibitions; and towards 1862 I was the art-critic of *The London Review*, a paper, edited by Mr. Patrick Comyn, upon much the same plan as *The Saturday*. I found Mr. Froude personally very agreeable, but my acquaintance with him was slight. About 1864 Mr. Benjamin B. Woodward, the Queen's Librarian at Windsor Castle, founded *The Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, and he got me to write a quarterly summary of fine arts news, and one or two articles of a more individual kind. This review had some support in high

quarters ; but it did not seem to take any root with the public, and its life was short. The same was the case with *The Chronicle*, a paper which, beginning in March 1867, lasted barely a year. The editor was Mr. Wetherall, a very courteous and high-minded gentleman, a Roman Catholic ; the paper, a weekly, was not exclusively or directly a religious organ, but it was planned with a view to giving expression to the opinions, on all sorts of subjects, of the more liberal and advanced section of Catholics. Lord Acton is stated to have been the proprietor. I, it was well understood, was not a Catholic ; but I was left free to say what I liked, short of coming into absolute collision with Catholic tenets. In *The Chronicle* I for the first time expressed my critical opinion concerning Walt Whitman and his *Leaves of Grass*. This article of mine had a sequel, of which anon.

When in 1867 I published, under the title, *Fine Art, chiefly Contemporary*, a volume reproducing several of my papers collected out of various periodicals, I drew not only upon sources heretofore mentioned, but also upon *The Edinburgh Weekly Review*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *The Liverpool Post*, and *Weldon's Register*. I need not however burden the reader's attention with any details regarding my connexion with these four serials. That phrase in my title, "chiefly contemporary," indicates one of the too numerous deficiencies in my writings on fine art. I have very generally been concerned with the works of living artists, and even these more as displayed from year to year in exhibitions than as representing the sum of their performance. To write on a tolerably adequate scale respecting the great art of the past, or even respecting the entire career of important

masters of our own time, has been my lot hardly if at all.

There was another publication in which I, and also Christina, wrote a good number of articles more or less short—perhaps a full hundred in all. It was entitled *The Imperial Dictionary of Biography*, brought out by subscription in Glasgow from 1857 to 1863, and edited by Dr. Waller. My concern with this publication may have been towards 1859–60. My articles were on Italian personages of various kinds—literary, artistic, political, etc. Another production of mine—about the only one in which I have dealt at some little length with a subject unrelated to literature or art—was an article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, towards 1865, on *English Opinion on the American War* (the war of Secession). It affirmed my strong sympathy with the cause of the Northern States, and analysed the marked bias which had been evinced by English society in the opposite direction. This article, as I was pleased to learn, was well received in America.

In all this sequence of years—beginning may-be in 1855—I did a large amount of work for the Philological Society, which had started the project of a new English Dictionary on a more extensive and systematic plan than anything as yet extant. This project ultimately developed into the monumental work which is now coming out through the Clarendon Press, under the editorship of Dr. J. A. H. Murray. The Philological Society invited various persons to undertake the reading of books of all dates, and of very diverse degrees of literary importance, and to make extracts therefrom, suitable to be used as quotations in the projected dictionary. I came into relation with Mr. Herbert Coleridge, who was

acting as editor for this preliminary work, and with Dr. Furnivall, Secretary of the Society. I read a great number of books, making—or sometimes only marking—extracts for quotation; I dare say the books may have exceeded a hundred, and some of them big affairs, such as all the dramas of Massinger. I also did some sub-editing work, which probably, in the long run, counted for next to nothing. My busiest time with the dictionary business may have lasted up to 1865 or thereabouts; it has occasionally been renewed since then, and something of it was going on as late as 1900.

It has befallen me to do a good deal with William Blake at one time or another, and in one or other form. I could not define when I first heard about this potent inventor in art and poetry, whose death, 1827, preceded my birth by only two years. My first informant concerning him must, as in so many other cases, have been my brother, at some such date as 1846. He may or may not have known a few of Blake's poems and designs before reading the graphic and diverting account of him given by Allan Cunningham—a writer many of whose lyrics and legendary tales (besides *Sir Hugh the Heron*, versified by Dante Gabriel in boyhood) were favourites with us at a very early age. Anyhow, after reading Cunningham's memoir, our attention was fixed upon Blake, and we began looking out for his work whenever we could. In April 1847 a notebook full of Blake's verse and prose, published and unpublished, and of his designs mostly unengraved, was offered to my brother at the British Museum by an attendant named Palmer (some relative of Samuel Palmer, the water-colour landscape-painter, friend of Blake in his latest years); the price

*To his sister Christina
from The Author*

SIR HUGH THE HERON.

A LEGENDARY TALE,

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY GABRIEL ROSSETTI, JUNIOR.

SIR HUGH THE HERON BOLD,
BARON OF TWISELL AND OF FORD,
AND CAPTAIN OF THE HOLD.
Scott's Marmion, Canto 1.

LONDON: MDCCCXLIII.

G. POLIDORI's Private Press,
15, Park Village East, Regent's Park.

(For Private Circulation only.)

THE FIRST BOOK ISSUED BY GABRIEL ROSSETTI AGED 15.



was ten shillings. I have given some details of this matter in my *Memoir of Dante Rossetti*, and shall abridge them here. Dante Gabriel did not possess (and in those days he seldom did possess) the ten shillings; but I luckily did, and I produced it. And so this exceedingly choice relic became ours. At my brother's death in 1882 its commercial value was very different from what it had been in 1847: the volume sold for £110. 5s., and even so it was, I apprehend, a cheap lot to its purchaser Mr. F. S. Ellis, who, after a rather long interval, re-sold it to Mr. W. A. White, of Brooklyn, United States. This purchase by Mr. Ellis took place at the sale of my brother's effects in July 1882, not very long before the buyer retired from the bookselling and (in a limited degree) the publishing business. He had been my brother's publisher, and they were warm personal friends as well, and I take this opportunity of saying that a more likeable, straightforward, and liberal man than Mr. Ellis has hardly come within my cognizance. He had besides a very good literary turn of his own, as sufficiently attested by his verse-translations of *Reynard the Fox* and *The Romaunt of the Rose*. I truly regretted the death of this estimable man in 1901.

Another Blake acquisition of my brother's—at a rather later date, when he had in his own pocket the small sum needed as purchase-money—was the rare pamphlet bearing the following long title: *A Treatise on Zodiacal Physiognomy, illustrated by Engravings of Heads and Features, and accompanied by Tables of the Time of rising of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, and containing also new Astrological Explanations of some remarkable Portions of ancient Mythological History: by John Varley. Longman Co., 1828.* This contains several curious engravings

with which Blake had to do, especially his "Ghost of a Flea." In connexion with this pamphlet I became the butt of some good-humoured but pointed raillery from my brother, and also from Alexander Gilchrist ; for it was my ill fortune (the pamphlet, like all other books in those days, being counted as the joint property of Dante and myself) to put it up with some other brochures etc. to be bound ; and the ruthless binder, contrary to any anticipation of mine, cut horribly into the margins, and interfered with the engravings themselves to some minor extent. For some years I felt a little sheepish, and probably looked so, when *Varley's Zodiacal Physiognomy* was mentioned by Dante Gabriel or in his presence.

I gather that the active interest which Alexander Gilchrist took in Blake's works and career, and his preparations for becoming his biographer, began towards 1856 ; his work as a press-reviewer of fine art, in *The Literary Gazette* and *The Critic*, towards 1858. His *Life of Etty* had come out in 1855, and I had then reviewed it in *The Spectator*. What may have been the precise beginning of our personal knowledge of Gilchrist I no longer remember. It seems likely that some one—as for instance Bell Scott—told him that my brother possessed that MS. book of Blake's, and that Gilchrist thereupon, in or about 1859, sought out Dante Rossetti, applying for leave to inspect the volume. At any rate, my brother lent him that book, and got me to produce the *Zodiacal Physiognomy* for the like purpose. Dante took a more than usual fancy to Gilchrist, thinking very well of him as an art-critic, sympathizing with his enthusiasm for Blake, and enjoying his company and conversation. I myself may have met Gilchrist some

half-dozen times; spending one long evening at his house in Cheyne Row (next door to Carlyle), and being there introduced to his wife, with her young family of four children. Gilchrist, born in April 1828 (a month before the birth of Dante Gabriel), was a young man of rather low middle height, of strong build and well-knit figure, with a countenance of much intelligence, not otherwise specially noticeable. I liked both him and his wife sincerely from the first. They had many attractive things to show, whether connected with Blake or not, and obviously lived a life of warm affections and solid mental interests, not sodden down into the mere commonplaces of society. They both aspired to do a stroke of good work in their sphere and generation without timorous uneasiness as to how other people might take it. A Memoir of Mrs. Gilchrist was brought out by her son Herbert in 1887, and I had the opportunity of paying, in the form of a prefatory notice, a tribute to her sincerely cherished memory. That visit of mine to the Gilchrist household in Cheyne Row was the first and perhaps the last. It may have occurred in the earlier autumn of 1861, and on 30 November of the same year Gilchrist, having caught the infection of scarlet fever from some other members of the family who recovered, came to his death. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Gilchrist with her children removed to a comfortable countrified house—Brookbank, Shottermill, Haslemere—on the border of three counties, Surrey, Hampshire, and Sussex. I was a visitor there more than once.

Gilchrist's work upon *The Life of Blake*—the whole structure of the book, and the great majority of its detailed writing—was accomplished, and some chapters

were already in print; but still various things remained to be done before the manuscript could be consigned to the publisher in complete condition. The widow, a highly competent writer, did much of what was required. My brother offered, on his own behalf and on mine, that we would coöperate in any way which might be desired, and this proposal was thankfully accepted. Dante Rossetti undertook the ordering of the writings of Blake which form the principal contents of volume II; he wrote a supplementary chapter to the *Life* (on various details pertinent to Blake's work in art and poetry), and the description of the designs to *The Book of Job*. I produced, not without some pains and research, as also with much enjoyment, the *Annotated Catalogue of Blake's Pictures and Drawings*, and supplied besides several remarks having a critical bearing, which were embodied in the *Life* here and there. My inquiries for the purpose of the catalogue brought me into relation with various persons; chiefly Captain Butts, a grandson of the Mr. Butts who had been one of Blake's chief purchasers and friends.

I met moreover two persons who had actually known Blake: John Linnell the famous landscape-painter, and Frederick Tatham, a sculptor. Mr. Linnell, living in a large house at Redhill, Reigate, was about seventy years old when I called on him: a wiry, resolute, alert man, with a forcible voice. It was a Sunday; and, as he was known to be a person of strong religious views, I had rather expected to find him disinclined on that day for any secular employment or talk. However, I saw him painting steadily upon one of his landscapes, and he explained to me that he was not a sabbatarian. He owned several works by Blake; the most important for

my purposes being the fine coloured series from Dante, done near the close of the artist's life. Several members of Linnell's family were living along with him. We sat down to table as many as eight or ten; Linnell, who liked his own ways much better than those of other people, expressed a preference for new rather than old wine. After this visit I had a little correspondence with him, and with his son John the engraver, but had not the advantage of meeting him again in person. He sent me one or two small religious pamphlets of his writing. Mr. Tatham I saw rather more frequently, and I received several letters from him. Though a sculptor by profession, he had not, I surmise, made any public impression in that capacity; ultimately, joining the Irvingite Church, he became a minister, I conjecture an "angel." He was a rather fleshy squat man, with an expressive face and animated manner. His age may have been about fifty-five when I first met him. He was a ready and pointed writer, and showed me a manuscript or two on matters of æsthetics, well deserving of publication. The chief distinction of Mr. Tatham, in relation to Blake, was a very unfortunate one. He had known Blake for some few months before his death, Mrs. Blake up to her decease in 1831. She bequeathed to him the remaining stock of the mystic's works—designs, poems, notebooks. A large number of these were destroyed by Mr. Tatham under the influence of some fanatical religionists, who opined that the works, although in some sense inspired, were redolent of quite the wrong afflatus—"un dei neri cherubini" (as Dante says) had had his finger, or his horns and tail, in them. A performance well calculated to arouse "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." And yet people who have

acquired a correct idea of the full compass of Blake's utterances and speculations will not be exactly surprised at it.

Gilchrist's *Life of Blake* was issued (by Messrs. Macmillan) in 1863, and was followed in 1868 by Mr. Swinburne's *Critical Study*. Six years afterwards, 1874, was published the Aldine Edition of *Blake's Poems*, edited by me with a rather long and analytical Prefatory Memoir; and for the re-issue of the Gilchrist book in 1880 I worked afresh upon the *Annotated Catalogue*.

It was not until 1865 (age thirty-five) that I beheld a writing of mine produced in volume-form: an incident which cannot be other than gratifying to any one who undertakes authorship. The volume in question is my blank-verse translation of Dante's *Inferno*. It was published by Messrs. Macmillan at my expense, or in strictness at my mother's; for she, knowing that I had the translation by me, and that I hesitated to incur the cost of publication, volunteered to produce a requisite £50. I had begun this translation many years before, perhaps as early as 1852, and had carried it on at intervals for about five years ensuing, as leisure from other occupations permitted. My primary, I might say my sole, object was to give a direct literal and unmodified rendering of what Dante said: with exactness I combined literary force and form so far as I found them available and at my command; but, if a choice had to be made between the two requirements, I stuck to the exactness. Dante, one does well to remember, is, beyond almost all other poets, the one whose own expressions are so precise, terse, impressive, and monumental, that to render them faithfully goes some way towards rendering them well. In his Italian they could not be better than they

are; and in our English they could easily be worse than when given in the form of close transcript. To paraphrase Dante must be to lower him; to amplify him is to dilute; an attempt at greater ornateness is not to decorate but to desecrate. At the date when I completed my version of the *Inferno* there were three which mainly held the field—Cary's, Cayley's, and John Carlyle's. Cary's, in blank verse, I have always regarded as uncharacteristic; it is competent and even scholarly, but not Dantesque, rather Miltonic in a minor key—and Dante is widely sundered from Milton. I cannot but think that the vogue which Cary's translation retains to the present day—for nothing has availed to displace it—is a clear symptom that English people do not yet understand (nor entirely want to understand) what Dante is really like. Cayley's translation, in the original *terza rima*, was an attempt so difficult that any fair measure of success in it was a feat; his success was not only fair, but may even be called great, yet necessarily he left a good deal undone in the direction of severe fidelity, much more of literality. Carlyle's version, being in prose, might have been absolutely literal, allowing for the intrinsic differences between Italian and English modes of speech; it is not that, and truly it is not more literal than a blank-verse rendering can be made. My endeavour was to be fully as literal as Carlyle, with the added similarity and advantage—whatever that may be held to amount to—of verse.

Soon after my translation had been published, that of Longfellow appeared; it aims at much the same degree of literal exactness as mine did. Of all men, I am the one whom it would least beseem to debate which of the two versions is the more successful. I will only say that

in one respect Longfellow allowed himself a latitude which I rigidly avoided to the best of my power; he intermixed very freely lines of eleven syllables with those of ten syllables. Dante's own lines, conforming to the structure of the Italian language, are of course (with the most casual exceptions) of eleven syllables; but it appears to me that in English poetry—I do not here count the dramatic—the typical blank-verse line of ten syllables is the only one which can be taken as the standard, not to be departed from unless upon urgent need.

After completing my rendering of the *Inferno* I proceeded to that of the *Purgatorio*, and accomplished nineteen cantos. I then dropped it, and paid no further practical attention to those nineteen cantos until 1900, when I put them in the way of getting published. No publisher however has as yet come forward, nor did I much expect any. The *Inferno* volume was very fairly received by critics, and has been out of print for several years past. My brother designed an appropriate—not a conspicuous—binding for it. This was his first experiment in the line of binding-design, in which he was afterwards a very successful innovator.

My second and third published volumes have already been specified: the *Criticism on Swinburne's Poems and Ballads*, and the *Fine Art, chiefly Contemporary*. The latter was brought out by Messrs. Macmillan at their own cost, and it was perhaps reviewed with more general favour than anything else I have produced. The edition got nearly sold out, but without fully paying its expenses. With this volume I bring up to the year 1867 the account of my small literary ventures.

XX

CHARLES CAYLEY AND CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

IN my seventh section I have set forth some facts concerning my sister Christina's first affair of the heart. There was a second such affair, and indeed one which struck root much deeper than the first.

I have previously made mention of Mr. Charles Bagot Cayley as being a pupil of my father for Italian attending at our house towards 1847, then an attentive inquirer after him on his deathbed, and I have just renamed him as a pre-eminent translator of Dante ; and in my twelfth section I have essayed to sketch his character and demeanour as a close and abstracted scholar, a man of singular unworldliness. Worldliness, as one may easily see from the tone of Christina's poems, was not in the least to her taste ; naturally therefore unworldliness was no bar to the warmth of her regard, but rather the contrary. If my readers understand my account of Cayley in the same sense in which I have penned it, they will perceive that he was not at all the sort of man who would be attractive to the general run of women ; but that nevertheless he belonged to a fine type of character, and the basis of his feelings and the tone of his mind were such as a woman of an exceptional order might genuinely admire, and could be led to love.

I forget what may have been the occurrence which brought Cayley and Christina together, towards the end of 1862; perhaps he was with us at Cheyne Walk, for my brother and I had never lost sight of him, but had him in our company every now and then. Christina was in 1862 not entirely youthful, thirty-one years of age. Cayley soon paid her some marked attentions. Clearly Christina loved him before the year 1863 had begun, for she wrote at various dates a series of compositions in Italian verse, which she kept together under the title of *Il Rosseggiar dell' Oriente*; and the first of these, dated December 1862, evinces the state of her feelings unmistakably. The series was first published in 1896, in the *New Poems*.

As already said, my sister was extremely reticent in any matter of this kind, and many things may have happened, and surely did happen, of which I never heard any particulars, and possibly no one else did. The sum of it seems to have been this: Cayley proposed to her in or about 1864, and she, being truly very much in love with him, would most gladly have accepted his offer. But, as in the previous case, she made the whole affair a matter of conscience, to be determined by considerations of religious faith. She inquired as to his creed, and she found that he was not a Christian; either absolutely not a Christian, or else so far removed from fully defined religious orthodoxy that she could not regard him as sharing the essence of her own beliefs. She consequently, with a sore heart, declined to be his wife.

It is also a fact—and one to which I have already adverted—that Cayley's means were extremely restricted and precarious. He had very little regular income,

I love you and you know it — this at least,
This comfort is mine own in all my pain:
You know it and can never doubt again,
And love's mere self is a continual feast.
Not oath of mine nor blessing-word of priest
Could make my love more certain or more plain,
Life as a ~~setting~~ moon doth wax and wane
Oweary moon, still rounding, still decreased!
Life wanes: and when love folds his wings above
Tired joy, and left we feel his conscious pulse,
Let us go fall asleep, dear friend, in peace; —
A little while, and age and sorrow cease;
A little while, and love reborn annuls
Loss and decay and death — and all is love.



1870.

MS. OF CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

SONNET, "BY WAY OF REMEMBRANCE,"

ADDRESSED TO CHARLES B. CAYLEY.



made hardly anything by literary work, and was, spite of his genuine talent and many acquirements, so entirely alien from putting himself forward in any practical sphere of life that it appeared probable he would never do more than just make both ends meet on a very modest scale of subsistence. This however was not the turning-point—it could not be said to count at all in the upshot. While the question was still somewhat in suspense, and when I had become aware of my sister's feelings, I urged her in express terms not to hesitate to marry, as she and her husband would be most welcome to live in my house as members of the family. To this, I make no doubt, they would both have assented, had that been the only or the chief question at issue. But it was not, and the ultimate decision rested upon the religious grounds alone. In this as in other matters I honour Christina's strength of principle and courage of will ; but naturally I am far from thinking that a contrary resolution would have been in any way unbecoming to her. She would have been far happier, and might have become rather broader in mental outlook, and no one would have been any the worse for it.

Christina did not view Charles Cayley with the least disfavour after they had come to an explanation on religious questions, and she to a decision governed by her creed ; indeed she, in one sense, thought all the more highly of him for having avowed the truth without disguise or subterfuge. They did not cease to see one another, but met every now and then either in my house or in that of some friend (especially Miss Leifchild, the sister of Franklin and Henry Leifchild, whom I have slightly mentioned heretofore). In the house,

30 Torrington Square, to which Christina finally removed in 1876 with our mother and two aunts, and in which she died, Cayley was a rather frequent visitor ; and his appearances there constituted almost the only gleam of sunshine of her later years, apart from her religious practices and hopes, her family-affections, and the sense of family-duties fulfilled. At the age of sixty, on the night between 5 and 6 December 1883, Cayley, without any serious premonition, died of heart-disease : he was found lifeless on the ensuing morning. Christina was fifty-three years old on that same day, 5 December. She was apprised of the catastrophe, and came round to me at Somerset House, to tell me of it. I shall not easily forget the look of her face, and the strain of self-command in her voice ; she did not break down.

Cayley's will appointed Christina to be his literary executor—chiefly in respect of his translations from Homer and Petrarch ; the other works, principally the translations from Dante and the Psalms, were probably by that date out of print. Every now and then she had an opportunity (which she welcomed in the interest of his literary repute) of disposing of some copies of the books. Since her decease it would have devolved upon me to do the like ; but the demand for these works seems to have been wholly exhausted, as I never received a request for either.

Dead though he was, Cayley continued to be a living personality in Christina's heart up to the day when she also expired, 29 December 1894. More than once, when she lay on her bed awaiting the manifest end in suffering and in patience, she spoke to me of him, and of her love for him, in terms of almost passionate intensity. She preserved with great care any minor

writings of his, manuscript or printed, and any of his small belongings that had come into her hands. It may truly be said that, although she would not be his, no woman ever loved a man more deeply or more constantly.

Christina Rossetti has passed away; personally known to few, understood by still fewer, silent to almost all. Her works however continue to be cherished by many, and I may perhaps be not too sanguine in believing that they will so abide for a long while to come. What I have here said will cast a not unvalued light upon several of them, more especially *Il Rosseggjar dell' Oriente*, and the series of sonnets named *Monna Innominata*. The same, as belonging to an earlier period of her life, may be said of *From House to Home*. The short lyric *One Seaside Grave* relates to Charles Cayley, who lies buried at Hastings; it may have generally passed (but erroneously) as referring to Dante Rossetti.

XXI

THE CHEYNE WALK CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

IN the house at Cheyne Walk, and in connexion with my brother and his doings there, I made numerous fresh acquaintances—so numerous that I find it convenient here to divide them into classes. There were artists, authors, picture-buyers, and others. Some few of them were known to me at an earlier date, but may most suitably be included here. I begin with the artists.

It was just about the time when he was preparing to remove into Cheyne Walk that Dante Rossetti came to know Mr. Whistler. I forget what was the occasion of their first meeting. They soon became intimate, Mr. Whistler being eminently endowed with easy good-fellowship. He had apartments at that period in Queen's Road, Chelsea, which runs in line with Cheyne Walk ; afterwards he removed into No. 2 Lindsey Row, which is a prolongation of Cheyne Walk itself, near Battersea Bridge. This painter (whose death occurred several months after I had penned the preceding sentences), a celebrated art-leader all over Europe as in his native America, was well known for his marked personality, as well as for the magic of his brush. In 1862 he was fully understood in England to be a very clever artist, having exhibited two or three times in the Royal Academy ; he was however only at the beginning of

his career, and, like so many other men of more than common mark, he alienated some tastes by the special quality of his work as much as he attracted and fascinated others. Neither my brother nor myself ever entertained any doubt as to his conspicuous genius and his endowments *hors ligne*. Some people fancy (Ruskin evidently did so) that Whistler was not only a peculiar but a careless and haphazard executant. I can testify the contrary; for I had ample opportunities of observing in those days that he took a great deal of pains, was far from easily satisfied with his work, and tried repeated experiments and alterations until he got it to conform adequately to his intentions. There was always an idea present to his mind, a standard of something to be expressed, and of how to express it; and towards this he endeavoured indefatigably, however much people might imagine that he knocked the thing off as a whimsy. In fact I have met few men whose temperament and interests were so essentially those of an artist—and an artist convinced in thinking and heedful in planning. If he had not been a wit and a “character,” as well as an artist, the public would perhaps have been more readily persuaded of this.

I find it recorded that Mr. Whistler was born in Massachusetts; but it appears to me that his connexions and sympathies were much more with the Southern States of the Union than with the Northern. He was far removed from being either an Abolitionist or a Negrophile. Mr. Whistler had in him (of course) a good deal of the American, much of the Frenchman—his art-training was mostly in Paris—and very little of the Englishman. He had a touchy sense of honour, and a great inclination to vindicate it by a practical

process if it were in any way assailed. There was an untoward affair which in 1867 brought him into collision with a member and the Committee of the Burlington Fine-Arts Club, to which my brother and I, as well as himself, belonged. I shall not enter into any details, but simply say that, as we considered him to be unfairly treated, though not originally in the right, I resigned, and Dante Gabriel followed my example. For companionable pleasantries I have known no man superior to Whistler; and with people whom he liked he could be in every sense most agreeable. He seems to have liked me, for neither of us ever had the least tiff with the other, although on one occasion I expressed to himself, in company at our dinner-table, a very decided opinion adverse to a performance of his (he himself related the anecdote) on a recent homeward voyage from Valparaiso. This performance, a very summary *voie de fait*, had to do with a gentleman whom he chose to designate "The Marquis of Marmalade," a negro or mulatto, who had been on board. I was rather surprised that Mr. Whistler took my protest in good part, without retort at the moment, or after-abatement of cordiality. And this leads me to state it as my general experience in life that a man who has firm opinions of his own, and who expresses them uncompromisingly but free from any admixture of gibing or ill-will, can do so to an opponent equally steadfast, and yet not be viewed with any serious aversion. Burne-Jones, with other friends, was present at that dinner. He did not give vent to words of indignation, but the look of his countenance spoke volumes on the subject. He was one of the witnesses subpoenaed years afterwards on Ruskin's side in the action Whistler versus Ruskin, and of course the main drift of his

evidence was favourable to the defence. I thought however that he followed a very fair line. On being asked some question about Whistler's pictures, he replied in a tone of much earnestness: "His works have very fine tone; in tone he is unapproachable."

No artist of my acquaintance rivalled Mr. Whistler in the copiousness or piquancy of his *bons mots*. Here is one. After the Ruskin trial, resulting in his recovering the damages of one farthing without costs (a verdict which appeared to me anything but equitable), Mr. Whistler found himself involved in some heavy liabilities, which he had to meet as best he could—and bad was the best. He was then living in an artistically got-up house in Tite Street, Chelsea, termed "The White House." He asked to a *déjeuner* at his residence a number of people, including my wife and myself. Various liveried attendants were visible at the table: they were in more than sufficient proportion to the not innumerable guests, and they handed round with great assiduity choice dishes and palatable wines. As we were rising from the repast, a lady observed to our genial host: "Your servants seem to be extremely attentive, Mr. Whistler, and anxious to please you." "Oh yes," replied he, "I assure you they *wouldn't leave me*." They were "men in possession," the myrmidons of a vigilant landlord. I will add another sprightly trait, coming in the same connexion. The Ruskin trial left the plaintiff liable for his own costs, though not for those of the defendant. Some fervent Ruskinites, always a plentiful company, got up a subscription to pay the costs of "the Master." Whistler then wrote to his solicitor, Mr. James Anderson Rose, saying (and I could not but agree with him so far) that it would be at least equally appro-

priate for a band of subscribers to pay *his* costs ; and he added, with one of his not easily imitable touches, "And, in the event of a subscription, I would willingly contribute my own mite." But the subscribers were not forthcoming.

Through Mr. Whistler I knew his younger brother, a surgeon, who had (if I remember right) been an army-surgeon on the side of the Confederates in the American war of Secession ; and I met once or twice their mother, a sweet elegant lady, past middle age, of whom the artist painted the admirable and touching portrait now in the Luxembourg Gallery. I was glad to see, in the summer of 1903, soon after Whistler's death, that the authorities of the Gallery had temporarily removed this picture from its wall, and had placed it in a post of honour on an easel draped in black. The brother was a slow-spoken, rather taciturn man, of superior skill (I understand) in his profession. Like the painter, he had a considerable contempt for "niggers" ; and yet I recollect an instance in which he admitted about as much in their favour as the most zealous abolitionist could ask for. I had always been an admirer of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's romance, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* ; but still I was inclined to take *cum grano salis* the exalted Christian virtues of Uncle Tom. I asked Mr. William Whistler : "Do you, from your knowledge of the negro race, consider that Uncle Tom is a mere fancy portrait, or that one would really find a black slave of that exalted type of conscientious sentiment ?"—"Yes indeed," he replied, "I think a nigger of that kind is by no means very rare, among such as 'take to religion.'"

Mr. Frederick A. Sandys was an artist much better known towards the date of 1862 to 1872 than to men

of the present generation. He was a fine draughtsman, a finished though rather hard painter, well accomplished in the composition of subjects whether classic or romantic, and of marked ability in portraiture. He produced many striking designs for wood-blocks. I first heard of this gentleman in 1857, when he published a caricature of Millais's picture, *Sir Isumbras at the Ford*. The drawing made free with the physiognomies of Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Rossetti; but the only person treated in it with some asperity was Ruskin, who figured as a donkey of abnormal dimensions. Not long afterwards I was introduced to Mr. Sandys at one of those free-and-easy soirées, at which I have glanced, at the chambers of Mr. Vaux. I was not rightly acquainted with him however until my brother and I had settled in the Cheyne Walk house; there he was a frequent visitor, and at one period he stayed continuously in the house for many months together. Mr. Sandys had seen a good deal of life, and was familiar with the ups and downs of it: as an artist he set himself a high standard, and never lapsed into doing less than his best. He was not among the men whom I most liked or esteemed; but in personal intercourse he was facile and amicable, and I have passed many an agreeable hour with him. In 1869 an unfortunate split occurred between Sandys and Dante Rossetti. The latter considered that the former imbued his mind overmuch with pictorial motives and treatment of which Rossetti was the originator, and that he reproduced them in works not indeed outwardly very conformable to Rossetti's methods, but still so far germane to them as to forestall his own hold upon his projects of work. In a very unaggressive spirit he represented this state of the facts in a letter

which he addressed to Mr. Sandys ; but Sandys was **not** at all inclined to accept such a view, and, as the upshot of a few letters interchanged, he renounced all further friendship with my brother. My own firm belief is **that** the latter was correct in his estimate of the facts, **and** was free from any blame in the tone in which he set **them** forth. Towards 1875 Rossetti took the first step, **by** writing a friendly letter, for effecting a reconciliation, and Sandys responded warmly. Later on he asked **my** brother to come and see some of his current work. This, so far as sentiment went, Rossetti was quite inclined to do ; but by that time he had wholly **ceased** to call upon any one for any purpose, and he did not **go**. I myself may have seen Mr. Sandys two or three times between the dates of the misunderstanding and the reconciliation.

The distinguished French painter, Alphonse Legros, who had already, in his own country, given evidence of fine powers, came to London towards 1864, and through Whistler became known to my brother and myself. I was already a hearty admirer of this artist ; for in 1861 I had seen in the Paris Salon his large picture entitled *Ex Voto* (now in the Museum of his native Dijon), and had printed my opinion of it as "most masterly in character, and profound in feeling." We saw a good deal of Legros for three or four years ensuing. My brother, with his usual generosity of impulse, did his best to promote the sale of the French artist's works among purchasers over whom he had some influence ; and Legros was so good as to paint an oil-portrait of me which has remained in my possession, and has figured in the Wolverhampton Art Exhibition of 1902. After a while an unfortunate circumstance (connected with

Whistler and quite unconnected with my brother or myself, or with the feeling entertained towards us by Legros) interfered with his continuing to call in the Cheyne Walk house; and since then I have seldom encountered him again, though retaining my high estimate of his art, and my entire good-will towards himself.

Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema was another foreign artist (for many years now anglicized) who came among us pretty often: it was, I think, at the house of Madox Brown that he first met his present wife, then Miss Laura Epps. We admired his powers and performances in the art, and prized his bluff and downright but in no way unconciliatory turn of character. Few professional careers have been attended with more constant success than his. There was also Mr. (afterwards Sir) Frederick W. Burton, the water-colour painter and Director of the National Gallery, a well-accomplished artist and a man of much dignified refinement of person and converse.

Two painters who were close friends, and who were sharply distinguished from most of our artistic acquaintances of the Cheyne Walk days by the fact that they were earnest believing and practising Christians, of the Nonconformist class, were James Smetham and Frederic James Shields. The former died many years ago: the latter is still living, and in the active exercise of his art. The date when my brother first knew Mr. Smetham appears to have been 1855: they may have met in the art class of the Working Men's College. Mr. Smetham, a strongly-built man, with a fine face marked by observant and reflective gravity, was a tolerably frequent visitor in Cheyne Walk: Dante Rossetti both respected and liked him, and promoted, so far as he

could, the sale of his pictures. These were mostly of a religious or idyllic order : not strong in execution, but with genuine qualities of thought and invention, and of imaginative feeling. Since his death he has been remembered less by his pictures than by a selection of his correspondence which was brought out in 1892 by a steady friend, Mr. William Davies, and which secured, as it deserved to do, a full measure of attention. Smetham, a married man with a family, was never in easy circumstances, but plodded on from year to year, industrious, unambitious, and contented. The closing period of his life was of the most melancholy kind. Pondering his narrow fortunes, Bible in hand, and brooding over the frequent Old Testament promises that Jehovah would amply provide for the worldly well-being of the devout, he came to the conclusion that he must too truly be a reprobate, exposed to the divine displeasure in this world and in the next. He totally broke down under this strain upon his mind and feelings, and for several years preceding his death he remained in a state of severe seclusion. This is the most distinct and painful case of religious mania that has come under my personal observation.

Mr. Shields must have become known to my brother at a later date than Mr. Smetham : perhaps after the publication in 1865 of the series of very excellent designs by this artist to Defoe's *Plague of London*, and to *The Pilgrim's Progress*. They soon became intimate, with sincere affection on both sides. I could indeed hardly name any one who loved Dante Rossetti more warmly than Shields did ; and in the closing years of my brother's life, when he depended greatly upon the visits of friends for a modicum of cheerfulness, Shields

was most steady and unwearied in attendance. As he is one of the most nervously sensitive of men, suffering not only mentally but physically from scenes and incidents of distress, this persistency of his was often an act of positive and acute self-sacrifice. He was present in the house at Birchington-on-Sea, I believe in the bedroom, at the very moment of my brother's death. He was a close friend also of Madox Brown, with whom it was at first proposed to couple him in the mural painting of the Manchester Town Hall; and he took a very leading part in the association of subscribers whereby Brown was commissioned to paint a picture bespoken for the National Gallery. Brown did not live to complete the work thus undertaken; but the committee made choice of one of his best paintings of old date, *Christ washing Peter's feet*, which was hung for a while in the National (and now in the National British) Gallery. The display of this picture did at once not a little towards giving Madox Brown, too long neglected by his contemporaries, something like his proper position among the British painters of the nineteenth century. I need not dwell upon the fine work which Mr. Shields has himself produced, distinguished more especially for the invention and treatment of biblical and sacred subjects in series, at the Chapel of Eaton Hall, Cheshire (the Duke of Westminster's), and at the Chapel of the Ascension in Oxford Street, erected by Mrs. Russell Gurney.

Mr. Charles Fairfax Murray, the painter and art-expert, now owner of a very large and fine collection of works amid which those of Dante Rossetti figure conspicuously, became known to us as hardly more than a lad towards 1867, after he had first brought himself

under the notice of Ruskin. Mr. Murray was always ready to do any friendly and good-natured service to my brother—such as copying his poems from the original manuscript, or sending him photographs (I possess many of them to the present day) from Italian works of art interesting or useful to him. He is one of the comparatively few acquaintances of old time whom I still see every now and then, and always much to my satisfaction. He now resides—when in London, but he is frequently away on the Continent—in the house in West Kensington which used to be tenanted by Burne-Jones.

Mr. John T. Nettleship, at the beginning of his studentship as a painter, made my brother's acquaintance, and mine as well; introduced perhaps by Mr. John Payne or Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy. As he had not from the first been destined for the pictorial profession, he was older than most beginners, twenty-seven. He was an intellectual young man, full of abstract conceptions in subject-matter for design, more in the vestiges of William Blake than of ordinary artists: such a subject as "God creating Evil" had no terrors for him—or I should rather say, not any such terrors as dissuaded him from designing it. My brother was, I infer, Nettleship's first purchaser: he bought an impressive drawing of a lion. I need scarcely remark that lions, tigers, gnus, serpents, and other wild beasts, formed Mr. Nettleship's chief *personnel* in his maturer practice: he studied them hard, conceived them finely, and realized them forcibly. Now that he is gone (1902), his vigorous treatment of such themes will not be easily matched.

Mr. William James Linton, the wood-engraver, was an occasional visitor in Cheyne Walk: I knew also his wife, Mrs. Lynn-Linton. They were friends more es-

pecially of William Bell Scott, and it may be that he was the first to bring us together. Scott had in his Newcastle days known Linton, who at that time resided in the house at Coniston where Ruskin (who reconstructed it to a large extent) passed the latter period of his life. Mr. Linton, as is well known, was a writer in prose and verse and an active ultra-liberal politician, as well as a wood-engraver : my brother appreciated his professional skill without concerning himself in his politics, which were more in my line than in Dante Gabriel's. After a while Linton emigrated to the United States, his wife continuing to reside in London. She was a rather large woman, very near-sighted, with prominent eyes, a sweet mild voice, and extremely quiet self-possessed address. I never relished her phrase of "the shrieking sisterhood," and her printed attacks upon the women whom she thus designated. Certainly however, if shrieks really emanated from that sisterhood, she had a right to say that her own personal style was entirely different.

Towards 1866 a movement was started for getting up a subscription to benefit the veteran George Cruikshank : Charles Augustus Howell (about whom I gave some details in my *Memoir of Dante Rossetti*) was foremost in this affair. My brother and I subscribed, and I drew up some of the circulars which were sent about. Cruikshank on one occasion dined with us in Cheyne Walk. He would then have been something like seventy-four years old, but was still brisk and hearty, without any sign of the infirmities of age. I recollect having left the house with him at nightfall, to see him into an omnibus or what not ; and soon after starting he set off running in the street, through mere exuberance of vitality. His talk in our company was of an old-fashioned turn, partly

about Sunday-schools, and he seemed to have very little acquaintance with the well-reputed artists and the current art-topics of that date. The subscription proved a fair success, yet not in a striking degree.

Dante Rossetti has generally been credited with the employment of two professional assistants: Mr. W. J. Knewstub, who came to him towards the beginning of 1863, and Mr. Henry Treffry Dunn, who was installed in the course of 1867. Mr. Dunn, but not Mr. Knewstub, was in the full sense a professional assistant. He was a Cornishman, with a narrow, full-tinted visage, prematurely grey hair, and lively dark eyes. He was an efficient painter, with qualities of execution more solid than graceful, and was of much use to Rossetti in a variety of ways. The engagement of Mr. Dunn as a regular professional assistant terminated in 1881, but he did some occasional work for my brother during the brief remainder of the latter's life. His own end came in 1899. He left some memoranda about Dante Rossetti and his ways, now published (December 1903), and forming an entertaining little book.

From artists whom I knew in the Cheyne Walk house I next proceed to authors.

One of the earliest of these—but I only saw him once or twice—was the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, whom the English-speaking world knows under the name of Lewis Carroll. He was a skilful amateur photographer, and he took some few photographs of Dante Rossetti, and of other members of the family. He continued keeping up some little acquaintance with Christina till the close of her life, sending her his successive publications. My reminiscence of Mr. Dodgson is so slight and indeterminate that it would be vain to attempt any exact-

ness of description. Suffice it to say that he impressed me mainly as belonging to the type of "the University Man": a certain externalism of polite propriety, verging towards the conventional. I do not think he said in my presence anything "funny" or quaint.

Of Dr. James Westland Marston the dramatist, and his son Philip Bourke "the blind poet," I have made some mention in my eighth section. My acquaintance with this family, originating in the publication of *The Germ*, may have lapsed towards 1853: but at some such date as 1868 my brother came frequently into contact with them, probably through the medium of Madox Brown, and then I also saw something of them again—and more especially after my marriage (1874), when Philip Marston became a frequent visitor in our house. He had endeared himself to my wife, and to other members of the Brown family, by his very warm intimacy with Oliver Madox Brown, who died, aged not quite twenty, in November 1874. The career of Philip Marston was one of the most tragic in the annals of literature. He was blind from his fourth year—although he could just discern a glimmer of light, so as to know when his face was turned towards a window or away from it. About the age of twenty he had the strange good fortune of finding a young lady, beautiful and accomplished, who was willing to be his bride: but this good fortune turned into calamity, for she died two or three years afterwards. Then his chief dependence for comfort, companionship, and mental stimulus, seemed to be upon Oliver Brown, who expired as above stated: and his sister Cecily Marston, who was most unwearied in affectionate care for him, died very suddenly in 1878. There remained two poets for whom he entertained the

keenest admiration, combined with personal attachment—Dante Rossetti (whose funeral he attended at Birchington-on-Sea), and James Thomson, the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*. They both died in 1882—Thomson being struck down by his mortal illness in the very room which Marston occupied. Another close literary intimacy which had cheered him much, that with the American authoress Mrs. Chandler-Moulton, had been set aside by her returning from London to America. It is no wonder that Philip Marston was a confirmed pessimist. He and his father lived together towards the last in lodgings—the father much harassed by nervous maladies, and neither of them having more than very restricted means of livelihood. So much wretchedness could not fail to leave some trace upon the character and habits of the blind poet ; and, when the end came, in February 1887, his best friends were compelled to say that it had not come too soon. Dr. Westland Marston survived till 1890, having seen the grave close over all his three children: the third had been married to the poet Arthur O'Shaughnessy. As to the poetic deservings of Philip Marston, it must be apparent that a man blind from infancy was precluded from being a poet of the first rank : he did much more, and much better, than could have been expected from a faculty so terribly barred by the fiat of nature.

O'Shaughnessy, whom I have just mentioned, was pretty well known to me. He was a well-looking young man, with a certain airy elegance of manner. Hibernian though his name was, his speech was that of any other Londoner—he was in fact born in London. He died early in 1881, a year or two after the decease of his wife. A grotesque anecdote used to be current of O'Shaugh-

nessy : I believe it was exaggerated to the extent of being untrue, yet still not without *some* sort of foundation. His settled employment was that of an Assistant in the British Museum, in that branch of the Natural History Section which is concerned with fishes. All this happened before the Natural History had been transferred from Bloomsbury to South Kensington. One day O'Shaughnessy visited a colleague in the Section of Entomology, and examined a drawer full of specimens of insects of various genera. The drawer got overturned, the insects scattered, and partly fractured. What was to be done ? O'Shaughnessy (so ran the legend) was partially equal to the emergency, and attached a head here, and a leg there, much as they happened to come, to insects of the most diverse *physique*. Later on, a superior official of the Entomological Section came to inspect the drawer, and was astonished to find that it contained a series of forms so little known in the scientific categories. From a new species his eye wandered to a new genus, and then to an order equally new and novel. Scrutiny showed what had been done, and inquiry revealed the responsibility of the verse-writing assistant. It was an effort of formative imagination viewed with marked disfavour by the cautelous devotees of science. Such was the legend ; which, as already observed, I conceive to have had only a thin nucleus of truth.

Possibly it was in the Arundel Club (near the Strand) that Dante Rossetti first met Mr. Joseph Knight : they were also frequently together in the literary circle of the Marstons, and not seldom Mr. Knight was a welcome visitor in the Cheyne Walk house. This gentleman, besides his multifarious employments in the way of dramatic criticism, was at that time editor of *The Sunday*

Times, later on of *Notes and Queries*. My brother valued his discernment in poetical and other matters, and liked his manly geniality, harmonizing with a very handsome exterior. Mr. Knight (as it may be hardly necessary to say) became in 1887 one of the not innumerable biographers of Dante Rossetti; and, among all the records of him which have appeared, none is written in a kindlier or fairer spirit than that of Mr. Knight—who can understand a man of genius, prize his fine personal and intellectual qualities, and make reasonable allowance for his peculiarities and defects.

Franz Hüffer, PH.D., a German of a Roman Catholic family from Munster, a man learned in various ways but principally concerned with matters of music, came over to England towards 1868, and soon showed a disposition to settle here: eventually he naturalized himself as an Englishman, and was known as Francis Hueffer. He made acquaintance with Madox Brown, and in 1872 married his younger daughter Catharine (more generally called Cathy). Thus he became a sort of brother-in-law to myself—husband of my wife's half-sister. Dr. Hueffer, who acted for several years as musical critic to *The Times*, was a man of very marked ability: loyal to the standard of poetical and literary excellence established by monumental works of the past, but open also to the influences of the present whenever a fresh and true path seemed to be struck out. As an intimate of Madox Brown he saw a good deal of Dante Rossetti, and of myself; after he had become a family-connexion he was less often with my brother, who was shattered in health in the summer of 1872, and out of London, and who, when he re-settled here in 1874, had adopted the habits of a confirmed recluse. Hueffer was a rather bulky but not a tall man,

of very Teutonic physiognomy : brilliant ruddy complexion, brilliant yellow hair, blue eyes radiant with quickness and penetration. He was a believer in Schopenhauer ; and, though not a melancholy person in his ordinary demeanour, had a certain tinge of hypochondria in his outlook on life. The family to which he belonged was a very numerous one—not less, I think, than sixteen brothers (or half-brothers) and sisters, domiciled in various parts of Europe. All of them were well off, more or less—at least two being strikingly wealthy capitalists : Francis Hueffer however had to depend chiefly upon his own literary exertions for a maintenance. In January 1889, aged forty-three, he died in London very suddenly, of heart-failure coming on in the course of an attack of erysipelas. He left a widow and three children—Ford, Oliver, and Juliet. Ford is now an author of rising and deserved reputation ; Oliver also has published some books showing a sprightly talent, and holds an advantageous journalistic position. Juliet has become Mrs. David Soskice. Madox Brown, though he was not the trustee appointed under Francis Hueffer's will, came forward with his unfailing warmth and energy of affection, and was the mainstay of the family for some trying years following the father's death.

Two other poets, then at the outset of their career, whom my brother knew at much the same time with O'Shaughnessy, were John Payne and Edmund Gosse. Mr. Payne is now probably better known by his translated work—from Villon, *The Thousand and One Nights*, etc.—than by his original poems, although these also continue current : my brother had a good opinion of his talents, but did not sympathize with his choice of subject—especially in the case of a poem about a vampire,

Lautrec. Mr. Gosse entertained a very earnest regard for Rossetti's powers and performances, but presumably he was not very often in his house : I myself, in the earlier years of my marriage, saw him more frequently. As both these gentlemen are now living, and in the enjoyment of an enviable literary reputation, it would scarcely become me to write about them in detail. Mr. Payne on one occasion brought my wife and me acquainted with the celebrated French poet Stéphane Mallarmé. We liked the little that we saw of M. Mallarmé : he was a man of solid physique, and seemingly of solid rather than brilliant qualities of mind. But I will confess that, so far as I have read his poems, I seldom enter into the spirit or the letter of them, and appreciate but faintly the point of view from which they are fashioned.

Mr. Sidney Colvin was not unfrequently with us. He was at that time a declared admirer (and I presume he may still be so) of Dante Rossetti's work both in painting and in verse, and he took a somewhat active part in upholding the latter in print, especially at the date of Mr. Robert Buchanan's vituperation. Madox Brown fancied—perhaps a mistake—that his son Oliver had been treated with discourtesy by Mr. Colvin, whom after a while I saw but rarely. I had not myself any sort of difference with him.

Mr. William Davies, whom I have mentioned in connexion with Mr. Smetham, was not a constant resident in London ; but when here he called pretty often on my brother, and at other times corresponded with him. The book by which he is best known is entitled *The Pilgrimage of the Tiber* : he was besides a graceful writer in verse, and an accomplished etcher on a small scale. Mr.

Davies was a man of much nervous susceptibility, and seldom in robust health : he was well qualified to comprehend the more wayward aspects of my brother's feelings and habits in his later years, and I could not name a person who viewed them with more indulgence, or treated them with a more delicate touch. There were many points of mental contact between the two, and cordial friendliness on both sides. Mr. Davies survived Dante Rossetti, but has been dead now for several years. He was so good as to present to me the series (not very long) of letters which he had received from my brother, collected into a volume.

Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake, a physician, published anonymously in 1840 a strange sort of romance named *Vates, or the Philosophy of Madness*, with equally strange etchings by Thomas Landseer : it was afterwards re-named *Valdarno, or the Ordeal of Art Worship*. My brother read it towards 1844, and was much impressed by its exceptional quality, and later on he tried to find out who the author, then living abroad, might be. In the autumn of 1869 Dr. Hake, who had by that time issued some poems as well, called upon Rossetti : they liked one another at once, and became fast friends. I need not repeat all the details I have given in my *Memoir of Dante Rossetti*, exhibiting a close mutual literary intimacy, and the essential services which Dr. Hake, both as friend and as physician, rendered to my brother in 1872, when his life was almost despaired of. One consequence was that George Hake, a youthful son of the doctor, became domesticated with my brother for a few years, in the character of his secretary. They parted about 1877, under circumstances which made it difficult for Dr. Hake and my brother to continue meeting on

the same terms as of old. This proved a final separation, although some genuine friendly feeling continued to subsist on both sides. I deeply regretted the disappearance of Dr. Hake, and indeed that of his son, from the house in Cheyne Walk : the doctor was not only one of the most agreeable and cherished, but likewise one of the most judicious and useful, associates of my brother. I need hardly say that I also valued him much, and was vividly conscious of our deep debt of gratitude to him. His poems are works of much thought, and elaborated with scrupulous care : some of them are well adapted to touch the feelings of the general run of readers—others have an abstracted and not very tangible tone.

It was through Dr. Hake that my brother got to know Mr. Walter Theodore Watts, now of wide fame as Theodore Watts-Dunton : their first meeting seems to have been late in 1872. Mr. Watts-Dunton was at that time a practising solicitor, with the beginning of a literary reputation—chiefly in critical prose, occasionally also in verse. As a romancist he was not (outside his own circle) known until 1899, when *Aylwin* leaped into celebrity. From the first occasion when they met, Rossetti was greatly drawn towards Watts-Dunton. He prized his critical opinion most highly, applauded his verses, and was indebted to him for countless professional services, and still more for a profuse ardour of friendship. After their first meeting at Kelmscott Manor House, Mr. Watts-Dunton was very frequently there again ; and, upon the re-settlement of Rossetti in London in the summer of 1874, no one else (and the remark applies to myself as well as to friends outside the family) saw nearly so much of him. I should in strictness except Mr. Dunn, who was very generally in the same house,

and Mr. George Hake so long as he acted as secretary, and from July 1881 Mr. Hall Caine, who also became an inmate in the house. Owing to various circumstances, and more especially to his leaving London for Manchester in 1879, Madox Brown was not so constantly with Rossetti from 1878 onwards as his well-proved affection would have prompted him to be. The merits of Mr. Watts-Dunton as a friend to two poets, Swinburne and Rossetti, have been so unanimously and so warmly recognized that little remains for me to say on the subject: I can only join in the general testimony. To myself also he has been a very hearty and helpful friend: I was frequently with him during my brother's lifetime, and more still for the first two or three years after Dante's decease, when many rather complicated matters had to be unravelled, calling for the advice of one who was at once an intimate and a lawyer.

The Californian poet Joaquin Miller (in strictness, Cincinnatus H. Miller) was personally known to me in 1871, about the time when he brought out his *Songs of the Sierras*—still, I judge, his best book. He presented a very picturesque figure: I speak of him in the past tense, but he is still alive, and I dare say still picturesque. In 1903 I again heard something about him from the Japanese poet Yone Noguchi, who knew him well in California. He was of fine height, with long abundant hair, booted and spurred—being a famous horseman in his horse-riding country. He was a self-taught poetic genius; nurtured upon Byron, and in a minor degree upon Burns and Edgar Poe: he must have known the work of some other poets, earlier and later, but I cannot remember that (making an exception for Christina Rossetti, for whose work he professed extreme admira-

tion) he set much count upon any of them. Miller was evidently a man of susceptible feelings, but rather backward in social converse : he had the ambition to excel in his art, with some self-confidence as to his innate faculty, but nothing like a presumptuous assurance that he had as yet succeeded. In this respect he was modest, with the modesty of a proud nature. London and London life did not much suit him : after a little experience of it he was glad to get away, and to resume a more untrammelled and adventurous career. The then well-frequented house of Madox Brown gave him more satisfaction than any other to which he had the *entrée*. After two London visits I had some little correspondence with him ; but I question whether he has again been in England. He must have appeared once or twice in the Cheyne Walk house, but I do not remember to have met him there : I saw him in Endsleigh Gardens and elsewhere.

I had not the honour of being known to the lady whose literary name is George Eliot, but whom I shall here call Mrs. Lewes. On one occasion however, in 1869, I was informed by Bell Scott that Mrs. Jefferson Hogg (the "Jane Williams" celebrated by Shelley) was to be met at times at the Lewes' house, in North Road, Regent's Park ; and Scott obtained leave to bring me round one Sunday afternoon, when Mrs. Hogg, whom I was naturally anxious to see, was expected to be a visitor. In this expectation I was disappointed. As previously observed, I knew Lewes in some minor degree, and I was now introduced to Mrs. Lewes, and talked with her a good deal. Shelley, for whom she expressed warm admiration, was one of our topics—by no means the only one. It is well known that Mrs. Lewes was a woman

with next to no feminine beauty or charm of countenance or person : she was, in fact, plain to the extent of being ugly. Her conversation was able and spirited : and in talking her face lit up in a degree which impressed me, and which almost effaced her natural uncomeliness. I was encouraged to call again ; but, as it happened, I never did so, and I saw Mrs. Lewes no more. I am aware of the high claims made for her books, and of the reasons on which those claims are based. They never much attracted me, and I am to this day but very imperfectly acquainted with them. She wrote a few letters to my brother, in a tone of handsome recognition.

My account of persons whom I knew in Cheyne Walk applies principally to the period from 1862 to 1872 ; although at times, as in the case of Watts-Dunton, I go on to a later date. I will mention two other authors who were in that house, but only in a casual way, and not so as to become personal friends of any standing.

The first was Ivan Turguénief, who was introduced in Cheyne Walk by Mr. William Ralston, and who on one occasion dined with us. I never saw a man more impressive than Turguénief in person, and in the tone of his conversation. He was of massive and stately form, and extremely handsome. Whatever he said seemed, without undue emphasis, forcible and decisive. I have often regretted that circumstances did not allow of our seeing more of him. During my brother's last illness he expressed, through Mr. Ralston, a strong inclination to call again, but the conditions made this unmanageable.

In the summer of 1869 Longfellow called upon my brother (I was not there), with Mr. Fields of Boston, but otherwise unheralded, simply as one man of note who wished to see another face to face. He was not

however aware that Rossetti the poet was the same person as Rossetti the painter ; he fancied that they were two brothers, attributing (I infer) the translations of *The Early Italian Poets* and some few original poems to the same person, myself, who had translated Dante's *Inferno*. He had at one time looked at the published version. Dante Gabriel, in a pleasant interview, showed Longfellow what he could in the way of paintings. As they were about to part, the author of *Hiawatha* said—"I wish I could have seen your brother the poet, but for that I shall not now have an opportunity." "I will tell him so," replied Dante Gabriel. And so Longfellow departed unenlightened as to the facts.

Besides artists and writers, a very necessary class of persons for Rossetti to know was that of picture-buyers. Ruskin, long before he lost sight of my brother, had ceased to buy. The purchasing period of Boyce, of Thomas E. Plint, of William Morris, belonged mainly or wholly to the days of Chatham Place, and not of Cheyne Walk. So likewise with Colonel Gillum, a gentleman whom my brother and Madox Brown had first known through the introduction of Browning : he bought some few works, and has long (as well as his wife) been prominent in the philanthropic world, devoting time, patience, and money, to the reclaiming of "street Arabs" etc. Frederick Craven was a purchaser, but seldom made his appearance in London. In Cheyne Walk the principal buyers—besides James Leathart, previously named—were George Rae, Frederick R. Leyland, William Graham, and Leonard R. Valpy, and in a minor degree James Anderson Rose, George Clabburn, and Lord Mount-Temple (Mr. Cowper-Temple) : Messrs. Clarence Fry, Constantine Ionides, and William A.

Turner, belong to a late date in Rossetti's career. Some of these—Valpy, Clabburn, Lord Mount-Temple, and Fry, I saw but very little. To Mr. Graham I felt sincerely attached, owing chiefly to the thorough friendliness of his conduct to my brother when invalided in 1872. One of his daughters married Mr. Quintin Hogg, the munificent re-founder of the Polytechnic Institution in London, and in other ways a leading philanthropist. Mr. Rae (of Birkenhead) I regarded as a personal friend, and a valued one ; and I was more than pleased with both Mr. Turner (of Manchester) and his wife. Mr. Leyland, the wealthy Liverpool shipowner, was not so attractive to me : he was however a man of judgment and refinement, and had a keen affection for my brother. Mr. Anderson Rose, a solicitor, was very amicable to both of us ; my brother, in his later years, lost sight of him, but I had personal and business relations with him till almost the close of his life. He acted for Mr. Whistler in the action against Ruskin. Mr. Ionides I met every now and then, and other members of the same family, on an agreeable footing. Four of these gentlemen—Leathart, Leyland, Graham, and Turner—formed considerable collections of Rossetti's works, all now dispersed ; that of Mr. Rae (who died in 1902 at an advanced age) remains intact. Lord Mount-Temple's chief specimen is in the National British Gallery ; that of Mr. Fry, in the Manchester Art Collection ; that of Mr. Ionides, in the Victoria and Albert Museum—also one or two which belonged to Mr. Craven. Mr. Valpy was at one time the owner of the large painting, *Dante's Dream* ; which reverted after a while to Rossetti, and is now in the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool.

I did not meet in Cheyne Walk many persons who could not be classed as either artists, writers, or picture-buyers. I was well acquainted at that period with some members of the Greek community in London, but rather in their own houses than in ours. These were especially Mr. Michael Spartali and his family. His daughter Marie, as gracious and amiable as she is beautiful, and one of my most cherished friends, herself the painter of many accomplished pictures, married Mr. Stillman in 1871. Another Greek whom I regarded with sincere predilection was Stauros Dilberoglue, a merchant in the City. To Mr. Charles Augustus Howell, a most constant visitor from 1864 onwards, I shall not here recur. Mr. Frederick S. Ellis, the publisher and bookseller, of whom I have already spoken with high regard, was often in the house; and every now and then Mr. Murray Marks, the art-dealer, then carrying on business in Oxford Street.

XXII

SOME FOREIGN TRIPS, ETC.

I PROPOSE to give here some brief account of what little I have done in the way of travelling, up to the date of my marriage in the spring of 1874. Not that there is anything worth recording, in essence or in detail: but matters of this sort form a considerable part of one's outer and inner experiences, especially when the general tenor of life has been so uneventful as in my own case. Such recollections, moreover, are pleasant to oneself, and for what they are worth, they may find a place here.

After a childhood, and more markedly a boyhood, in which I was scarcely out of London at all, but in which the idea of extensive and adventurous travel was always highly attractive to my mind, I had my first sight of the sea, as previously stated, at Herne Bay in 1846—age getting on towards seventeen. Other seaside resorts which I visited at one time or another are Brighton, the Isle of Wight (especially Ventnor and Freshwater), Hastings, Tynemouth, and Eastbourne. This went on to 1859, after which my main holiday-excursion was always made abroad—mostly in Italy. In 1850 I stayed awhile in Edinburgh, which I have revisited more than once; and I then got as far north as Loch Lomond. That remained my only glimpse of the Highlands until 1901, when I was in Inveraray, Glen Goyle, and Roseneath;

and in 1903 I made, with my daughter Mary, a steamer-trip right round Great Britain up to the Isle of Orkney. From Edinburgh in 1850 I went to Newcastle-on-Tyne, by invitation of William Bell Scott : I was there again four or five times, up to 1862. In one instance I proceeded from Newcastle to Ulleswater : this, followed by Coniston in 1900, is about all that I know of the Lake-country.

Until 1853 I had never crossed the Channel. I then went to Paris by the Dieppe route. To feel the fascination of Paris appears to be well-nigh an instinct of the civilized man, and I was amply conscious of it. In 1853 the vast Parisian changes which Napoleon III started as a sop to the working-classes after his *coup d'état* were still far from finished, and were in active progress—the extension of the Rue de Rivoli begun but not completed, the new portion of the Louvre, with friezes, sculptures, etc., getting forward. Since then I have been in Paris a great number of times—I surmise, forty or upwards : I have seldom however stayed there so much as a fortnight together. Next year, 1854, I made a little trip in Belgium—Bruges, Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, Malines, Liège ; and on to Aix-la-Chapelle and Coblenz, and thence down the Rhine to Rotterdam. In sailing from Rotterdam to England we encountered very rough weather ; and the captain, on reaching the extreme point of land in Holland, declined to proceed any further until three days had elapsed. In 1855, being the year of the Universal Exhibition in Paris, I was there again. This exhibition was in many respects more extensive and complete than the London Great Exhibition of 1851, with its “Crystal Palace”¹ in Hyde Park : more parti-

¹ The term “Crystal Palace” was invented by some writer in *The Spectator*, as I was told by the Editor.

cularly it included a vast show of the paintings of all nations, of which there had been no trace in the London display. I naturally felt the keenest interest in looking at this collection, in which the great French painters of Louis Philippe's time were amply represented—Ingres, Delaroche, Delacroix, Decamps, Scheffer, and some others ; and I formed, what I have ever since retained, the conviction that, whatever may be said in behalf of individual masters in other lands, the French school stands clearly at the head of the pictorial art of the nineteenth century. There was also, separate from the Universal Exhibition, a gallery in which Gustave Courbet had collected several of his paintings. I had recently heard Courbet spoken of as if he were doing in France much the same sort of work that the Præraphaelites had set going in England. I amply admired much of what I here saw of Courbet's art : but I perceived that, both in spirit and in method, he was on a distinctly different tack from the Præraphaelites, aiming at naturalism through breadth, whereas they strove to embody inventive thought through exactitude of detail. It almost amounted to the divergence between the external and the internal. I did not feel any wish that the Præraphaelites should exchange their conception of art for that of Courbet : but that they should import into their work some of his directness of view and powerful handling would obviously have been so far a gain.

Normandy was my resort in 1856—Rouen, Bayeux, Caen, Coutances, etc., and finally Granville, whence I took the steamer to Jersey. Before leaving Normandy I had made a steamer-trip to Mont St. Michel, and the coast where the borders of Normandy and Brittany come together. It happened to be the first steamer (so

I was assured) which had ever visited that point of Brittany : primitive-looking Bretons came along, contemplating the steamer with wide-open eyes. The quicksands hereabouts are anything but secure footing. I foolishly separated from my fellow excursionists, and walked about on the sands, which soon proved to be quicksands, and I sank up to my knees. No one was at hand ; few people, if any, in sight. Some efforts at extricating myself proved abortive, and I suspected my case to be a parlous one enough ; at last, however, one wrench availed more than those which had preceded it, and I found myself on my feet once more. I wanted no further risks with quicksands, and made my way back again. A different yet somewhat similar experience befell me at Eastbourne in 1859. I entered a bathing-machine on an afternoon of high tide and heavy groundswell, and began bathing : but soon I was carried off my feet, and buffeted against some rocky bluffs covered with acorn shells with their razor-like edges. After a while I saw nothing for it but to commit myself to the waves, lying flat on my back. I was borne out to sea, but not for long ; as my plight was observed from the bathing station, and a boat was sent out, and picked me up in a state of some exhaustion. Every man, or rather every boy, ought to learn to swim : I, carelessly or stupidly, never did so.

When at Caen I entered a court of justice, and was witness to a curious scene. An elderly postmistress was on her trial for some malversation in her office, amounting to forgery or little less. She had (as alleged) signed a document, whereby she obtained some money not due to her. The poor old lady was in a highly nervous condition : the magistrate put some searching questions to

her, and remarked "On voit bien à l'écriture que votre main tremblait"—to which she made no reply. To me the evidence against her appeared more than sufficiently clear. Her avocat rose, a vigorous good-looking man hardly twenty-eight years of age, and made a telling passionate speech in her defence. Naturally he contended that the accusation was not true ; but the real gist of his speech was more an appeal to the sentiment of the jury than a confutation of the alleged and undeniable facts. As soon as he had finished he resumed his seat, and the tears ran along his cheeks—a case, I am sure, of unfeigned emotion. The magistrate then set down various questions, some six or seven, for the jury to answer : such as—"Did the defendant sign the paper ? Did she sign with a fraudulent intent ? Did she," etc. etc. The jury retired, and very soon returned. They answered all the questions with "Non, non, non"—and thus the old lady was acquitted.

My first visit to Italy was made, as already shown, in 1860, in company with Mr. Vernon Lushington. Our chief goal was Florence ; but we saw besides various other cities—Como, Milan, Parma, Piacenza, Bologna, Pisa, Siena, Leghorn, Genoa. I visited also the birth-place of my grandfather Polidori, a small town named Bientina, not far from Pisa. I had often heard him speak of a "Lago di Bientina" ; but this sheet of water, whatever might have been its dimensions towards 1788 when he bade a final adieu to Tuscany, was not to be discovered in 1860—it had been drained away. The whole experience was, and could not but be, one of the leading landmarks in my life. To pass through Switzerland and cross Mount St. Gothard (by diligence, several years before the tunnel was pierced) was not less won-

derful to me than to see the glories of my father's native country. I felt it not far from being my own native country as well, and found myself very much at home with Italians—their tone of mind and perception, their habits and address, their language, so early familiar to me but of late years seldom heard. Except in 1861, 1863, 1870, and 1872, I returned to Italy in all the years subsequent to 1860, up to 1874 inclusive. In 1862 Venice and Rome were the principal places of sojourn; in 1865 North Italy, with Milan, Pavia, Brescia, and Verona; in 1866 Naples; in 1868 Mantua and Venice; in 1871 Ravenna and Viareggio; in 1873 Florence, Rome, and Venice; in 1874 Naples. In most instances I travelled alone; but in 1862 I was in company with William Bell Scott, and we saw something of Inchbold in Venice and of Stillman in Albano. In 1865 I was with my mother and Christina—the only occasion when either of them set foot in Italy. Great was Christina's delight both with Italy and with the Alps; indeed it was sufficiently apparent that the Italian amenity, naturalness, and freedom from self-centred stiffness, struck a chord in her sympathies to which a good deal of what she was used to in England offered no response. If Christina, along with our mother, could at this time have made up her mind to live permanently in Italy, it would, I fancy, have suited her much the best both for health and for mental satisfaction. Besides her mother's companionship, she would have required as indispensable a church of the Anglican communion at which to worship: this is readily attainable in any large Italian city. But to entertain such an idea as a practical alternative is a very different thing from contemplating it with the mind's eye as alluring: and it never presented

itself to any of us under the guise of practicability. In 1869 (as I mentioned in my eleventh section) my travelling companion was John Lucas Tupper. When he fell alarmingly ill in Florence, I had the great gratification and relief of finding on the spot Mr. Holman Hunt, who, being fully as intimate as I was with Tupper, took an active part in warding him off from the brink of the grave. My cousin Teodorico Pietrocola-Rossetti and his wife (now Mrs. Lionel Cole) were also most kindly and helpful. In 1873 I travelled in a party of five : Mr. and Mrs. Bell Scott, Miss Boyd, and Lucy Brown, with myself as fifth.

In Naples in 1866 it was my good hap to see the immortal author of *Monte Cristo*, Alexandre Dumas, the most good-natured-looking as the most illustrious of quadroons. I merely *saw* him however as he was taking ship on his return to France from Italy. This was the year of the Prussian-Italian war against Austria, which resulted in the liberation of Venetia. Some days after Dumas had departed, I entered a steamer of a different and less commodious line, paying my passage up to Marseilles. The steamer had on board various pieces of cannon and munitions of war ; and it turned out that her movements were in great measure dependent upon military considerations. She went along in a very lagging style, and at last I had to content myself with getting out at Genoa, as she was stopped short from going on to Marseilles. I had before 1866 seen Venice twice under the Austrian yoke ; and the reader may guess how much elated I felt in returning a year or two afterwards, when every trace of the abhorred white uniform had vanished from the Piazza di San Marco and the labyrinth of canals. The wings of the Lion of St. Mark were once more unfurled for a flight.

Anything worth calling an adventure seldom befell me in my trips. The least insignificant incident of the kind was in 1868, when, leaving Mantua, I travelled through Verona to Venice. I had by me a sum of about 800 francs, which I had deposited in a locked hat-box, kept in my own railway-carriage. At Verona there was a stoppage of a couple of hours or so, and a change of trains; and the hat-box passed for a while out of my personal custody. On arriving in Venice, I looked into it, and all the money was gone. Various inquiries ensued; but I never recovered any of it, and never knew with precision whether it had been stolen in Verona, or possibly at an earlier hour in Mantua. My remaining funds were of the scantiest; but, writing to Dante Gabriel, I soon received a sum about equal to what I had lost, and all went well with me again.

In Italy I did not at any time see much of persons known to me. In 1860 there were (as previously noted) the Brownings, the Story family, Landor, Burges, and the Barone Kirkup, whose personal acquaintance I then made for the first time. He was aged about seventy in 1860. I am aware that some people now doubt whether Giotto painted the fresco in the Bargello which was recovered from whitewash through Kirkup's exertions, and whether the person represented is Dante: for my own part, I should be very sorry to disbelieve either of these assumptions. Kirkup in 1860 was an interesting talker, reminiscent of many matters of old date in the intellectual life of England, learned in the earlier Italian literature, and (as I have said) much addicted to "spiritualism." He possessed a sofa which Shelley had bought in Pisa in 1821, and which is now mine: he and I sat on it as we talked together. He was then already

not a little deaf; this infirmity, along with failure of sight, increased upon him before he died in 1879, or early in 1880, a nonagenarian. In 1866, in Naples, I re-encountered Dr. Robert Sim, a Scotchman whom I had known a little in London, in the company of Mr. Holman Hunt, several years before; he introduced me to the house of Mr. Hirsch, a Jewish financier—the same, I presume, who was afterwards known as the beneficent millionaire Baron Hirsch. He also introduced me to the amiable Madame Meuricoffre and her husband. In 1869, being in Florence with Pietrocola-Rossetti, I met two distinguished friends of my father, whom I myself had seen in boyhood—Conte Giuseppe Ricciardi, a revolutionary patriot, then a member of Parliament, and Conte Carlo Pepoli, then a senator, and known of old to the poet Leopardi. It may have been in the same year that Pietrocola-Rossetti introduced me to Mr. Jarves, an American art-collector and writer, and his wife: I saw them again at Viareggio in 1871.

Before leaving London in 1873 I was asked by Edward John Trelawny (commonly known as Captain Trelawny) to fulfil a small commission from him in Florence. Of Trelawny himself I shall have more to say in the sequel.

For some while previously Miss Clare Clairmont, the quasi-sister of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, and famous in the lives of Shelley and of Byron, had been carrying on from Florence a correspondence with Trelawny, sending copies of old letters relating to Shelley and others, and representing the inconveniences under which she was suffering, from ill-health and narrow means. Trelawny used to show me her letters, so I know pretty well (or at least then knew) what they contained. She made some advances towards offering to sell to him a number

of documents in her possession concerning Shelley and Byron. Trelawny was among the most generous of men : but it would not have suited him, from any point of view, to "buy a pig in a poke," and he wished me to ascertain, by personal conference with Miss Clairmont, what was the number of documents which she was prepared to produce, of what nature, and at what price. Moreover he considerably mistrusted Miss Clairmont as regards her animus against Byron—who had at one time been her lover, and who had afterwards used her badly, inspiring her with a sentiment of lifelong rancour. He therefore wished, if he treated for any documents, to receive among them such as might, in other hands, be used to blacken the memory of Byron, for whom Trelawny, in the years when I knew him, had no small feeling of kindly regard : this becomes apparent on comparing his first volume, *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, 1858, with his enlarged re-cast, *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*, 1878. On reaching Florence I addressed Miss Clairmont, and obtained permission to call on her at her residence in the Via Valfonda. Unfortunately she was then in a condition not at all suited for attending minutely to Trelawny's requirements. She had recently had a fall, and I found her lying outside her bed, unable to move about the room so as to bring out and explain her papers. She received me with much affable courtesy on 14 and more especially on 15 June, spoke freely and with affection of Shelley (Byron I think she never named), and expressed a high sense of Trelawny's friendliness. I made after the interviews some notes of the conversation ; but these I can no longer find, and I regret to have forgotten the details. She asked me to join at lunch her niece, Miss

Paola Clairmont, who kept house with her, and then to return to the bedroom for a little further colloquy. I assuredly was glad to comply ; and I took the meal with Miss Paola, and a relative of hers, a prepossessing little girl aged ten or eleven. I came away with my mission unaccomplished, though attended to to the best of my opportunity. Trelawny did not at any time come into possession of the Clairmont documents. Later on I knew an American, Mr. E. A. Silsbee, a very ardent Shelleyite, who was well acquainted with Miss Clairmont, and anxious to secure the papers : he also was disappointed. But most of the documents, perhaps all of them, are for many years past in excellent hands—those of Mr. Harry Buxton Forman. He has very liberally allowed me to see them, and even to keep them by me for a while, for the information of myself, and also of my wife when she was preparing her volume *Mrs. Shelley* (published in 1890) ; I therefore know that Mr. Forman is here in possession of a very covetable body of materials for throwing light on the careers of two of our greatest poets, and of many persons in their circle.

It appears to be ascertained that Miss Clairmont was born in 1798 : consequently, when I saw her in June 1873, she was about seventy-five years of age. She was a slender and pallid old lady, with thinned hair which had once been dark, and with dark and still expressive eyes : she was, according to her own statement, more than moderately deaf. Her face was such as one could easily suppose to have been handsome and charming in youth—her voice was clear, even-toned, and agreeable. As I saw her however, she had, in the fullest sense, passed into the period of old age : so far as that goes, there was nothing to distinguish her from other ladies

midway between seventy and eighty. Her recent accident had added to her infirmity, and to the symptoms of it ; but, even apart from the accident, she was a confirmed invalid. She died on 19 March 1879, aged little or not at all less than eighty-one. Having this personal experience of what Miss Clairmont was in 1873, I read with no small astonishment in 1893 the account which Mr. William Graham, in two articles in *The Nineteenth Century* named *Chats with Jane Clermont*, gave of this very interesting lady. According to his opening article, Mr. Graham first saw Miss Clairmont (I adhere to her own spelling of the surname) "one spring day in the early eighties." After it had been pointed out to the narrator that Miss Clairmont did not exist above-ground in the early eighties, he corrected his date to the "late seventies." As he speaks of her as being "eighty odd" years old, one may infer that the right year was 1878. A lady who presented in 1873 so decided an aspect of old age as I have been speaking of was not quite likely to look much more juvenile in 1878 : Father Time is wont to order it otherwise. And yet one finds in Mr. Graham's articles such expressions as the following : "The complexion clear as at eighteen—the slender willowy figure had remained unaltered—that merry silvery laugh on which old age seemed to have no power—a blush covered the still beautiful tracery of the skin—there was no sign of old age about this woman of the poets, except the white hair—that wicked smile which youth had passed on to age undiminished in malice and in mirth," etc. etc. The whole picture of Miss Clairmont which Mr. Graham gives seems to me delusive. There are besides, in his articles, very serious and proveable misstatements or misapprehensions of

matters of fact. I will only give one instance. He imagines himself to have seen Miss Clairmont, one of whose Christian names was Jane, in possession of a certain guitar which was given by Shelley to a certain Jane, accompanied by a celebrated little poem. But this Jane was not Miss Clairmont at all. It was Mrs. Williams (afterwards Mrs. Hogg) : and the guitar remained in London in the possession either of Mrs. Hogg or of a daughter of Mrs. Hogg (Mrs. Lonsdale) at and after the date when Mr. Graham professes to have seen it handled by Miss Clairmont in Florence.

I now recur to the four years, in the interval between 1860 and 1873, when I did not go to Italy for my vacation. In 1861 I took my mother and Christina to Paris and Normandy : the majority of the time was spent in Coutances, and it was the first instance in which my sister had been abroad anywhere. In 1863 I accompanied Dante Gabriel to Belgium—Brussels, Antwerp, Bruges. He had seen these cities once before, in 1849. In 1870, being the year of the Franco-German war, I assumed that it would be barely or not at all manageable to cross France *en route* to Italy, so I resolved to travel elsewhere. At first I thought of Portugal ; but this project I relinquished, and went instead to Germany through Belgium. My principal stay was in Munich : I saw also the Rhine between Coblenz and Mayence, Augsburg, Würzburg, glorious old Nuremberg, Frankfort, and some other places. I was in the neighbourhood of Frankfort on the day when the surrender of Metz was announced ; and throughout my tour the news of German conflicts and victories rang through the land. I saw some movements of troops here and there, but nothing conspicuous. The general demeanour of the

German people in relation to the war impressed me as most highly creditable. They were of course interested, and also self-confident : but I witnessed no vapouring, no noisiness, no vindictiveness—nothing of what we English in these recent years have had too good cause to term “mafficking.” It may be as well here to explain that, at the outbreak of the war, I thought Napoleon III, and the French nation under his incitement, entirely in the wrong—not being aware of certain manœuvres of Bismarck which obtained publicity later on ; and I was therefore then on the side of the Germans. The idea that the French were reasonably entitled to fight for the simple purpose of preventing Germany from being powerful and united was totally contrary to my conceptions of public right—and is so still. When Napoleon had been taken captive, and a Republic had been proclaimed in France, and was contending against tremendous odds, my sympathies were sensibly modified : I was anxious that the Germans should bring the conflict to a close on very moderate terms, and, the less disposition they showed for this, the more were my feelings enlisted on the side of France. And thus, at the time when I was in Germany, although I thought the Germans very fairly in the right, I tended more towards siding with the French. Besides I may admit that for the French, along with the Italians, I have always felt a strong national predilection, and for the Germans little to correspond. This may be a prejudice : if so, it is a prejudice that clings to me from my early years, when Italy was under the heel of the Austrians, and denunciations of “*gli austriaci*” or “*i tedeschi*” came thick and fast from my father’s lips, and pervaded the family atmosphere for all of us.

There is only one other year for me to mention here, 1872. That was the year of the great breakdown in my brother's health and mental serenity, and I took no holiday worth speaking of. I found it fitting to remain in London during his illness there, and afterwards when he was in Scotland; and I only went out of town to join him for a few days in the autumn, after he had recovered, and settled down at Kelmscott Manor House near Lechlade and the Thames. George Hake was there with my brother; also Mrs. William Morris and her two girlish daughters. Morris himself was visible for a day or two. My brother, in some of his published letters, has sung the praises of Kelmscott; I will here merely say that I perceived them to be well justified. I was there on only one other occasion—in 1874 with my wife, three or four months after our marriage, when we stayed a week or less. Dante Gabriel then did the greatest part of a head of my wife in tinted chalks, pretty well known by photographic reproductions; it ranks among his very best works of that class.

A few other places may here be mentioned, where I stayed for brief intervals in the period between 1848 and 1869. There was Pleasley Hill near Mansfield (Nottinghamshire), the family home of James Collinson, with his mother and sister; Gloucester, for several years the residence of my uncle Henry Polydore; Frome, where my father and mother and Christina were settled in 1853; Stratford-on-Avon and Kenilworth; Boulogne, where I attended the wedding of my friend Alfred Chaworth Lyster; and Penkill Castle, near Girvan, Ayrshire, the seat of Miss Alice Boyd, where I spent an enjoyable fortnight or more in the late summer of 1867. Both Dante Gabriel and Christina were there at dates not remote from my visit, but not at that same time.

XXIII

EDITING SHELLEY, ETC. ; TRELAWNY

IN March 1868 I happened to reply in *Notes and Queries* to an article named *Emendations of Shelley*; and in April I followed up my reply by publishing in the same serial three independent papers on the general subject. These papers were founded upon certain pencilled notes which I had made various years before in an edition of Shelley presented to me by Bell Scott; for, on receiving that edition, perhaps in 1860, I had attentively read the poems through again—a thing which I had not done since some such date as 1850. As I have already indicated, my first reading of Shelley was in 1844, and I perused his poems over and over again, with extreme enthusiasm, for some years: after that other matters interfered, and there was a long gap during which I read them no more. Thus, on returning to them towards 1860, I remembered them very well in a broad sense, but was prepared to view them with new eyes, and thoroughly to recast, if needed, my notions concerning them. I found them more admirable than ever.

The copyright in Shelley's works belonged in 1868 to the firm of E. Moxon, Son, and Co. The chief representative of this firm was Mr. J. Bertrand Payne, whom I had known slightly at the time when Mr. Swinburne's poems were published by the Moxons. As he had been

concerned in withdrawing from circulation the *Poems and Ballads* of Swinburne, I had not the least wish to come into business or personal relations with him or his firm. Mr. Payne however observed my articles in *Notes and Queries*; and, being already on the look-out for some one to control a new and revised edition of Shelley, he wrote inviting me to undertake the task. Nothing could possibly have been offered to me more conformable to my liking (for I would gladly have undertaken even a far inferior office connecting me in some sort with Shelley); and so I promptly assented, setting aside any personal considerations which might have influenced me in the contrary direction. Mr. Bertrand Payne was a large sleek man, not much turned of thirty-five in those days, with dark eyes and an extensive dark beard; he passed with most people as being very handsome, and indeed he was so in an obvious though not an elevated sense.

Mr. Payne assented to my terms—which were not exorbitant—for the editing of Shelley's poems with annotations, and for the writing of a prefatory memoir. I set to work with the utmost zest—scrutinizing the text, reading-up the biographical materials, jotting down and collating the details in them, compiling my notes to the poems, writing the memoir, and subsequently revising the proofs. This work formed my chief occupation (not reckoning my official employ in the Inland Revenue) from about the middle of 1868 to the end of 1869; the book, in two volumes, was brought out at the very close of the latter year. I am satisfied that a person who has not gone through some similar experience has no conception of the amount of trouble and painstaking involved in close editorial work of this nature. The labour which I underwent in even so subordinate a point as getting the printer

to indent the lines of verse in conformity with their metre and rhyming is enough to raise a shudder in the retrospective mind—and even so the result did not exhibit all the punctilious accuracy which I had endeavoured after. As to the then existing materials for the biography of Shelley, I found a deal of confusion : if one biographer gave some particular to a certain purport, some other biographer was sure to give it otherwise. I picked my way as best I could amid these discrepancies ; and I constructed a memoir for which, whatever its imperfections, I may fairly claim that it brought the facts more into focus than its precursors—avoiding or exposing an error here, discussing a conflict of evidence there, and so on. That I wrote in the spirit of an ardent enthusiast is what I shall never be ashamed of : that I none the less stated frankly and explicitly any occurrences in the life of Shelley which must in equity be regarded as blemishing his character so far is a fact known to myself, and patent to any reader of the memoir. To be blameless is not given to man : to be partly blameable and yet greatly noble and lovable was given to Shelley.

The true functions of the editor of a great poet such as Shelley—his prerogatives as limited by his obligations—form a problem worthy of a great amount of consideration, and subjected to much and trenchant difference of opinion. My own conviction was, and still is, that an editor is entitled, and even required, to correct absolute blunders, provided always that he plainly notifies every correction which he thus makes. I also hold that, when one has to deal with the full collected works of a poet, it is no less than reasonable to give them in a sequence suited to their scale and dates, and not simply to reproduce the several volumes as they happened to be pub-

lished during or after the author's lifetime. In all such questions the injunction, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further," is one which resounds in the Editor's ears: the doubt is—What does the *hitherto* amount to? Various critics have opined that I went too far in the way of emendation: not indeed that they considered all my changes wrong in themselves, but they held that I ought not to have introduced them into the text, accompanied though they always were by a precise annotation of the fact. Mr. Swinburne was of these; also Mr. Buxton Forman, who produced his edition of Shelley not very long after mine had come out. He went on the plan of almost invariable adherence to the text of the old editions unless he could find manuscript authority for revising them, and he allowed of no departure from the order of the poems as they stand in Shelley's successive volumes. Others thought that I did not go far enough—among them my brother and Bell Scott. I am free to say that, if I had the work to do over again, I should proceed on the same principle as in 1868-9; though doubtless some particular changes here and there would no longer commend themselves to my mind, for the bias of opinion or preference never remains moveless in such matters. It was with no little satisfaction that I heard in 1902 from a gentleman not then otherwise known to me, Mr. C. D. Locock, that he had been making a precise collation of the printed forms of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* with the original manuscripts now in the Bodleian Library, and that he found some of my conjectural emendations to be correct, as proved by the manuscripts. This gentleman (as it happens) is a grandson of the celebrated surgeon Sir William Locock, who knew me at the first moment of my existence, for he brought all my mother's

children into the world. Mr. Locock's book on his researches has been published, and I have read it with pleasure and profit.

I need scarcely say that, at the time when I was revising the text of Shelley's poems and writing the memoir, his son Sir Percy Florence Shelley was alive, as well as Lady Shelley, the wife of Sir Percy. I had not at that period seen either of them. Knowing on good authority that they did not—especially Lady Shelley, the more active spirit of the two—view with much favour any attempts in Shelleian biography which went resolutely on the line of outspokenness, whatever might be the susceptibilities thereby ruffled, I, who was determined to be outspoken as to the merits and demerits of Shelley, and of his two wives and everybody else, so far as I could arrive at the facts, felt that I might get myself into a false position if I were to address the baronet or his wife with a view to obtaining documentary or other information apposite to the biography. Had I consulted them, I should have lost my freedom of action; and should have had either to take my cue from them and conform my memoir to their likings, or else to "kick against the pricks" and assume an attitude not far from overt hostility. I therefore did not address them at all, and circumspectly constructed my memoir from the existing printed materials, or from any other sources which I found open to me. As I did not communicate with Sir Percy and Lady Shelley regarding biographical facts, so likewise I had to forego any benefit which I could have derived from asking to be allowed to see any manuscripts etc. of the poems. But in this latter respect I fared better than I had reason to forecast. My kind friend Dr. Garnett, who was well acquainted

with the Shelleys, volunteered to request that certain manuscripts might be placed in my hands for inspection and use. This application was very promptly and liberally granted. I did not indeed receive the manuscripts of any poems of leading importance (such as *Julian and Maddalo*, *The Cenci*, *Prometheus Unbound*, etc.), but I had in my keeping, and used exactly as I thought fit, drafts of *Charles the First*, *The Boat on the Serchio*, and some other writings. I had therefore good grounds for feeling obliged to Sir Percy and Lady Shelley ; and all the more in that they did not treat the favour thus conferred on me as a handle for attempting to control my freedom as a biographer. From first to last they never made any such attempt, nor indeed did they and I at that time hold any correspondence whatever. The attempt, if made, would not have succeeded. It would have been none the less mortifying and embarrassing to me.

I did at a later date see Lady Shelley and Sir Percy. In 1885 my wife and I, being at Bournemouth, went over to Boscombe Manor, bent upon viewing the important Shelley relics which are treasured there. Lady Shelley appeared, and very politely showed us over the rooms ; she was an agreeable-looking, rather matronly woman, of frank and unconstrained address. My sight of Sir Percy Shelley occurred a little later, perhaps in 1888. I happened to be seated beside him at a musical soirée held by the Shelley Society, and was introduced to him. The circumstances did not admit of our holding any conversation beyond the ordinary greetings. I could not discover in Sir Percy Shelley the least resemblance to his father ; there may possibly have been some likeness to his mother, but this was not evident to me. I infer that he was rather of the facial type of his grand-

father Sir Timothy Shelley. He was more than commonly thin, with a very ruddy or pink complexion, and noticeably blue eyes.

Whilst I was progressing with the editing of Shelley's poems, and the writing of the memoir, I came across new information from two or three quarters. The principal personages were Mr. Henry J. Slack and Captain Trelawny.

An acquaintance of mine of old date was Mr. John Deffett Francis : I had met him as far back perhaps as 1850, in the circle of Madox Brown. He was by profession a painter, but had never made any particular mark in the art, and in my time practised it little or not at all. Ultimately he settled in Swansea, and became a great (not always a well-appreciated) benefactor of the museum there. My own knowledge of Mr. Francis, prior to 1868, was truly very slight ; but he, hearing that I was engaged upon a memoir of Shelley, took the pains of calling round on me at Somerset House, and producing a copy which he had made of a letter penned by the poet in 1811. The letter was a very important one. It was written to Miss Elizabeth Hitchener (the lady who figures in Shelleian biography under the invidious name of "the Brown Demon") ; and showed that Shelley was then at odds with his Oxford friend Thomas Jefferson Hogg, on the ground that the latter had been making love to the first Mrs. Shelley (Harriet Westbrook). Mr. Francis informed me that the original of this letter, and many others addressed by Shelley to the same correspondent, were in the hands of a legal gentleman, Mr. Henry J. Slack, and he encouraged me to write to Mr. Slack, and see whether I could be allowed to inspect the letters. I did so, and Mr. Slack, who

lived with his wife in Camden Town, permitted me to call.

I had not had any previous personal acquaintance with Mr. Slack, but had, at his invitation, contributed a paper to a monthly serial which he edited, *The Intellectual Observer*; he took an interest in scientific matters, and became later on the President of the Microscopical Society. He was a short and rather corpulent man of middle age: in the present instance, and in several others afterwards, both he and his wife treated me with much complaisance. He showed me the full bundle of letters; which I read out aloud—a performance occupying two evenings. He authorized me to avail myself of the correspondence, by way of informing my own mind as to the facts, and of making some sparse use of them in my narrative; but not to the extent of quoting any passages, or of entering at large into details. The reason for this reserve was that Mr. Slack, although the custodian of the letters, was not in an accurate sense their owner. They had been deposited with him as a lawyer, many years previously, by a representative of Miss Hitchener; and the ownership of them had finally devolved upon a lady living in Germany, who was probably quite unaware of their existence, and certainly not in the way of caring or thinking anything about them. Mr. Slack, who had a right sense of the literary interest of the papers, had no desire that attention should be directed to them so as to induce any remote legal claimant to start into activity, and call for the return of them: he preferred the policy of “letting sleeping dogs lie.” I of course conformed to his injunctions; and the correspondence, though of some substantial service for the purposes of my memoir, has not left any overt trace in

its pages : a few juvenile poems interspersed in the letters were used in my edition, under the sanction of Mr. Slack. At a later date through my influence with this gentleman the letters were freely drawn upon by Professor Dowden in his *Life of Shelley* ; and they have even been printed in full (but without my previous cognizance) for private circulation. I think that either the British Museum or else Mr. T. J. Wise now holds the originals, purchased from Mr. Slack. Thus the information good-naturedly given to me by Mr. Deffett Francis has proved in the long run of no small value to persons who are curious in the byways of Shelleian biography. But for that information, the papers would to all appearance have lain *perdu* in the hands of Mr. Slack up to the date of his death, and would to this day be totally unknown to readers.

I now proceed to Edward John Trelawny, the author of that fascinating and mainly autobiographical romance *The Adventures of a Younger Son*, and of two books about Shelley which I have already had occasion to name. I happen to have seen this gentleman twice in 1843, when I was a mere boy and he was fifty years of age, a strikingly handsome man ; for he called in our house, 50 Charlotte Street, conveying an invitation to my father, who was then in a very risky state of health, from Mr. John Temple Leader, of Putney, to stay for a few days at his house, for any benefit which might accrue from change of air. I was the only person at home at the moment, and thus I had a brief talk with Mr. Trelawny—whose forcible look and manner remain clear in my mind from that remote period. Mr. Temple Leader, who was a Radical Member of Parliament in those days, was alive until the winter which opened the

year 1903, settled for many years in a villa near Florence. His age was already patriarchal in 1900, when I, while staying for a few weeks in Florence, was told that he was still wont to bathe every morning, summer and winter, in a sheet of water in his grounds. After this small affair of 1843 I saw no more of Trelawny; but, while going on with the Shelley work, I wrote to his friend Barone Kirkup in Florence asking whether he thought I might address Trelawny with a view to learning anything about the poet which he would be willing to impart. Kirkup paved the way for me, and Trelawny consented that I might call upon him at his house, 7 Pelham Crescent, Fulham Road. This I did on 28 June 1869.

In 1882, not long after the death of "the Ancient Mariner" (a designation which I found applied to him by one at least of his intimates) I published in *The Athenæum* some papers entitled *Talks with Trelawny*, consisting of extracts from my diary wherein I recorded details of my several interviews with this very striking personage from 1869 to 1881. I shall therefore not attempt here to enter with any minuteness into the same details: but shall limit myself to general impressions and reminiscence. Trelawny, born in November 1792 (the same year as Shelley), was in his seventy-seventh year when I first saw him in Pelham Crescent; a man about six feet high, with broad chest and no small residue of herculean strength, of iron constitution, and a demeanour of indomitable firmness. His voice, when he chose to exert it, was startlingly powerful; but for the most part he spoke in a mild and rather subdued tone. He could recite poetry with great solemnity and effect: I seldom heard him do so, but can recollect a stanza or two from

Byron, "Ave Maria, 'tis the hour of prayer," etc., which could not have been given by any one with a truer sentiment or a better sense of rhythm. The appearance of Trelawny in his old age has been effectively rendered by Millais in his excellent picture named *The North-West Passage*; effectively, but I consider too disadvantageously. Millais has over-enforced the grim look, has hardly done justice to the fineness of feature, and has made the trunk and limbs appear too huddled and cramped. This should be apparent to any one who might look at a photograph of Trelawny taken much about the same time. I possess a print of it, which he presented to me. He had very clear blue eyes, a small but shapely and highly energetic nose (I have heard it compared to the beak of a falcon), and a mouth which must naturally have been beautiful, but which, owing to a pistol-shot when an attempt to assassinate him was made during the Greek war of independence, had got somewhat drawn aside. This gave rise to what may have passed for a sardonic or sour expression of countenance, which (I take it) was not genuinely his. He was partially bald, and, after the manner of a past generation, he wore a scalp, or else a cap: I am not certain that I ever saw him without one or the other.

In the *Life of Millais* by his son brief reference is made to the fact that Trelawny was anything but pleased on finding, after his sittings to Millais were finished, that the painter had placed at his elbow, in the picture, a glass of stiff grog. He was not far from a teetotaller, and was a vigorous denouncer of any approach to indulgence in drink. I gather that, with his old-world notions, he even entertained some idea of challenging the artist to a duel, as having in effect traduced him behind his

back : he did not however actually proceed to this extremity.

Trelawny was a man highly intolerant of affectations, small sentimentalisms, and conventions of any sort : even to say "good-morning" and "good-evening" was a truckling to usage better avoided in his presence. He held that the character needed to be braced and stoicized on all sides—by no means to be lenified and trimmed down. Nevertheless he was, so far as I ever saw, essentially kind in all his personal relations, not to speak of his generosity in money matters. He had for years past forsworn "sport," in the sense of killing or maiming animals. A pheasant which he had once wounded had looked at him with a piteous eye that he could not forget. A man was to him an animal, differing only in detail from his fellow-creatures. I have heard him maintain that a lion or an eagle is a finer animal than a man. I hereupon made a suggestion as to the human superiority of intellect : but "Yes, very *cunning*," was his only response. As to the races of man, he considered the Arabian to stand ahead of any European stock.

Like Shelley, Trelawny was a proclaimed atheist : he had probably no preference for any one religion over any other, regarding them all as silly superstitions. He was also a materialist (which Shelley ceased to be after a certain period) and a resolute Republican. In diet he was remarkably abstemious—not a vegetarian, but tending in that direction. Scarcely touching alcoholic liquors, he had nevertheless a decided liking for the taste of wine. At upwards of eighty years of age he would stand upright as he disposed in two or three minutes of his breakfast, consisting perhaps of a few fruits and a glass of water. He did not in any season of the year wear either under-

clothing or overcoat, and went generally stockingless. He told me that, apart from temperance in general, the only rule of health which he considered binding was that of going out into the open air, even if only for a short while, day by day, and fair weather or foul.

It has often been said that Trelawny was regardless of truth, and that to hear him affirm a thing was no reason why one should believe it. I did not find this allegation to be warranted. On the contrary, he seemed to me to have the same broad and serious respect for truth which marks other honourable and rational men ; occasionally he stated something, as a matter of reminiscence, which I thought probably erroneous, but only in the way that any other man might make a mistake when trusting to memory without having at the moment any data for checking it. A person who recounts many anecdotes from a remote past is certain to give them a little involuntary—or it may be even some voluntary—colouring of his own ; especially if he has a romantic substratum to his character and experiences, which the Ancient Mariner assuredly had. If he stated a thing at all, he stated it positively : another pitfall for the unwary narrator. I never heard anything from him which I supposed to require a larger margin of scepticism than this. Many months after I had written these sentences I received from Mrs. Call (Trelawny's daughter) a letter saying *inter alia* that my "singleness of mind as to truth at all costs" had been "one of the qualities her father often spoke of to her, about me, as so valued by him : in fact, he said I was the only entirely reliable man about facts he had ever met" (1). I ought to apologize for reproducing this encomium. I do that, partly for the very obvious reason that it gratifies me

hugely, and partly as illustrating my thesis that Trelawny was by no means indifferent to truthfulness. Ananias would hardly have picked out truthfulness as the quality he most esteemed in Peter or another.

Trelawny, it is well known, was pre-eminently one of those men whom one must either take on their own terms or not attempt to take at all. He was peremptory and dictatorial. If one was liable to be ruffled or disconcerted at every outburst of spleen, or every strong expression applied to oneself or others, one had to leave him alone. A thin-skinned man would soon have felt himself scarified by contact with Trelawny. Fortunately for me I was not thin-skinned in that sort of way, nor perhaps in any way; I was never overburdened with *amour propre* of the touchy quality, but wishful rather to see myself as others saw me, and to estimate myself by the same standard which I applied to my fellows. On all grounds I was anxious to get the benefit of Trelawny's knowledge of Shelley, the man and the poet, and felt proud of coming into relation with a person so interesting in himself, so closely associated with a Shelley and a Byron, and so imbued with immortal memories,

“Nepenthe, moly, amaranth, fadeless blooms.”

Besides, his years were very advanced, while I was only on the confines of middle age. I therefore found no difficulty in adapting myself to these conditions, and taking with an easy temper and a changeless countenance any little sallies to which he occasionally—for after all it was but seldom—chose to subject me. Whether they came in the nature of a cold douche or of a drop of hot sealing-wax, they were equally innocuous, and equally tolerated. I suspect he may have made it rather a system to test

new-comers by a little brow-beating, so as to judge whether he and they could get on together or not.

The freshness of the veteran's love for Shelley, upon which the lapse of long years seemed to have produced no effect, was touching to witness ; and there was no kind of stint in the amount of information which he gave me about him—sometimes in answer to direct inquiry and often also volunteered. From the earliest stage of our intercourse, he evidently discovered that my feeling on the subject was one of genuine enthusiasm. No doubt this predisposed him in my favour ; and very soon he treated me with an amount of confidence and kindness exceeding my best expectations. I can truly say that Trelawny was fond of me ; and I question whether in these his closing years there was any person whom he was better pleased to see, or to whom he was more willing to open his mind with full unreserve. It often struck me as somewhat singular that a man who had lived a life so unadventurous as mine, and who had so little turn for anything partaking of active physical enterprise, should secure the good-will of the "Younger Son," the hero of a hundred exploits of the most dare-devil and the least law-abiding description ; so however it was, and possibly the very fact that I stood on an entirely different plane of tendency and aptitude from himself conciliated rather than repelled him. I repaid Trelawny's partiality to me in the only available or suitable coinage—that of having a warm affection for him : he often bespoke a visit from me, and I complied not only because it was obligatory and proper to do so, but because it afforded a lively satisfaction to myself.

Trelawny's ordinary residence was in the country—Sompting near Worthing : he was not often in town

except in the warm season, June to September. I was at Sompting three or four times, but our intercourse was mostly limited to the period he spent in London. His wife and his daughter Lætitia (now married to Colonel Call) were generally in Italy. The lady who kept house for him in Sompting and London was Miss Emma Taylor, currently termed his niece: this however was only a phrase adopted for convenience sake, as there was no blood-relationship. Everything in the establishment was extremely well kept by Miss Taylor; and Trelawny, though his habit of life was simplicity itself, had in his surroundings nothing untidy, slovenly, or of inferior quality. I usually went round to Pelham Crescent in the evening, soon after the close of my office-hours. My host gave me at once an excellent cup of coffee (a matter about which he was rather particular), followed by cigars and talk, and, before I left, by a comfortable tea or supper. He was a steady but not an excessive smoker. Spite of his anti-conventional *brusquerie*, Trelawny was essentially a courteous, or I would almost say a polite, man; he had not the least liking for the hail-fellow-well-met style of upstarts and whippersnappers which he perceived to be increasingly prevalent. He was fond of warmth, and there was often a fire in his sitting-room even in weather that could not be called chilly. No household dog or cat was discernible. Near the fire in his roomy wooden chair sat Trelawny, with an air between indolence and brooding: he did not use a cushion, but had two or three newspapers as a substitute. He was not exactly a copious talker: yet in various instances I have spent some four or more hours in his company when the conversation flagged not at all. He did three-quarters of it, my own part

being chiefly that of an inquiring listener; he very willingly, however, attended to anything that I had to say. Occasionally, but not often, some other visitor came in. In 1869, or indeed till the close of his life, he had none of the infirmities of old age, unless it be that his hearing was rather less good than it had been. His temperament in these years had a certain tinge of melancholy—he required to be roused into anything like sprightliness or lively humour: with the fall of the leaf his spirits were wont to sink.

The most noticeable decoration in Trelawny's sitting-room was a brace of oil-portraits, Mrs. Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley and Miss Clairmont, both at a youthful age. These likenesses were painted by Miss Curran, who produced the only portrait of Shelley with which the public is much acquainted; they are not excellent works of art, but are nevertheless very passably fair. They had been in Trelawny's keeping for a number of years, but in strictness they belonged to Sir Percy Shelley, to whom they were consigned after their custodian's decease.

One of the visitors I recollect was Mr. G. T. Lay, who had been much in China (partly as a medical missionary, I believe), and who had published some books relating his experiences. Trelawny regarded him with favour, condoning his lapsus in acting as a missionary; and on one occasion he invited me to meet Mr. Lay, an agreeable unpretentious man, at dinner.

Almost as soon as I knew him, Trelawny placed at my service, for my edition of Shelley, the MSS. of the poems addressed by the latter to Mrs. Williams and her husband, along with the prose-messages (theretofore unknown) which had accompanied these poems. He also readily sanctioned my request that he would accept

the dedication of the edition. He lent me a copy of that very rare volume, Shelley's *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and gave me his own copy of the privately printed *Queen Mab*. He also gave me a strange and precious relic, a fragment of Shelley's charred skull, which he had picked out of the funeral-furnace. I put it into a very simple locket; and he, liking this arrangement, got me to bespeak a similar locket for another fragment of the skull which he retained. He further bestowed upon me the sofa which Shelley had procured for himself in Pisa, and on which, for he often slept on it, the poet must probably have passed the very last night of his life. It is in beechwood (or, as some say, in Italian walnut-wood)—a very roomy couch, of simple yet rather tasteful construction. The pedigree of the sofa, after Shelley's sudden death, is as follows: Mrs. Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Charles Armitage Brown (the friend of Keats), Barone Kirkup. The Barone, being still older than Trelawny, was, a year or so before his decease, informed by the latter with his usual downrightness that he had better resign the sofa, lest it should at the last get totally overlooked as so much antiquated and unprized upholstery of one defunct. Kirkup admitted the validity of the plea, and sent the sofa from Leghorn to London, to be Trelawny's property. Trelawny however never took possession of it; he authorized me to receive and house it (the dimensions are such that it had to be taken apart before passing through my house-door), with the understanding that, after his death, it would become absolutely mine. So it did (as I have previously briefly said), and the Shelley sofa, one of my most valued possessions, faces me as I write these words.

I naturally was more than pleased to render any small service to Trelawny which lay in my power during the

twelve years of our friendship. After doing my best to stimulate his inclination—languid though sincere—to bring out an enlarged form of his *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, I performed a deal of sub-editing work for the book, and transacted all the business of the republishing. In 1875 I acted on his behalf in giving publicity to the account, which he had received through his daughter, of the wilful running-down of the boat in which Shelley perished : Trelawny firmly believed that this was the true version of the facts. In 1878 the famous painter Gérôme was projecting to paint a picture (did he ever produce it ?) of the burning of the corpse of Shelley near Viareggio, in the presence of Trelawny and Byron.¹ Trelawny, hearing of this, requested me to call upon Gérôme on my next visit to Paris, and to furnish him with all the information I could supply from the volume of *Records*. I made an appointment with the painter, and called in his studio. He was then aged about fifty-four, with handsome features, an air of distinction, and a very grave earnest manner. He was engaged upon a picture of the period of the Bourbon restoration, and M. Jacquemart was sitting to him, wearing an enormous and not easily credible hat proper to that epoch. M. Gérôme and I conversed together for half an hour or more, I reading off into French the original narrative of the obsequies, as reproduced in the *Records*. Gérôme, I presume, did not know much about Shelley's writings, nor about himself : the subject of the funeral pyre interested him chiefly from the pictorial point of view, as being a very singular and impressive

¹ I saw in London, late in 1903, a picture of this subject by another French artist, Fournier. It is clever enough, but quite misrepresents some of the seasonal and other conditions of the scene.

scene, in its association with modern costume and surroundings and with the career of two great poets.

Trelawny had made up his mind that his body should (like Shelley's) be cremated; and he charged me to undertake the necessary arrangements, to which I assented. I made some inquiries in London, but found that in this country nothing could at that time be done. The alternative lay practically between Milan and Gotha.

In March 1871 Trelawny invited me to dine at his house with Mrs. Hogg—the Jane Williams to whom Shelley had addressed some of the latest and not least graceful of his poems, and whom (as aforesaid) I had missed seeing at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Lewes. I had the honour of being seated by Mrs. Hogg at the dinner table, and I carried on a brisk conversation with her. She was then, I presume, well turned of seventy years of age; but had still an agreeable figure and countenance, upright carriage, clear voice, and complaisant manner. Her hair was dark—it was not veritably hers. She responded readily to anything that I said about Shelley, for whom she retained the warmest regard. She confirmed the curious anecdote told in Trelawny's *Records* about a boating excursion of hers with Shelley when the poet rather inopportunistly suggested that they should both “solve the great mystery.” Mrs. Hogg was in these years partially deaf; and I could not help suspecting that every now and then, when she replied in the affirmative or the negative to some question of mine, she had not an accurate apprehension as to what the question was. Such is too often the case with rather deaf people; as I, who now belong to that class (but my deafness is moderate rather than extreme), can testify from too frequent experience of my own.

The Younger Son had not at any time entered into the study of literature in the spirit of a student ; he took however a deal of pleasure in some works of poetry—chiefly, so far as I observed, those of Shakespear, Shelley, and Byron. For English poems of a later period he seemed to have no real relish ; but he made an exception in the case of Swinburne, for whose intellect and general attitude of thought he conceived a great respect. Of Tennyson he probably knew little. He decidedly did not care for his work, and indicated surprise when I expressed the opinion that he was an excellent poet. “Well, it would only be as a *minor* poet,” he replied. Yet he was not incapable, even when past the age of eighty, of receiving a new and vivid impression from poetic work. I presented him with a copy of the edition of William Blake which I had produced in 1874. Everything concerning Blake was entirely new to him, but he took to him with extraordinary zest and a singular freshness of mind, and championed the merits of Mrs. Blake in the most chivalrous spirit. After this experience I thought that he might prove open to the influence of Walt Whitman, and I gave him a copy of the selection of his poems which I had brought out in 1868. Trelawny however was not very strongly impressed by them. He said that the volume contained “the materials of poetry, but not poetry itself”; which is indeed a very sound literary estimate, tersely worded, though I do not allow that it goes far enough in the way of praise.

In 1881 I went with my family to spend the summer vacation at Littlehampton. This seaside place is not far from Sompting, to which I soon made my way. I was distressed to learn that Trelawny, then not far from

eighty-nine years of age, had lately taken to his bed, and was in so low and failing a condition that he might probably not rise from it again. The doctor indeed said that, if he would only *choose* to live on, he might do so, there being nothing constitutionally wrong with him ; but it was pretty plain that no such resolute effort of vitality would be made. In fact I knew from several previous talks with him that he had no wish to linger on into the very dregs of existence, but on the contrary upheld suicide as a sovereign and befitting remedy. I expressed a wish to be admitted into his bedroom. He received the message with kindliness, but said—"What would be the use ? I can't talk." Thus things went on for some days, and on the 13th of August he expired. I saw during the interval a good deal, not only of Miss Taylor, but also of Miss Trelawny, and of her half-brother Sir Charles Goring. With the then Miss Trelawny I have always continued on terms of genuine friendship : she and her husband are now settled in the south of France. On the day of Trelawny's death I was no longer at Littlehampton, but in London, to which, on the close of my private leave from Somerset House, I had returned on the 8th.

It now became incumbent upon me to carry out my pledge that I would see to the cremation of my aged friend's remains. Having once returned to official work, I was entirely unable to break it off again at once, and go abroad for the cremation ; and, to meet this condition of things, it had been arranged, before I left Littlehampton, that, if Trelawny died, his body would be embalmed, and then, after some small lapse of time, I could go down to Sompting, and thence to Gotha, and provide for all that was requisite. Other counsels however prevailed, and no

embalming was effected. As I was thus precluded from acting, Miss Taylor undertook this trying duty, unevadable unless the positive injunctions of the deceased were to be set at naught. She, along with her brother, unflinchingly accompanied the coffined remains to Gotha, had the cremation performed there, and travelled with the inurned ashes to Rome, where they were deposited under a grave-slab close to that of Shelley. The space had long ago been purchased by Trelawny, and marked out for his own entombing.

I now return to my edition of Shelley's poems, which had furnished the occasion for my calling upon Trelawny in 1869, and for all my subsequent intercourse with him. The edition fared very differently at the hands of different critics. Some were decidedly laudatory, with little to counteract their praise; others were balanced between praise and blame; some were adverse in a high degree. This was particularly the case with *The Athenæum*, where (as I was informed, and indeed I have reason to be pretty sure of it) the reviewer was Mr. Robert Buchanan, who, less than two years afterwards, made a pseudonymous attack on my brother's reputation. Luckily for me, I have never been greatly sensitive to criticism: a fact which may depend partly upon my having myself taken at so early an age to the work of criticizing, and having thus realized to myself, in my own person, the truth that even the most honest of critics are simply the mouthpieces of their own opinions, which may be sound, unsound, or a mixture of the two. I have always recognized that A. the hostile reviewer has as good a right to his opinion as B. the eulogistic reviewer; and that, entertaining an opinion, he has the like right to express it. Man for man, one is as good as the other,

or rather *may be* as good, and it remains to be seen which of the two has the more solid grounds for his verdict. If I come under the lash of a critic, it behoves me to consider whether he is in the right or not. If he is, I had better amend my ways ; if he is not, I need pay no attention to his censure, regarded by myself, after due consideration, as ill-applied. But, in either case, I have no warrant to complain of him if all he has done is to express the opinion which he veritably entertains. If *per contra* he has dishonestly or spitefully expressed an opinion not really his, I have my remedy in contemning him ; and this, not because he was abusive to me, but because he was untrue to himself.

Mr. Buxton Forman, in his monumental edition of all Shelley's works, poetry and prose, the publication of which began in 1876, made several observations adverse to the treatment which I had adopted. This was fair enough, as his point of view differed considerably from mine ; his edition is a most excellent one, according to its own principle. After one or two of his volumes had appeared, he called on me at Somerset House. His wish was to come to some arrangement with my publishers (then Messrs. Ward and Lock, acting under the name of E. Moxon, Son, and Co.) whereby he would be authorized to use in his edition any poems, the copyright of that firm, which had been included in my edition, while I might use, for any subsequent re-issue, any new matter in his volumes, founded upon inspection of original MSS. or the like. This was the first time that I had seen Mr. Forman. Each of us at once discerned that the other was animated by a sincere desire to do his best, according to his own views, for the text and the renown of Shelley : I readily suggested to Messrs. Ward and

Lock to ratify this arrangement, and so they did. Ever since then no two Shelleyites could have acted in greater harmony of spirit, if not at all times of detailed opinion, than Mr. Forman and myself. I may acknowledge that the balance of benefits conferred leans rather to his side; but what I could do in requital I always have done, and have done it with pleasure.

Although I think it is well and befitting for a man that he should not feel constantly irritated or aggrieved by adverse criticism, I conceive that there ought to be some recognized medium enabling him to state his side of the controversy in full and accurate detail. At present no such medium exists in this country—perhaps not in any country. If an author or his book is assailed in any publication—let us say *The Quarterly Review*, *The Times*, or *The Saturday Review*—the impugned writer has no adequate means of self-vindication. He may indeed write to either of these serials, confuting his antagonist; but he cannot oblige the serial to insert his remonstrance at all, and, even if this is done in the first instance, the point is soon reached where the editor says “Here this discussion must terminate”; and he says it not without fairness, for he has no space for all that the writer would reasonably want to expound in his proper interest. I have long considered, and have more than once said so to friends or correspondents, that there ought to be some periodical devoted exclusively to printing the observations which authors, artists, politicians, and other persons, may see fit to make in reply to reviews appearing in other quarters. Such a periodical need not be by any means heavy reading. It could, and surely would, contain communications from many important personages setting forth their own case with

adequate fulness ; and it would of course be open as well to the critics whose dicta were contested. A proper discussion could then be carried on, without favour or affection to either side, and many interesting points would obtain valuable elucidation. Had such a publication existed, I should myself have had frequent recourse to it : not certainly for the purpose of traversing mere opinions in reviews, however unfavourable to my work, but for the purpose of correcting distinct misstatements on points of fact—and I seldom read a critique about myself, or about matters of which I possess intimate knowledge, without noticing *some* such misstatement. A publication of this sort would, though inspired by a different motive, stand on something of the same footing as *Notes and Queries*. It would be, I apprehend, equally useful, equally worth reading, and even, in the existing state of reviewing and journalism, equally indispensable.

About the same time when I first met Mr. Forman the publishers of my edition of Shelley apprised me that, as that issue was nearly exhausted, they proposed to bring out a second issue : this, as it was finally settled, was in three volumes, instead of the original two. I again set to work to do my best for the new edition, and again I found that a great deal of time and pains were requisite. Fresh facts had transpired : the criticisms applied to my first edition had to be taken into account, and in various instances (but only a minority) I was guided by them. In the Memoir prefixed to this second edition there was one point which must have looked rather unaccountable to any persons who may have read it after having familiarized themselves with the original Memoir. This point related to Miss Clairmont.

In the original Memoir I had stated the facts relative to her connexion with Lord Byron, and the birth and brief life of their daughter Allegra. I only stated facts already printed, published, and perfectly well known to all readers conversant with Byronic and Shelleian matters. When I saw Miss Clairmont in Florence in 1873 (an incident referred to in my last preceding section) she said nothing about this feature in my Memoir : it is to be inferred that she had not then read it. But, early in 1878, she wrote to me in strong terms, saying that the statements in question had proved damaging to her, and charging me to miss them out of any re-edition. The reprinting of my second edition was then at a very advanced stage ; there was however still time for cutting out the passages of which Miss Clairmont complained, and this I did. The matter is very briefly referred to in the Preface to a re-issue (1886, for the Shelley Society) of the second Memoir. The reader will thus perceive that, in one respect not unimportant, the Memoir in my second and final edition of Shelley is, through no fault of mine, a maimed recast of what I had previously written and published ; in several other respects it is the more advanced of the two. After some years the remainder of my three-volume edition of Shelley, 1878, was bought up by Mr. John Slark, a man of business closely connected with the book trade ; and was issued by him with handsomer externals than before of margin, binding, etc. It is now, I understand, in the hands of Messrs. Gibbings and Co., a firm with which I have not come in contact.

Since my first edition came out in 1870 (or the very end of 1869) I have had occasion to write various other minor things about Shelley. I may name—the short





DR. JOHN WILLIAM POLIDORI.

FROM THE OIL-PICTURE BY GAINSFORD, C. 1820,
NOW IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Memoir in the edition of this poet towards 1870, forming a volume in the series entitled *Moxon's Popular Poets* (the same Memoir is reproduced in my volume named *Lives of Famous Poets*); an article in *The Fortnightly Review* for January 1871, named *Shelley in 1812-13, an Unpublished Poem, and other Particulars*; two lectures on *Shelley's Life and Writings*, first delivered in 1875, and published in 1878; two articles in *The Athenæum*, 1885, reviewing Mr. Jeaffreson's book *The Real Shelley*; three lectures on the *Prometheus Unbound*, forming part of the transactions of the Shelley Society, 1886-7; two later lectures for the same Society, one on Shelley and Leopardi, and the other on the Shelleys at the Lake of Geneva in 1816, as recorded in the Diary, as yet unpublished, of my uncle Dr. John Polidori; the article *Shelley* in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1886; a fully annotated edition of *Adonais*, published by the Clarendon Press in Oxford in 1891. At one time, in connexion with the Shelley Society, I thought it would be of interest to collect from Shelley's writings the numerous passages relating to the sea and rivers, and to sailing and boating, etc.—considering the great delight which the poet had taken in such matters, and the end of his career by a sea catastrophe. I put a number of passages together, with a slight framework, and read them at a meeting of the Society. The audience exhibited more tedium than satisfaction at the reading, so I proceeded no further. As to my edition of *Adonais*, I may say that, while on the whole it was rather favourably received, it has been severely handled by some critics better versed than myself in the literature of Greece and Rome. Professor Churton Collins, a highly competent scholar not unknown to me personally, was one of my

leading censors. In 1902 the Delegates of the Clarendon Press informed me that a second edition of the volume was proposed ; and I myself suggested that it would be well to get some scholar to revise it in relation to classics. This has been done, and very well done, by Mr. A. O. Prickard, of New College, Oxford. It was Mr. Frederick S. Ellis who induced the Delegates of the Clarendon Press to bring out an annotated *Adonais*, and to commission me for the work : I had assisted him, in some very subordinate degree, in his praiseworthy *Lexical Concordance to the Poetical Works of Shelley*, 1892. There is also a handsome volume published in 1894, *The Vale of Nantgwilt*, by Mr. R. W. Tickell. Nantgwilt is a Shelleian locality, now much devastated for the purposes of some waterworks ; and Mr. Tickell asked me to write, which I did, a monograph, printed in this volume, upon Shelley's connexion with the site.

I had another Shelleian project, of no small compass, carried to completion so far as I was personally concerned ; but I could not find a publisher, and it remains unknown save to the fewest. It occurred to me that an interesting thing would be to collect into one body all the accessible letters of Shelley, intermixed, in right chronological order, with all the passages in his poetry and prose which relate distinctly to himself. These writings, thus ordered and efficiently annotated, would in effect form a quasi-autobiography. The same plan might be applied, with very good results, to all sorts of authors, if only they were of enough importance to deserve such painstaking and detailed presentment. Most of them have written a good deal about themselves ; but in a scattered form which, if it is to be

made to serve a clearly autobiographical purpose, must be searched out and pieced together. I began this work with Shelley late in 1872, and finished it towards the middle of 1879. Mr. Slack authorized me to insert the whole of the Hitchener correspondence. I named the compilation *Cor Cordium*, and Dr. Garnett accepted the dedication of it. I tried my chance with various publishers, both English and American; in more than one instance I seemed on the point of succeeding, but finally I failed. Two counter-considerations weighed with the publishers: (1) That they had serious doubts whether the book would be a paying venture; and (2) that a portion of the materials was subject to copyright difficulties, which, although they might very probably have been surmounted upon due application, were yet such as to damp the ardour of a speculator. My compilation might be regarded as a very complete one at the period when it was worked out: since then other Shelley letters etc. have been published, especially in Professor Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, 1886, and the compilation, if printed at all, would have to be substantially extended, or else would be behind the time. With Professor Dowden I have had a good deal of correspondence now and again, and some little personal talk, always agreeable.

In the course of my lengthy and diversified Shelley work I came in contact with some few persons whom I have not yet mentioned. One was Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, who possessed some manuscripts, early editions, etc., and whom I found most liberal and courteous in all matters wherein he could promote my undertaking. Our amicable intercourse continued up to the date when he quitted London to settle down

in his country-house in Sussex. Another was Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy, who brought out his book, *Shelley's Early Life*, in the interval between the first and the second issue of my edition of the poems. This book relates (as many readers will remember) chiefly to the sojourns of Shelley in Dublin. Mr. MacCarthy was rather markedly Irish in manner and demeanour, with the ready and open pleasantry of an Irishman. There was also Miss Mathilde Blind the poetess. I first met her in July 1869, in the house of Madox Brown; soon afterwards I saw her in her own home, and later on I was continually in her company, in the society of my wife or of the Browns, up to the close of 1892; after that, only occasionally. She died in 1896. There were, in fact, several years during which Miss Blind was practically an inmate of the house of Brown and his wife, with occasional intervals when she tried some other residence, in a vain quest for the bettering of her health. Miss Blind was a most enthusiastic Shelleyite, as shown in various writings of hers. She saw something of Trelawny through my introduction. She was of Jewish race, with a fine, animated, speaking countenance, and an ample stock of interesting and pointed conversation. Her voice was peculiar, with a rather rumbling tone, and her person *petite*. Although born in Germany, she had been domiciled in London from a very early period of childhood, and one might have expected her to speak English like a native; yet this was not the case, and her accent continued noticeably Teutonic up to the close of her life. Another lady who has given practical proof of her interest in Shelley is Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshay, well known as having started the system of "Lady Helps." She has founded annual prizes for essays,

coming from female hands, on Byron, Shelley, and Keats; and she asked me to be one of the three trustees for this fund. I assented, but have not anything to do with the actual assignment of the prizes. Mrs. Crawshay has always shown abundant good will to me and mine.

In 1886 the Shelley Society was founded on the initiative of Dr. Furnivall, with whom I had had much literary and some personal intercourse for perhaps thirty years preceding. This intercourse began with the affair, previously mentioned, of the dictionary work for the Philological Society: indeed I had seen Dr. Furnivall even earlier than that, but without definitely making his acquaintance. This gentleman, a most robust veteran, is tolerably well understood to be a rather tough customer for people with whom he comes into collision: more (I apprehend), in some instances, from liking to have "a bit of fun" over some literary problem than from anything savouring of spite; but the "bit of fun" is too apt to degenerate into "a bit of a scrimmage." He possesses in an eminent degree one of the most amiable and distinctive qualities of a genuine man of letters—that of being perfectly willing and glad to put his stores of knowledge at the service of any one who has recourse to them in a becoming spirit. He has been an indefatigable and inspiring worker in the cause of our earlier literature; and (as we all know) has been the founder or leader of various literary societies—the New Shakspeare Society, Chaucer Society, Early English Text Society, Browning Society, and in 1886 the Shelley Society. I myself always got on extremely well with Dr. Furnivall; I found him a single-minded, if somewhat singular-minded, scholar, not in the least inclined

to belittle any work, good or tolerable, in which I was associated with him.

Having conceived the notion of this last-named body, Dr. Furnivall, with characteristic impetus, set to work to realize it. He applied to myself and others to join. I, though unaccustomed to throwing in my lot in combination with others in any such matter, at once agreed. We had to do without some of the men whose co-operation would have been most desirable—Mr. Swinburne, Dr. Garnett, Professor Dowden: they had different ideas as to the way in which they could best honour the memory of Shelley. We started none the less with a very fair list of subscribers, which soon increased. I was appointed Chairman of Committee: a position which I tried more than once to transfer to some distinguished colleague on the Committee, more especially Mr. Buxton Forman, but I was always urged to remain, in the interests of conciliation and harmonious working, and therefore I did so until the Society dissolved in 1895. This was not exactly a *premature* dissolution, for at starting the Society had only projected to last for ten years; it *might* however, according to the original forecast, have prolonged itself to some later date. Another very suitable chairman of committee would have been Dr. John Todhunter, an expert in poetic composition, and a fine Shelleian scholar.

At first things proceeded with the Shelley Society well for the present and promisingly for the future; but before the end of the year 1886 there was a serious hitch, owing to the setting to music of the choruses in Shelley's drama of *Hellas*, and the performance of the work in St. James's Hall. Dr. Sellé, who was the father-in-law of Mr. Forman, was the musical com-

poser. To myself his music appeared spirited, appropriate, and telling : but persons more critical in the art than I am formed a different opinion, and considered the performance in St. James's Hall to be a manifest failure, and indeed a fiasco. Moreover a member of the Committee to whom the arrangements had been entrusted, with strict injunctions not to exceed a certain limit of cost, neglected this precaution, and let us in for an expenditure which we neither intended nor were qualified to meet. Soon another drain upon our resources was detected. The Sub-Committee for publishing purposes (I did not belong to it) issued, in the first year or two of the Society, an amount of Shelley literature more than equivalent to the annual subscriptions of a guinea each ; and we soon found ourselves burdened with a heavy debt to the printer. The issue of books was then restricted, with the natural result that the subscriptions fell off. The Society became wofully impecunious. The members of the Committee, those who had been in office at the dates when the respective publications were ordered, were held to be responsible for the debt. Some of them were well known to possess no spare cash ; so the others, half a dozen or so including myself, undertook, much against the grain, to meet the entire liability by paying annual instalments. I don't know with precision how much I paid : I suppose more than £120, apart from my yearly subscriptions. Our meetings dwindled to a mere figure-head ; and I was heartily glad when at last the main debt was paid off—an event with which the winding-up of the Society was practically contemporaneous. Some lingering liabilities still remained, and were only settled in November 1902.

There was also another very untoward transaction,

which contributed to hasten our finale. In 1892, the centenary of Shelley's birth, we were anxious to make some extra effort to celebrate the occurrence. A sub-committee was appointed to provide for a second performance of *The Cenci*; there had been a first and decidedly successful performance of this tragedy in 1886. My name, I am glad to say, did not figure on the sub-committee, nor was I at all cognizant of the details of its proceedings. The Society gave a distinct pledge that any moneys contributed for the express purpose of carrying out the performance would be reserved for that object, and not used as forming part of the ordinary funds. Some contributions came in accordingly. Great difficulties ensued in obtaining a theatre or a company for the performance, and the project was all but abandoned. At last, however, these obstacles were surmounted; the theatre was there, and the company could have been got together. But then came the dismal announcement that the contributions had vanished: they, when the scheme seemed to have collapsed, had not been finally kept apart, but had been used for the general purposes of the Society—mainly for paying off the debt to the printer. I knew nothing about this matter until it was all over: I then heard the details from a member of the sub-committee, a most honourable man, who has taken an active part in writing about Shelley. I will not enter into details as to the responsibility for this course of action. No doubt there must have been some grumbling and some protests: these did not come to my direct knowledge.

The first secretary of the Shelley Society was Mr. Sydney E. Preston, a young lawyer enlisted by Dr. Furnivall; he did the work in a spirited style, but his own

occupations obliged him to resign soon. Then there was Mr. J. Stanley Little, also young, but not juvenile. He was a man with many irons in the fire. He handled the Shelley iron (as I thought) with all the persistency and deftness that could have been expected; but he also remained not very long. The last secretary was Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the accomplished bibliographer, who had acted in a similar capacity for the Browning Society. He went on till the end; and those who are acquainted with him will need no assurance from me that he displayed an ample sufficiency of *nous*. During his secretaryship an interesting Shelley collection was got up and publicly exhibited in the Guildhall—books, manuscripts, and some other relics. Mr. Wise became the happy owner of the only three known copies of the original edition of *Poems by Victor and Cazire* (mainly Shelley's boyish work), than which it would be difficult to produce a more monumental sample of vapid rubbish. The second copy, secured in 1903, cost £600!

My experience of associations—of bodies in which the members are expected to act consentaneously, each of them reinforcing all the others—has not been felicitous. I have little natural disposition to enter any such body; and perhaps little aptitude—apart from an equable temper and no readiness to take offence—for furthering its interests. I have not often joined an association, but circumstances have led me to do so in a few cases. There were two or three which I need not here take into account. The Præraphaelite Brotherhood was most harmonious so long as it held together, which was not long; and at the present day no one can contend that it was not influential. The Committee-men for the Seddon subscription dovetailed neatly together, and

attained their object. Other ventures in which I was concerned jointly with colleagues did not fare well—or I did not fare well in them. The American exhibition of British Art was not a success—rather the reverse ; so also the Hogarth Club. From the Burlington Fine Arts Club I resigned after a brief membership. The Shelley Society soon showed some ominous cracks, and it entailed upon me (and a few other leading members) very serious expense, with all the vexations thereto incidental. Since it came to an end I have felt very little inclination to be a committee-man, a member, or what not, in any association for any purpose whatever. Perhaps some readers will conjecture that the milkmaid's retort may have been apposite to my case—"Nobody asked you, sir, she said." But the surmise would be a little hazardous.

In July 1887, not long after the musical evening at the Shelley Society already mentioned, my wife, with the aid of a professional friend of hers Miss Mary Carmichael, got up at our house, 5 Endsleigh Gardens, another Shelleian musical soirée. Sir Hubert Parry favoured us by attending, with a small band, and his fine *Scenes from Prometheus Unbound* were (among other pieces) performed, greatly to the gratification of the audience.

Having spoken of three Shelley relics, of exceptional interest, received by me from Trelawny, I will add a few details about two drawings in my possession. One of them is done by Shelley himself, and is signed "P. B. Shelley." It was executed while the future poet was a lad at Eton, and is not only the most important, but about the best, of the slight drawings which I have seen from his hand : possibly the local drawing-master was partly concerned in it. The subject is Herne's Oak in

Windsor Forest : this name is inscribed at the back. The drawing is in Indian ink with some very faint tinting. It is somewhat elegant in feeling and handling, and is quite good enough to be the production of a youthful amateur promising rather than otherwise. At the back of the paper is another sketch, also (one may suppose) Shelley's. It is washed in with very broad liquid touches of Indian ink, and is inscribed, with the same brush, "Mr. Roberts with the fishing-stool on his head." One sees the back of Mr. Roberts, a rather "podgy" middle-aged figure, fishing-stool *in situ*. I have only lately learned (from Mr. Arthur C. Benson, then of Eton College, a recent and valued acquaintance) who this personage was—Mr. William Roberts, son of a Provost of Eton. This sheet of drawings came to me in a singular manner. Mr. Charles Lamb, a solicitor of Brighton, a gentleman of whom I knew nothing whatever, was in London in 1882, at a private hotel in Fitzroy Square ; he had come up to have a surgical operation performed on his head, to remove some morbid growth. He wrote to me, saying that, if I would call, he would show me something in which I might be interested. I went, and he produced the designs in question ; and to my astonishment he offered to make me a free gift of them. He informed me that, some years previously, he had seen these drawings in a shop at Horsham (near Shelley's paternal home), and had bought them at some trifling price ; and he had afterwards shown them to one or more of Shelley's sisters, who had no hesitation in confirming their Shelleian authorship. In accepting this liberal and very unexpected present, I inquired of Mr. Lamb whether I could not offer him anything in return : he replied that he would willingly receive any slight draw-

ing by my brother, then recently deceased. I had several such examples in my hands at the time, and was glad to select one for the purpose.

The second Shelleian drawing in my possession is an Indian-ink sketch by David Scott the distinguished painter : it was given to me by his brother, William Bell Scott. It represents the Protestant Cemetery in Rome ; chiefly the old burial-space with the graves of Keats and the anatomist Bell, but the new burial-space is also visible, where Shelley lies : the number of cypresses round his tomb appears to be five. The full number planted by Trelawny in the autumn of 1822 was eight. This drawing was made on the spot in 1832, and I should rather question whether any earlier view of Shelley's resting-place had been taken.

Talking of Shelley's tomb, I may close with an anecdote : it was recounted to me in Rome in 1902. Although Trelawny, the owner of the grave-plot of Shelley and of himself, was highly averse from any tampering with the integrity of the inscribed slab as it was laid down in 1822, and his successor, Mrs. Call, wholly shares in the same view, the zeal of English and American local Shelleyites was not always according to discretion ; and some years ago they determined, be it legal or not, that a bronze wreath must and should be fixed upon the slab. This was done : most unfittingly, as I consider, for I strongly sympathize with the opinion and the resolve of Mrs. Call and her father. One morning the bronze wreath was found to be gone : it had been wrenched off the grave-slab, and thrown to the other side of the cemetery wall. There were many outcries of "desecration" etc. ; but the deed was done, its performers remained unknown, and the wreath has never

been replaced. In 1902 I learned from the mouth of one of the offenders (there were two acting conjointly) who were the persons that had performed this service—surely not any more irregular than the act of those who had subscribed for the wreath, and fixed it upon the property of some one else. I do not give his name: he is an Italian, a devotee of English literature, and a critical writer of superior repute in the fields of fine art and archæology. He and his colleague (an Italian Shelleyite of special mark) had gone to the cemetery after nightfall, and had detached and discarded the well-meaning, ponderous, and superfluous interloper. But fad and fuss take a deal of killing. In a newspaper of September 1903 I see it stated that “a movement is on foot in Rome for the erection of a massive bronze bust over the grave; a replica of a marble masterpiece of a well-known and now aged sculptress of Edinburgh.” I infer that Mrs. Hill is meant. The propensity for “flocking together” is common to birds of a feather and to old women. B87769

XXIV

OTHER EDITORIAL WORK: WHITMAN, LIVES OF POETS, ETC.

THE range of years when I was greatly occupied with the editing of Shelley happens to have found me busy with a good deal of other work more or less in the nature of editorship. Dr. Furnivall bespoke my services for one of the publications of the Early English Text Society, viz. the *Political, Religious, and Love Poems, from the Archbishop of Canterbury's Lambeth MS., No. 306, and other Sources*, printed in 1866. One of the items in this series (it appears to be a script of the reign of Edward IV) is a tolerably long composition named *The Stacyons of Rome*—being a list of the indulgences to be gained, and relics to be visited, in various Roman churches. I was asked to do what I could towards explaining and illustrating the statements in this curious record; and, though conscious of knowing extremely little about such subjects, I assented. Luckily I found among my mother's books one, by Girolamo Francino, 1600, which came in very pat, giving numerous details on this express theme. So I got through my task a trifle better than I had expected. In 1869 came another publication of this Society, *Queene Elizabethes Achademy, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a Booke of Precedence*, etc. To this was annexed a second part, named *Accounts of Early*

Italian, German, and French Books, on Courtesy, Manners, and Cookery. Dr. Furnivall asked me to translate an extremely old verse-treatise by Fra Bonvicino da Riva, dating towards 1290, *De le Zinquanta Cortesie da Tavola*. This I did; and my performance gradually developed into an Essay of seventy-six pages, entitled *Italian Courtesy-books: Fra Bonvicino da Riva's Fifty Courtesies for the Table (Italian and English), with other Translations and Elucidations*. I found entertainment in the work: and hope I may have succeeded in imparting some of it to the readers of my essay, which I dedicated to Barone Kirkup.

There was another work, somewhat *de longue haleine*, which I undertook for Dr. Furnivall and the Chaucer Society. It began in 1868; but, getting much interrupted by my labours on Shelley and other poets, was not completed till some such date as 1872. It appeared in published form in 1875 and 1883—*Chaucer's Troylus and Cryseyde, compared with Boccaccio's Filostrato, translated by W. M. Rossetti*. Among the commonplaces of literary history was the fact that Chaucer was in great part indebted for his *Troylus and Cryseyde* to Boccaccio's *Filostrato*; but no Englishman nor yet any Italian, it would seem, had as yet determined to find out exactly what the debt of Chaucer amounted to. Dr. Furnivall resolved that so yawning a gap in Chaucerian study must be filled up through the agency of the Chaucer Society. He requested me to look into the details, and I did so. I collated Chaucer's poem line by line with Boccaccio's—which is a fluent and brilliant piece of work, not so greatly the inferior of the beautiful English poem; and I translated, line by line, all the passages of Boccaccio which had been translated or paraphrased by Chaucer,

and gave likewise a rapid summary of the passages not thus utilized. The upshot is that less than a third of the lines in Chaucer are traceable to his Italian prototype ; but, with slight exceptions, the whole structure of the story is so traceable. The entire performance was but a small tribute for me to pay at the shrine of our glorious Chaucer—and it might be said of Boccaccio as well : such as it was, I have always contemplated it with some degree of satisfaction. I need perhaps hardly add that what I did for the Chaucer Society, and also for the Early English Text Society, was a simple labour of love.

In my nineteenth section I have made a very brief reference to the first thing which I wrote, in *The Chronicle* in 1867, concerning Walt Whitman. I had known the *Leaves of Grass* almost as soon as it was published in America, in 1855 ; a copy of the book having come into the hands of Bell Scott in Newcastle, and he having presented it to me. I read it with great delight : not supposing that it is impeccable in taste, or unassailable in poetic or literary form, but finding in it a majestic and all-brotherly spirit, an untrammelled outlook on the multiplex aspects of life, and many magnificent bursts of sympathetic intuition allied to, and strenuously embodying, the innermost spirit of poetry. That the form in which this book is written falls short of some of the graces and fascinations attainable in poetry is a fact so manifest as not to deserve any discussion : but on the other hand I never could see that, because Whitman omits rhymes and omits regularity of metre, and introduces into his compositions passages indistinguishable from ordinary prose, therefore his performance is mere literary bastardy, and has no title to be numbered among poems—or more especially that he himself has no title

to be numbered among poets. My brother once, in a letter addressed to me, called Whitman's writings "sublimated Tupper." But I conceive that he was quite wide of the mark in this. In substance Walt Whitman does not bear any resemblance to Martin Farquhar Tupper : in form, he can hardly be called sublimated beyond Tupper. His form differs from Tupper's in two particulars : (1) it is still more alien from the regular and the uniform, and (2) it has an incomparably more powerful (though arbitrary) sense of rhythmical roll. Besides, the quality of the language is totally different. I may add that my brother, though he used this scornful expression, was not wholly inimical to Whitman's writings : at one period indeed he valued them not a little.

Or let us hear what Shelley, who knew something about poetry, thought on the subject, abstractly considered : I quote (making some omissions) from his *Defence of Poetry*. "The distinction between poets and prose-writers is a vulgar error. Plato was essentially a poet. He rejected the measure of the epic, dramatic, and lyrical forms, because he sought to kindle a harmony in thoughts divested of shape and action, and he forbore to invent any regular plan of rhythm which would include under determinate forms the varied pauses of his style. Lord Bacon was a poet. [This does not mean that he wrote *Hamlet* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, for Shelley attributed these works to Shakespeare.] His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm. All the authors of revolutions in opinion are not only necessarily poets as they are inventors, nor even as their words unveil the permanent analogy of things by images which participate in the life of truth, but as their

periods are harmonious and rhythmical, and contain in themselves the elements of verse. The parts of a composition may be poetical without the composition, as a whole, being a poem. A single sentence may be considered as a whole, though it may be found in the midst of a series of unassimilated portions. All the great historians—Herodotus, Plutarch, Livy—were poets.”

But I need not pursue this subject, either by the method of citation or by that of disquisition. My friend Watts-Dunton, an adept in the criticism and the writing of poetry, once told me, with all good-will—in 1887—that, within a lapse of ten years from then, my character as a critic would be entirely lost because I was a professed admirer of Whitman. Several things have happened since 1887: one of them is that the fame of Whitman stands now much higher than it did then—in America, in England, and in some countries of foreign speech as well. It seems quite within the limits of possibility that *Leaves of Grass* and *Drum-taps*, with all their “barbaric yawp,” may outlive some poetic volumes of recent years, highly lauded for literary competence and grace.

Mr. Camden Hotten, the publisher who had taken over the edition of Swinburne’s *Poems and Ballads* withdrawn by Moxon and Co., observed my article on Whitman in *The Chronicle*, and invited me to make a selection of his poems for Hotten to publish. I was more than willing to comply, and the selection came out in 1868. As some of Whitman’s poems are regarded as indecent, and others (though quite unconcerned with indecent subject-matter) contain phrases open to the same objection, I went on the principle of omitting

everything to which any such imputation, major or minor, can attach. The consequence is that I excluded several of the compositions which are the most characteristic and (apart from this single and sometimes disputable objection) the most praiseworthy. Let me say here that I wholly dissent from the idea that Whitman is an immoral writer ; but I amply agree with people who think that some of his writings, in whole or in part, put certain matters with a downrightness and crudity or even a coarseness of expression which is rightly resented on the grounds not only of decorum and delicacy but also of literary art. That many other writers have done the like is true, and writers of the very highest rank : yet, when we find a contemporary doing it, we are justified in protesting—protesting after due discrimination as to the facts, and with measure in the terms we employ. Notwithstanding the omissions which I made, I put together a considerable number of those poems by Whitman which I deem the best, forming a full-sized volume. It was on the whole rather well received, and made Whitman a less shadowy personality in the world of letters than he had previously been to English people ; a second edition came out in 1886. Several reviewers, one may be sure, continued to denounce the author in vigorous terms : but it can fairly be averred that, for some years after 1868, he was less decried in England than in his own country. It has sometimes been said that I was the first person who introduced Whitman to British readers. I would willingly claim this credit, if it truly pertained to me. I was, it is true, the first who brought out here a volume of his poems ; but, so far as reviewing him in a sympathetic spirit is concerned, others had preceded

me. I gather that the first of all was George Henry Lewes, in an article published towards 1856 in his weekly review *The Leader*.

Several letters from Whitman reached me about the date of my Selection and in years ensuing. He was a punctual, business-like, and warm-hearted correspondent, not addicted to discursive utterances of any kind, whether personal, descriptive, or abstract, and totally free from "tall talk." Whatever he had to say was expressed with candour and moderation. At one time he surmised that I was intending to produce an expurgated edition of his writings. To this he was decidedly opposed : but he had no objection to my project as it really stood—that of a selection of particular pieces in which there was nothing to expurgate.

Madox Brown showed my Whitman Selection to Mrs. Gilchrist, the widow of the biographer of Blake. She was singularly fascinated by the poems, caring much more for the message they conveyed, and the spirit which animated the writer, than for any question of literary right or wrong which may be raised upon them. She next read Whitman's complete works, and read them unshocked, though she found some things to demur to. She wrote me some letters on the subject in a truly fervent and exalted strain ; the gist of them was published later on in an American periodical named *The Radical*, and, to my judgment, nothing better has ever been said about Walt Whitman. Afterwards, having to settle for two or three years in the United States to promote some family interests, she made the poet's acquaintance, and saw a great deal of him on an intimate footing. Her elder daughter and her son Herbert (now a painter of repute) were with her. She found Whitman, as a man,

worthy of the same cordial and reverential respect which she had accorded to him as a writer. She took a very leading part in two subscriptions, in which I also was concerned, for his advantage (one of them before she went to America, and one after her return); for Whitman, in sadly broken health of late, was a poor man, though preserved from the more trying discomforts of penury by being settled *en famille* with a brother; and, save for being spitefully vituperated, was for years almost utterly neglected by his compatriots. The first subscription took the simple but not inefficient form of getting together a list of persons in the United Kingdom to buy his books—*Leaves of Grass* and *Two Rivulets*; the second subscription was a “free-will offering” (as we termed it) of money. Both, and more especially the first, were fairly successful. In the former subscription Mr. Robert Buchanan, who was an earnest and forcible advocate of Whitman’s claims as an author, and who had lately written something about him in the press, was prominent. I felt precluded from acting along with him, owing to his virulent attacks on my brother in 1871 and 1872; he therefore worked independently, and I dare say to some purpose.

That Whitman underwent a fierce ordeal of abuse is notorious enough: whether he was well served by the general body of his admirers is a separate question. My own opinion is that he was not well served. With some exceptions (and I make Mrs. Gilchrist one, though she went to an extreme) the admirers were too profuse and too indiscriminate: they appeared bent upon sitting with “foolish faces of praise,” and were more *claqueurs* than critics. Their laudation of Whitman was hung out to view as if it had been an advertisement board of Mellin’s

Food for Infants or of Bovril on the margin of the Falls of Niagara. The tone was one of prepossession touting or fulsome over-geniality. This was in some sense natural with persons who, regarding Whitman as a great man and a genuine poetic innovator, resented the torrent of invective directed against him ; but it was not the right way to further his cause among thinking people not yet committed to either side. I hold that it did him more harm than good, and tended to fasten upon him, in the eyes of serious-minded and mainly well-disposed inquirers, an aureole rather of absurdity than of glory. The same sort of thing went on even subsequent to his decease.

Not long after I had first started upon my Shelley work Mr. Bertrand Payne asked me to co-operate in another scheme of his—that of bringing out the moderate-priced edition of British Poets to which the general name of *Moxon's Popular Poets* was given. I undertook this. The range of dates covered by the volumes with which I was chiefly concerned ran from Milton to Longfellow. My work consisted in selecting for reproduction editions of the various authors not including any copyright matter (unless indeed it was a copyright of the Moxon firm) ; arranging the contents according to my best discretion ; and writing for each volume a condensed account of the poet—biographical, and in a minor degree critical. No revision or emendation of text was attempted, nor had I anything to do with correction of proofs. According to the original plan, various volumes of Selections were to be added. I read up a good deal for these volumes, but eventually only two were brought out—*Humorous Poems* and *American Poems*. This edition of the poets circulated

widely at one time, and was in good repute : I suppose it is now forgotten. Half a dozen volumes of the series (perhaps more) had appeared when suddenly it was announced that the Moxon firm had become bankrupt—Mr. Payne's management of it had been more enterprising than circumspect. The business was then partially merged in that of Messrs. Ward and Lock, and other volumes of the *Popular Poets* continued to appear. I accepted a compromise of my outstanding money-claims. With two or three volumes comprised in the series towards its termination I had no personal concern—the Edgar Poe volume is one.

Some acquaintances of mine, and possibly some other people besides, thought well of the notices of the poets prefixed by me to these volumes of Moxon's series. I recall in particular Dr. Hake. After a while therefore I inquired of Messrs. Ward and Lock whether they would be inclined to bring out those notices in a collective form as a volume. They acquiesced, and in 1878 the book was published under the title of *Lives of Famous Poets*. It contains the lives of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespear, Milton, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Mrs. Hemans, Keats, Hood, and Longfellow. To make it a trifle less incomplete as a guide to readers, I added between each pair of authors the names of poets of intermediate date, with the years of their birth and death. The first three of these *Lives*, and those of Butler, Dryden, Gray, and Goldsmith, were added in the volume, as the works of those authors had not appeared in the Moxon series. A second edition of the book, revised where it appeared requisite, came out in

1885. To dispose of all these poets in a volume of less than four hundred pages necessarily implies that the treatment accorded to each of them was summary, indeed scanty; much more so than would have been desirable. If the book is not greatly amiss so far as it goes, that is all the praise to which, in my most self-complacent moods, I can deem myself to be entitled. Such as it is, this book is one of the least inconsiderable which I have produced in the course of a prolonged literary life—and an industrious though not a fertile one: truly a chastening thought as I look back upon the years.

That the work should by some reviewers be accounted a poor one was nothing surprising; but that it should be alleged to amount, in point of critical opinion on the various poets, to a mere unqualified eulogy or "puff," is what I should never have expected: for in fact some counter-considerations are presented in every case, and in *some* cases—such as those of Butler, Campbell, and Moore—the estimate might fairly be pronounced grudging rather than the contrary. One of the reviewers however expressed both these adverse opinions: the book was poor, and the critical estimates in it were a mere puff. This reviewer was Professor William Minto, writing (if I remember right) in *The Examiner*, a gentleman with whom I had some slight personal acquaintance. He was highly competent to form and express an opinion upon any book of such a theme as mine. How he came to entertain that view as to the puff I have never understood.

XXV

THE INLAND REVENUE AND SOME OF ITS OFFICIALS

THE reader of my fifth section is already aware that, although I may have preferred (and I certainly did prefer) to be doing literary work rather than official work, still the great majority of my time up to 1894 was taken up in a Government office. This formed my daily duty and my yearly subsistence : to literature I was never able to devote myself save in the off-hours of the day.

As the official side of my life took up so large a part of its total, I will say here a few words about some of the principal personages, Chairmen and Secretaries.

The Chairmen were in succession Mr. John Wood, Mr. Thornton (I think), Sir Charles Pressly, Sir William Henry Stephenson (being the first with whom I myself came much into contact in business), Sir Charles Herries, Sir Algernon E. West, the Earl of Iddesleigh, and then Mr. Alfred Milner, who soon became Sir Alfred, and is now Viscount in requital of his performances in South Africa. (I may interpolate here my unimportant opinion that the whole affair of the war with the two Dutch republics was an iniquitous blunder on both sides ; iniquitous on the side of the British, as being founded on greed and the arrogance of the stronger, and

iniquitous or at lowest condemnably wrong-headed on the side of President Kruger, as being a reckless hazard in which, as he ought to have known, the independence of his country would too inevitably be extinguished. He ought never to have thrown the die, for the counter-die was a loaded one.) Mr. Milner arrived in Somerset House with a fine reputation from his antecedent work, especially in Egypt. To me he appeared a solid-minded man and a highly competent official : yet I did not perceive his abilities to amount to anything exceptional. He left the office for South Africa at much the same time when I retired : the actual date of my retirement being 1 September 1894, but I had discontinued my official attendance in the middle of March preceding. Sir George Murray, from the Treasury and now in the Post Office, replaced Sir Alfred Milner. I saw him only once.

As to my knowledge of the Chairman and Commissioners of Inland Revenue, it may be as well to explain that, in the earlier years of my clerkship, from 1845 to 1867, I came very little into contact with them. In 1867 I was promoted to the position of Committee Clerk ; and I then had to do business daily with one or other of the Commissioners, but not with the Chairman. A further promotion followed in July 1869, when I became Assistant Secretary on the Excise side of the office : there was then only one Excise Assistant Secretary, but a second was established a few years later. In this position I attended at the Board, headed by the Chairman (Sir William Stephenson in 1869), every second day of the week, and at times every day ; so that I had ample opportunity for judging how the business was performed. And let me say, in justice to

the Civil Service in its higher ranks, that it was very well performed, without scamping or negligence, and with every desire to treat each case according to the law of fairness, often leaning towards indulgence. It was obviously impossible for the Chairman or the members of the Board to look minutely into every detail of the cases : it depended upon the secretaries and assistant secretaries to do this, and to present the papers to the Board with any suitable, but mostly very brief, remarks. Generally the papers were disposed of on the instant ; but sometimes reserved for careful examination and reflection. Numerous matters, but only those of minor moment, were definitely settled by myself. In the Inland Revenue an assistant secretary is not a person who assists the secretary, but one who performs work similar to that of the secretary, although it is (in theory, and to some extent in practice) of a rather less important kind. This work consists essentially in reading and considering a number of letters addressed to the office on a variety of subjects ; making orders upon some of them ; presenting others to a commissioner or to the Board, to obtain signatures to orders, or to have the orders made ; revising the drafts of the letters written to carry out all those orders ; and signing the letters themselves. There is plenty to do ; and it could only be done by a person who understands the law and practice of the department.

While I think that the business of the Board was constantly well transacted in my time, I have nevertheless formed the opinion, as the general outcome of my experience, that administration by boards is really a mistake. I should prefer a system of strict personal and individual responsibility—each man taking the

control of one particular branch of the business, and doing the whole of that from first to last. If he does it aright, his be the credit ; if he does it amiss, his the blame. When I left the office the Board consisted of a chairman, a deputy-chairman, and two commissioners (there had been a larger number of commissioners at an earlier date). Then there were two secretaries and four assistant secretaries, half of them for the stamps and taxes, and half for the excise. This makes ten officials in all. If each of them had taken up one section of the business, and disposed of it single-handed (but consulting with others at times if he thought fit), I apprehend that this would have been the better arrangement—and some diminution in the number of officials might perhaps have been manageable. When the Board met, the chairman—or the chairman *pro tem.*—was the only one who actually dealt with the papers ; the other members had a full right to make observations, and occasionally did so—but this was seldom, and, in the nature of things, could not be continual. And even the chairman—except with regard to the few papers which he reserved for consideration—could do little beyond acting upon the summary statement of facts made to him by the secretary or assistant secretary, these last being the only persons who had really read the papers with deliberation and attention, and had mastered their contents in substance and in detail. Why should not the person who had thus read the papers be also the person to make an order upon them *proprio motu* ? I fail to see any sufficient reason negatively, and indeed I see a very good reason affirmatively. It may be said that this would rivet the responsibility upon that particular person, instead of diffusing it between the

collective Board and the adviser of the Board ; but that I regard as a definite advantage, and no disadvantage. Another consideration is that, under such a system as this, the Lords of the Treasury would find it less practicable to appoint as commissioner, or even as chairman, a gentleman totally unversed as yet in the business of the Inland Revenue ; but would this involve any detriment to the public service ?

Besides this question of responsibility in a Government office, there is the question of discipline. My own opinion is that there was scarcely sufficient discipline in the Inland Revenue : I speak here only of the head office in Somerset House, for in the outdoor service the discipline was mostly kept up steadily enough, both by the local superiors and by the Board—who certainly tempered justice with mercy, but held the reins firmly. In the office, after the chairmanship of Mr. Wood had come to an end, the subordinate officials (and I was one of them up to 1867) appeared to me to go very much on the free-and-easy principle : such a thing as direct punishment, or a rigid summons to punctual performance of duty under penalties, was almost unknown among them. Practically the only check upon negligence or inefficiency was that the delinquent lost—and even this not infallibly—his prospect of promotion. A “martinet” is not a popular character in England, whether in official or in other circles ; but one may stop short of being a martinet and yet be a disciplinarian, and this with beneficial results. In the Inland Revenue the avowed principle for many years past has been promotion by merit, not by simple seniority. It is the right principle, but risky to administer. One man gets an opportunity, does himself credit, and is marked for promotion. This

is not to be called favouritism, but it tends to produce the like effects. Meanwhile there was another man, of equal deserving, who did not get the opportunity, and is passed over. I hold that stringent rules should be laid down, and uniformly acted upon, for avoiding any abuses to which even so excellent a system as that of promotion by merit is liable. Modest merit is quite as worthy of regard as self-assertive merit ; it does not always fare equally well.

Having said something about the Chairmen of Inland Revenue, I will now do the like for the Excise Secretaries. I do not mention the Secretaries for the Stamps and Taxes, of whom I necessarily knew much less.

In my fifth section I have named Mr. John Clayton Freeling, who was Secretary to the Board of Excise when I entered in 1845. On the amalgamation of the Excise with the Stamps and Taxes, he retired, and was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Keogh, who had been Assistant Secretary in the latter establishment. After the death of Mr. Keogh, two Secretaries were established—one for the Stamps and Taxes, and the other for the Excise. The Excise Secretary was Mr. Thomas Dobson, who had originally been an ordinary Excise officer, and had afterwards (under a praiseworthy plan introduced by Mr. Wood) followed a course of chemical instruction in the London University College. After him came Mr. William Corbett (not any relative of the Mr. C. H. Corbett mentioned in my fifth section) ; he also had been an Excise officer and a chemical student, and the same was the case with all the other Excise secretaries, up to and including Sir Robert Micks. Next there was Mr. Adam Young. He smoothed the way for Gladstone's conversion of the malt-duty into a beer-duty, and was

thereupon appointed to the deputy-chairmanship of the office, and made a C.B. It was on the occasion of Mr. Young's appointment to the post of secretary from that of assistant secretary that I succeeded him in the lower capacity. He, on leaving the secretaryship, was followed by Mr. Charles Benjamin Forsey. Last on the roll was Mr. Robert Micks, who was knighted towards 1892. Of all the secretaries—if I except Mr. Dobson—Sir Robert Micks was the one whom I preferred personally. He was highly considerate towards myself, and courteous to all; a man of strict honour and of superior parts.

Sir Robert Micks retired at the end of 1893, and the question then arose as to who should be his successor. I was sixty-four years of age, and was the senior Assistant Secretary. The junior Assistant Secretary (Excise) was Mr. William B. Heberden, my junior by some years, both in actual age, in length of service, and especially in tenure of an assistant secretaryship. The rule of the service was that an official, on attaining the age of sixty-five (it is now sixty-two), had to retire forthwith; save that in some exceptional cases the Board recommended the Treasury to retain the individual for two or three years further, and the Treasury, at their option, assented. This had been done as regards Sir Robert Micks. In 1893 the Chairman was Sir Alfred (Viscount) Milner, who was well known to be adverse to any prolongation beyond the term of sixty-five years. When ultimately Sir Robert relinquished, the primary question was whether the system of appointing as his successor a person who had been in the outdoor Excise service should be adhered to, or whether one of the assistant secretaries should receive the promotion instead. A secondary

question was : If one of the assistant secretaries, which of the two? The first question excited a considerable commotion in the two branches of the service, the indoor and the outdoor : I took no part in it, being resolutely averse from any such bandying-about of jarring interests. As to the secondary question, I not unnaturally considered that, as between Mr. Heberden and myself, I had the better claim : but here again I stood aside—merely representing to the Board, once for all, that I regarded myself as fairly on the roll of candidates. I did not much expect to get the appointment—taking into account my advanced age, and knowing that Mr. Heberden stood high in the esteem of the Board, and let me say by no means undeservedly so. Like Sir Alfred Milner, he is an Oxford man, brother of the Master of Brasenose College. The appointment was made, and it fell to Mr. Heberden, whose candidature was preferred to that of a highly deserving representative of the outdoor branch, Mr. Steele. Sir Alfred Milner announced this decision to me, and I did not hesitate to inform him that it was unjust so far as I was concerned. He replied that, as I should under any circumstances have to retire on completing my sixty-fifth year, September 1894, and as it would not have been desirable to have at that date a renewal of the conflict between the two branches of the service, I had been passed over. I could not conceal from myself that there was some reason in this plea, as far as it went ; at all events, like so many other pleas in the region of officialdom, it was quite plausible enough to serve the purpose of the Board for doing the thing which they had preferred to do. The affair was finished, and I continued, for a brief interval of months, to discharge my

duties as assistant secretary. The interval proved to be still briefer than I had been looking for.

My salary as assistant secretary, when I was appointed in 1869, was £800. After a few years, an increase was authorized, and it stood at £900. I generally made about £100 a year by literary work, a little more or a little less. Thus my income between 1869 (or I might rather name 1876) and 1894 was much about an annual £1000. This was affluence in comparison with what I had been accustomed to in my years of childhood, boyhood, and early manhood. My family responsibilities however had augmented, and I seldom found that I could lay anything by, except indeed in the form of insurance. My income of £1000 was only about a third of what Dante Gabriel made in various years from 1865 onwards—chiefly by his profession as a painter, and partly by the sale of his books. Christina, I may add, had next to no settled income in those years, and made very little by literature until quite near the close of her life—it was not nothing, but it was insignificant.

The atmosphere of the Inland Revenue in my time does not appear to have been at all conducive to literary production (that of the Post Office was much more so), if I except a few works written on subjects of revenue law and procedure. I could only specify four persons who were partially concerned with the *belles lettres*. First there was Mr. Bartholomew Simmons, whom I have already named as a poet in a rather small way. Then there was Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, who produced a few poems which made their mark; he was assistant solicitor to the Board of Excise when I first joined, but, on the amalgamation with the Stamps and

Taxes, he was transferred to the Board of Customs. Mr. Alfred Alaric Watts, whom I have likewise named, published some poems, and became better known as the biographer of his father Alaric Alfred Watts. Mr. W. Wilsey Martin, an official in the Tax branch, was the author of two volumes of poems, one of them printed in 1891; these show a full degree of literary competence, and may clearly count as superior to the average.

It has often been said that a government clerk (or a city clerk or the like) who writes books or articles has a less good chance of getting on in his office than one who does nothing of the kind. I scarcely know whether this was the case with myself or not; it was certainly not the case in the *earlier* years of my service, when I received, without any vestige of solicitation, two or three promotions out of my turn. There were some few of my "superior officers"—Sir Robert Micks was one—who obviously thought all the better of me from knowing that I had some sort of standing in the literary world; and I am not clear that any of them looked askance upon me on this account. No one would have been justified in doing so, for I never allowed any external employment to swerve me aside one jot from official diligence and efficiency. Moreover I never engaged in any journalistic or other work which in any way trenched upon the official sphere, and which might thus have been regarded as letting-in light upon "the secrets of the prison-house," and tending towards a breach of confidence. I held aloof from any and every form of agitation. Still I think there may be *something* in that general allegation to which I have referred. A "writing man" is probably accounted to be one who, however strict in the discharge of his office duty, has other interests which

he personally prefers, and which supplement his official emoluments in such a way that, if he is officially neglected, he can yet rub on somehow. And thus, if it comes to be a question between the blameless writing man and the blameless non-writing man for whom some marked liking is entertained, the claims of the former may prove a little light in the balance.

And so much in brief for my almost half-century of work in the Inland Revenue Office.

XXVI

MY MARRIAGE AND MARRIED LIFE

FOR several years preceding 1873 I had had a warmly affectionate feeling for Lucy Brown. She was the mainstay of her father's house ; I always saw her sweet, gentle, and sensible ; she had developed ability of no common order as a painter—her water-colour of *Romeo and Juliet* in the vault of the Capulets was more particularly a fine work. She had at one time—towards 1855 to 1857—been an inmate in my own family ; her education in those years of girlhood being conducted, without remuneration, by my mother, and in especial by Maria ; and all the members of my household continued to regard her with marked predilection. Her opinions on religious and other matters had become, as mine were, of a very independent cast. As I have before stated, she joined in May 1873 the travelling-party to Italy formed by Bell Scott and his wife and Miss Boyd along with myself. During that journey I decided that I would not again part with Lucy, if I could help. I proposed marriage to her, and was accepted. My age was then not far from forty-four, hers nearly thirty. We were thus of course perfectly free to act upon our own option ; but we had the satisfaction of securing the cordial approval, she of her father, and I of my mother.



LUCY BROWN (ROSSETTI).

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN ROME, 1873.

We married, without any church ceremony, on 31 March 1874, and went off forthwith to Naples, through Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles ; and home again through Rome, Florence, and Paris. From Naples we made the usual glorious excursion to Pæstum through Salerno and Amalfi, passing the spot where a certain Mr. Moens had not very long before been seized by brigands, who held him to ransom—a truly heavy sum. After that exploit the brigands had for a while been quiescent ; but by the time of our stay in Naples there was again an alarm about them, and we found that neither in our own hotel nor by inquiry at neighbouring hotels could we succeed in making up any party for Pæstum. We therefore went alone. Some of the circumstances *en route* looked a trifle suspicious : we were under the escort of a guide who had pitched upon me a day or two before in an excursion towards Capri, and who had professed to be drawn to me by my being (as he said) so “affable.” However, all passed off well, and the “brigand-guide,” as we often laughingly called him in the sequel, redelivered us to our hotel unscathed. Not long afterwards there was another act of brigandage on the same road.

Just as summer was beginning we returned to the house in Endsleigh Gardens, where (as had been settled from the first) my mother and Christina continued to be domiciled. Eliza and Charlotte Polidori however had vacated their apartments, and they took a portion of another house, in Bloomsbury Square. Maria also, as soon as my intended marriage had been announced, acted upon a wish she had long entertained, and joined the Sisters of All Saints (Anglican) in Margaret Street, first as a novice, and afterwards as a member fully

professed. Here she had ample scope for satisfying her devotional aspirations, and she found a deep joy in the religious life, without renouncement or abatement however of her family affections. I soon verified to myself the truth of a widely diffused opinion—that a married couple had better live by themselves than along with other members of the family, however well disposed. No two persons could be less encroaching or less interfering, or more observant of the rightful rule that the wife is the mistress of the house, than my mother and sister ; and yet the harmony in the household was not unflawed, and was sometimes rather jarringly interrupted. It was obviously a great grief to my relatives to find that Lucy, to whom they had been looking as a possible corrective of my heterodox opinions, was just as far from orthodoxy as myself. Not that they either badgered or slighted her on this account ; but the feeling existed on their side, and on the other side the cognizance of the feeling. After giving a fair, or indeed a prolonged, trial to the experiment of a joint household, we decided to separate. My mother and Christina, along with my two aunts, took a house for themselves, 30 Torrington Square, at Michaelmas 1876 ; while I, with my wife and the daughter born to us in 1875, remained in Endsleigh Gardens. My mother, with her constant superiority to self-interest, declined an offer that I made to contribute to her support after her removal ; and in fact she, with Christina in her wake, and joining resources with her sisters, had sufficient means for living in comfort on the quiet scale they affected. The separation was highly painful to my mother, and only a little less so to myself. We perceived it however to be a tribute demanded by prudence

and expediency, and conducive in the long run to the comfort of all parties. Such it proved. There appears to be a general rule, suitable at any rate to English people : It is not well for a wife to be housed with her mother-in-law, nor yet for a husband with his.

There are various portraits of my wife extant. One, clearly the finest as a work of art, is by my brother, taken in the summer of 1874, and reproduced in the book of his *Family-letters*. It is like her, and gives a true idea of a face in which one could read candour, superior sense, thoughtfulness, amenity, and dignified self-possession. Some persons have considered however that this portrait assimilates somewhat too much to the known Rossettian type to be an absolute likeness. Here I discern some foundation of truth ; and those who think so can modify the impression derived from the Rossetti portrait by consulting another, done by Madox Brown towards 1877, in which my wife appears along with her firstborn infant daughter. This (a fine life-sized colour-chalk drawing in my house) presents her in an ordinary domestic aspect—I think *too* ordinary, and approaching the commonplace. Something intermediate between the two portraits would come nearer to the mark than either. There are also some heads of her produced by Brown from infancy to early girlhood ; and two good and pleasing photographs proper to 1873 and 1874. In her later years two or three other photographs were taken, but always with marked ill-success. Besides fine personal qualities indicated above, my dearly loved wife had prudence, economy combined with liberality, helpfulness, purity of mind, practicality, great promptitude to meet emergencies, and an elevated tone of thought, loyal to the high things in life and in art and literature.

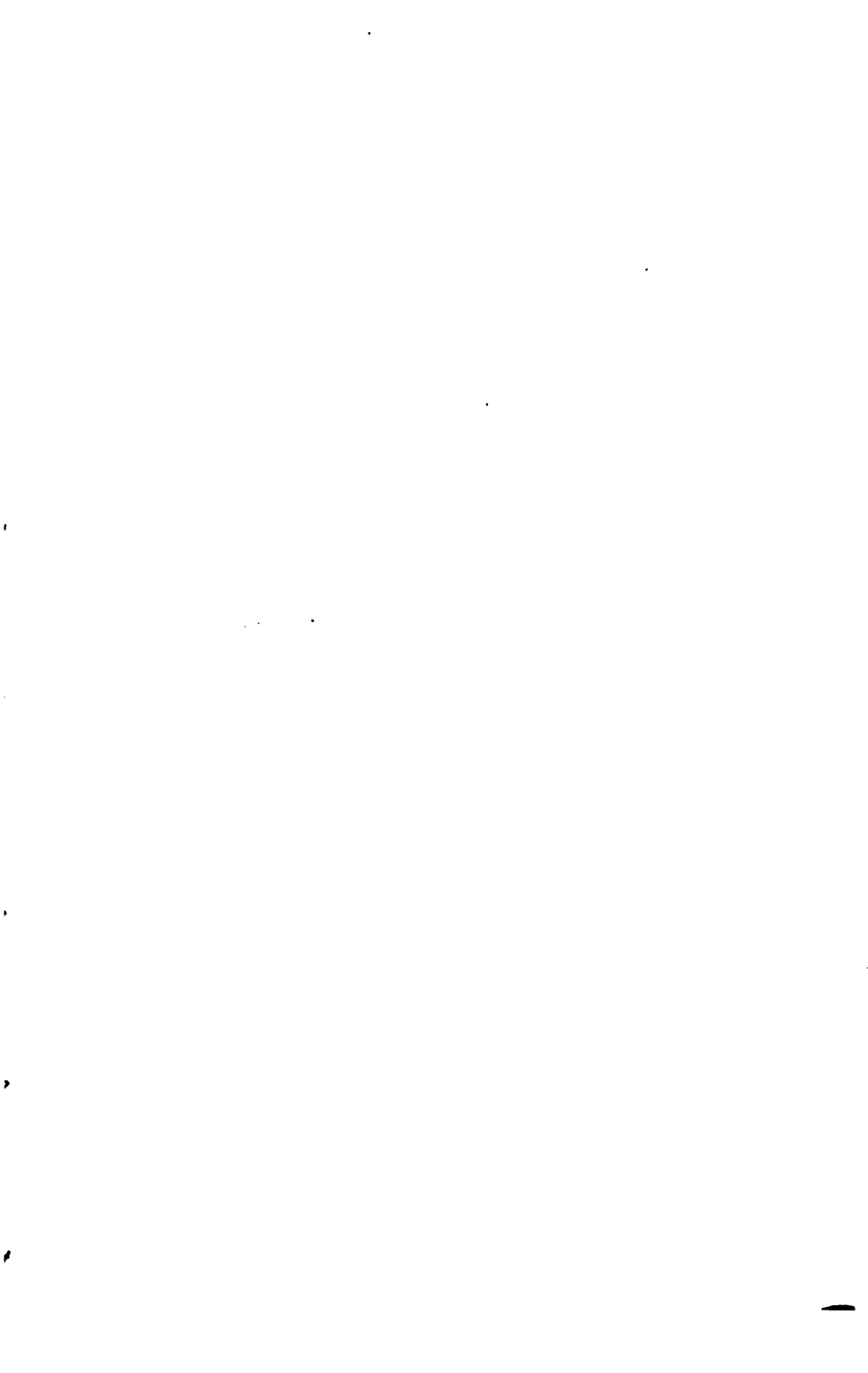
The mean and trivial she despised. Her domestic affections were warm, and in motherhood she was most devoted. Her fondness for her father, who reciprocated it well, had always been most marked; and continued so, especially in the earlier years of our marriage. To pretend that no human infirmities mingled with her virtues, or that she and I were never at variance on any point, would be childish. I cherish the remembrance of the virtues, and make the infirmities "alms for oblivion." She was much more partial to society than I had ever been—chiefly the society of persons whom she esteemed intellectually; and thus the number of people whom I saw during all the earlier portion of my married life, either in my own house or by calling upon them, was very much larger than I had been accustomed to in previous years. My wife conversed easily and well (as her father did), without pretension, enjoying the interchange of mind with mind; besides, she thought it advantageous, in a social point of view, that one should not be isolated and left in the lurch. Her voice in talking was one of the most agreeable known to me; I often wondered that she had no singing voice at all, though she delighted in music. Although I had become an "old bachelor" before I wedded, I fell very readily into the tone and habits of a married man, and congratulated myself upon the change in my condition. "Better late than never."

We had been married hardly more than half a year when a great grief befell my wife in the death of her half-brother Oliver Madox Brown. He died of pyæmia (blood-poisoning with fever and abscesses) on 5 November 1874, aged less than twenty years. His illness had lasted a full couple of months; how it arose

no one could well define, unless it might be that the house and its surroundings were not healthy—one of the well-built houses of the Brothers Adam in Fitzroy Square, tenanted by Ford Madox Brown and his family since about 1866. Mr. John Marshall attended constantly throughout the illness, and Sir William Jenner was called in in consultation. “Nolly,” as we all named him, was a youth of manifest genius and high promise, the centre of his father’s hopes. There can be but few youths under twenty recorded in *The Dictionary of National Biography*: he is one of them. He began painting towards the age of thirteen, showing very good powers of invention, of composition and colour, and of general execution; he dealt with both figure-subjects and landscape. Then he took to romance-writing, varied to some minor extent by verse-writing. In 1873 he published a short romance named *Gabriel Denver* (it afterwards appeared in its original and preferable form, and with its first title *The Black Swan*). Other writings followed, and were published after his death; the best of them is a Devonshire tale, uncompleted, called *The Dwale Bluth*. So good a judge of novels as Justin McCarthy entertained the most sanguine expectations of what Oliver Brown might and would do, and hailed him as not improbably “the coming man”; he has said so in print. Personally, Oliver was a somewhat singular sort of youth. Most lads in their teens are a little “lubberly,” and in this respect he did not differ from his compeers; his talk partook of the humorsome and the observant, and there seemed mostly to be something *in* it which did not quite come out of it. He evidently appreciated good things in art and literature, but with a kind of reluctance to praise them, and more disposition

towards a blunt sort of banter. No doubt he must have expressed himself more fully and liberally in talking to friends of about his own age—the chief of whom was Philip Bourke Marston—than to the middle-aged or elderly. From his earliest years he had been excessively fond of all sorts of animals, and apt in training them—a trait which I have always regarded as a most favourable indication of the essential character. In person he was fairly tall and long-limbed, with a long visage bearing some resemblance to his father's, but in my opinion considerably less good-looking. At the request of his father, Nolly's brother-in-law Francis Hueffer and myself became the ostensible editors of his posthumous writings; in point of fact, the prefatory memoir to the book is much more the doing of Madox Brown than of ourselves, and it enters into some details which we would have treated more cursorily. A longer memoir, filling a volume, was brought out by Mr. John H. Ingram in 1883—*Oliver Madox Brown, a Biographical Sketch*.

The month of November seemed in these years to be an ill-omened one in our families. In 1874 came the death of Oliver; in 1875 that of Mrs. Cooper, a first cousin of my wife and the chief companion of her girlhood; in 1876, that of my sister Maria. In the autumn of 1877 Dante Gabriel was extremely ill, and I thought his end not unlikely to ensue in November; by that date, however, he had taken a turn for the better, and his life was prolonged until 1882. Mrs. Cooper has been already mentioned by me (Vol. I, p. 137). Being home from India for a while, she was suddenly seized with apoplexy at a silk-mercier's in St. Paul's Churchyard, and died on the spot, aged thirty-five or less—a vivacious, pleasant woman. Her remains were brought round to





MARIA FRANCESCA ROSSETTI.

c. 1874.

our house, whence the funeral was conducted. Maria Rossetti had entered very earnestly into the work of the All Saints' Sisterhood, which is partly a nursing order. Her health soon showed symptoms of weakening, and she did little in the way of nursing, but much more in that of teaching. She was highly valued by the Mother Superior (Miss Brownlow) and by the members of the Community, and was treated with every consideration. She regarded herself as a vowed nun, in the strictest sense of the term ; her vow being just as binding on her conscience and her conduct as if it had been enforceable by English law. In the summer of 1876 it became apparent that Maria was in a truly dangerous condition of health ; there was an internal tumour, followed by dropsical symptoms. She had the best medical advice—that of Dr. Wilson Fox and perhaps some others. In October of that year I was spending my vacation, with my wife and infant daughter, at Newlyn, Cornwall ; we received such news of Maria's ill-health as hurried us back to London. She was indeed in a most alarming state. I saw her various times, and we had more than one grave and touching colloquy on the subject of religion. Her Christian faith, conviction, and personal confidence, were of the most absolute kind ; she viewed with solemn gladness her inevitably approaching death, longing to be with Christ. Her sufferings, partially palliated by opiates, were severe, but borne with inflexible resignation. Of all the persons I have known, Maria was the most naturally and ardently devotional—certainly more so than Christina, as a matter of innate tendency. She would I believe (though born rather timid than otherwise) have gone to the stake with the greatest intrepidity for any religious tenet which she held

precious—such for instance as the real presence of Christ in the eucharist. The end came on the 24th November 1876. She is buried in Brompton Cemetery, as “Sister Maria Francesca,” among the other “Sisters of the Poor.” Maria left (besides some minor things) one good book, *A Shadow of Dante*, which has gone through several editions, and continues to be in steady request.

My wife and I, being housed in Endsleigh Gardens, were within very easy reach of Madox Brown’s residence in Fitzroy Square, and of course we saw him and his wife with extreme frequency, along with Mathilde Blind when settled in the same house. From 1879 however he had to be away much in Manchester to see after the series of mural paintings which he had undertaken for the Townhall; and there in August 1881 he wholly settled for the same purpose, not returning to live in London until 1888 or so. He then took the house No. 1 St. Edmund’s Terrace, Regent’s Park (near Primrose Hill), next door but one to my present residence. My wife, with one or other of our children, stayed with him in the great (and mostly ugly) Lancashire city every now and then: and so did I at convenient intervals. He was moreover very actively employed in 1887 with some of the art decorations for the building in which was held a great exhibition for the jubilee of Queen Victoria’s reign. Settled in London (after being at first at Merton), but in localities far more distant than Fitzroy Square, was also the Hueffer family—Franz Hueffer, with his wife Cathy (Lucy’s younger half-sister), and three children. They naturally were often with us, and we with them. Of other relatives, the one whom my wife saw oftenest was Mrs. Helen

Bromley, the mother of Mrs. Cooper ; the old lady however continued living at Gravesend, so their intercourse was intermittent. She died in 1886. On my own side of the family there were my mother and Christina, and my aunts (Eliza and sometimes Charlotte), in Torrington Square. I looked them up regularly, taking care never to miss a week : not to speak of frequent visits by my wife, and, with her or with a nurse, the children. They were also pretty often in our house ; but, as my mother was already turned of seventy-six when she removed to Torrington Square, and Christina was in indifferent health, the calls were mostly made by ourselves.

Dante Gabriel scarcely ever came to see us. Bidding a final adieu to Kelmscott Manor House in the late summer of 1874, he returned to No. 16 Cheyne Walk, and during some ensuing months he did call a few times. From the autumn of 1875 to that of 1876 he was little in London—most of the time at Bognor. Again, from the summer to the autumn of 1877 a serious illness kept him at the seaside for many weeks. His growing habit of seclusion continued on the increase ; and, after his return to London at the end of 1877, it may be said that he went nowhere—the only exception being that he did not fail to visit our mother and Christina every now and then. He saw our eldest child Olivia twice or thrice in her earliest infancy ; the other four he never saw at all. And yet he took an interest in all of them, and was pleased to hear any little details of how they were going on. This was assuredly a rather curious state of things, as affecting two brothers who always had been and always continued to be extremely fond of one another. To some readers it

might seem almost unintelligible ; to others—who take into account character, habits, occupations, distances between residences, and so on—it becomes intelligible, though never other than singular. From what I have said it may be perceived that in the opening years of my marriage I myself had not continual opportunities of seeing my brother, who, between my return from the wedding trip and the close of 1877, was absent from London about fifteen months in all. In 1878 I ought to have seen him somewhat oftener than I did : as he had given up all idea of calling on me, it would have devolved upon me always to make the call on him. From the autumn of 1879 I determined to set this matter right, and I regularly went round to him on one appointed day in the week, at times oftener. My weekdays being always taken up at my office, and about half my Sundays being placed at my wife's disposal for calling upon friends, my own family visits, whether to brother or mother, could only be made after office hours. I went round to Dante Gabriel straight from Somerset House ; sometimes—more especially in the latter months of 1880 and the earlier of 1881—my wife joined me at Cheyne Walk.

In the autumn of 1874 the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co., was dissolved, and was reconstituted as Morris and Company. In the original firm there had been seven members ; Morris now wished to be the only one of those seven. Faulkner, Burne-Jones, and Webb, seconded his preference, and retired voluntarily, without receiving or seeking any compensation. Marshall and Rossetti were compensated. Brown objected extremely to retiring, and resented the general course of Morris's proceedings in this matter. Under

compulsion, he also left the firm, with compensation. My own general view as to the facts is this : Morris had essentially reason on his side, but he pressed it too egoistically ; Brown had essentially right on his side, but he strained it too obstructively. To my great regret, this affair produced a total breach in the friendship between Brown and the Morris family, also the Burne-Jones family : as regards Burne-Jones, there had previously been some smouldering embers of discontent on Brown's part, as to which I need say nothing. Naturally my wife sided with her father ; she dropped the acquaintance of these pre-eminent men and their families, and I thus lost sight of them save at rare and casual intervals. Few things could have been less to my liking than this : from first to last I had never any quarrel of my own with any member of this group of my old familiars. But the rule, "therefore shall a man cleave unto his wife," represents a genuine practical requirement in life, as well as a genuine conception of what ranks highest in the affections, and therefore I accepted my position as it came. There were four others of my old friends whom my wife, either from the first or in the course of years, viewed with disfavour—Mrs. Heimann, Woolner, Allingham, and Boyce ; circumstances had already removed them a good deal out of my orbit, so this did not make any grave difference, though it was a matter of regret to me. I should add that after a lapse of several years Madox Brown, and consequently my wife, were fairly reconciled with Morris, and tolerably so with Burne-Jones : the old free interchange of close friendly relations was, however, re-established no more.

After our wedding trip to Naples, we did not aspire

to make any longish jaunts abroad ; less distant and less expensive English excursions, mostly at the seaside, suited the matrimonial purse. We did however, with Brown and his wife, go in 1875 to various cities in Belgium and Holland, chiefly Antwerp. He had in view a picture to be called *Rubens's Ride* (Rubens and some friends riding out for pleasure), for which he wished to study the polders and other details of Flemish scenery ; the picture, after all, was not painted. Other places where I went with my wife, and generally with our children, up to 1886 inclusive, were Bournemouth, Newlyn, Broadstairs, Sompting, Gorleston, Charmouth (near Lyme Regis), Chapel-en-le-Frith (in the Derbyshire Peak district), Littlehampton, Bitchington-on-Sea, Southend, Hythe, and Ventnor with other parts of the Isle of Wight. Edinburgh, Brighton, Herne Bay, and Eastbourne, were revisited by one or both of us—also Paris and Calais. At Herne Bay, in 1884, we made acquaintance with a lady, Mrs. Allport, who has ever since been one of our most valued friends—always genially attentive to my wife and young children, and now to my daughters.

In marrying, Lucy had not contemplated giving up her profession as a painter—for by that time she regarded it as a profession ; she had done some very superior work in point of invention, expression, and colouring, and was steadily advancing in general execution and handling. She was ambitious of excelling, and not indifferent to fame ; and she had an exalted idea of art and its potencies. After our marriage she tried more than once to set resolutely to work again ; but the cares of a growing family, delicate health, and the thousand constant interruptions which are not the less real at the

time for being dim in the after-memory always impeded her, and, very much to her disappointment and vexation, she did not succeed in producing any more work adapted for exhibition. Painting, far more than writing, was her natural line of effort. Being thwarted in painting, she wrote two or three things which were published ; chiefly the *Life of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley* which appeared in the series named *Eminent Women*. Mr. Ingram (who had written the biography of Oliver Madox Brown, and had rendered excellent service as an editor and biographer of Edgar Poe) was the editor of this series. My wife and I saw a good deal of Mr. Ingram, and both of us entertained a sincere liking and esteem for him. He wished Christina to undertake some other volume in the series, proposing to her more especially Mrs. Browning, and afterwards Mrs. Radcliffe. Christina was in the abstract well inclined to assent ; but one or other difficulty interposed, and the project failed. My wife treated Mrs. Shelley in a spirit of candour, sympathy, and intelligence. Some valuable unpublished materials were placed at her disposal (not however by the Shelley family, who, as it turned out, were promoting the issue of a different biography, the work of Mrs. Julian Marshall) ; and she produced, I conceive, a very readable book (published in 1890), in which one can trace a hand, not indeed of highly-trained literary accomplishment, but of good innate gifts. I naturally gave her any amount of information and aid to which I was equal, or of which she was wishful ; but neither she nor I had the least desire that opinions or composition of mine should be introduced as a substitute for hers.

Lucy's mother had died of consumption at a quite early age, twenty-seven. In her girlish years, the

daughter's state of health had not been such as to excite any anxiety ; but, even before she went on her Italian trip of 1873, she had had an illness showing delicacy of the chest. During our married life up to the end of 1884 symptoms of the same kind frequently occurred ; they came on and off, without affecting her condition in any very serious degree. But in February 1885 a most grave illness began. It was caused apparently by her getting out of bed at night, and walking barefoot to an upper floor, to look after our little daughter Helen, who had given some audible sign of uneasiness. Next day my wife was alarmingly ill with bronchial pneumonia. The attack lasted a long while ; but in April of the same year she was sufficiently recovered to go to Bournemouth, and again in July. From this formidable malady she rallied very considerably at times, more especially during the period (referred to in my sixteenth section) when she kept slabs of virgin cork about the bedroom—an expedient which, however odd or seemingly absurd, did appear to be efficacious in no slight degree. Still, the evil was never extirpated, nor even thoroughly subdued ; it proceeded from stage to stage, and ended in phthisis.

Under medical advice, and after a prolonged and trying sojourn at Ventnor, my wife, with the two elder children, went abroad in November 1886, and settled in San Remo in a Hôtel-pension, the Anglo-Américain, close to the railway station. I joined her in January 1887. She improved very sensibly, and there seemed reason for forecasting that a moderately extended stay might produce a cure, when suddenly the earthquake of 25 February (Ash Wednesday) set a veto on our hopes. This earthquake, as many readers of my pages will

remember, stretched far along the Riviera—Nice, Mentone, San Remo, Diano Marina, etc.—dealing death and havoc. It was towards half-past five in the morning that my wife and I felt the shock. The bed heaved up and down under us, not unlike the rolling of a ship from side to side ; the crockery rattled and rattled ; strange to say, when I went to look at the basin and ewer, not a drop of water had been spilled. My wife, with her accustomed promptitude, sprang out of bed, and ran to rouse our daughter in an adjoining room ; I did the like for our son. The earthquake shock in our hotel was not a severe one ; no one was injured, though one gentleman got tumbled out of bed. After a while there was a second slighter shock ; some of the guests spoke of others later on, but I was not conscious of them. The town of San Remo, it is well known, consists of a new town and an old ; the former a modern and sufficiently commonplace concoction of visitors' quarters and shops skirting the sea line ; the latter rising up-hill, very old-world and quaint, with narrow shadowed streets bridged by frequent arches—as picturesque and reposeful, in its inconspicuous way, as anything I know in Italy. The damage done to San Remo by the earthquake was not extremely noticeable ; there was no loss of life, and nothing worth speaking of in the way of personal injury. Still, many of the houses were jogged and cracked ; and this was soon afterwards made the excuse or the pretext for interfering with, and partially spoiling, the interesting old town, whose solid and well-weathered structures were probably much less in need of repair than the gimcrack erections haunted by international visitors. Although San Remo itself fared tolerably well, such was far from being the case in its

near neighbourhood. The village of Bajardo, some few miles away in the hills, was the scene of a greater and more instant loss of life than (I believe) any other place within the earthquake's circuit. In the earliest morning of that Ash Wednesday the villagers had thronged the church to receive the ashes; the church crashed down upon them and killed two hundred—that was about the number reported.

Be it said to the credit of the denizens of the Hôtel-pension Anglo-Américain, they all seemed to take their seismic experience cool, without flurry or blenching. We were down to breakfast, and exchanged some details of our respective adventures, which were all of nearly the same complexion. Then Signor Milano, the hotel-keeper, warned us that it would be prudent to abandon the house itself, and spend the day in its sufficiently spacious and pleasant garden. San Remo in February is far from a paradise of warmth—along with brilliant sunshine, the wind is at times cutting in the extreme. That day however was bright, mild, and singularly serene; Nature seemed to have lulled herself into a dreamless sleep after the one spasmodic effort, and there was scarcely a breath of air stirring. Ladies sat out knitting or reading; men sauntered about smoking or chatting. At night we slept in a tent, with some fires lit in it here and there: a trying ordeal for my wife in her risky state of health, and also for our son, who was rather troublesomely indisposed with a feverish cold. No particular harm however ensued to either of them. On the following night we were indoors, but only on the ground-floor. The great majority of the population of San Remo, I understood, quitted their houses for a day or two, and camped out on the sea-strand and esplanade.

I have heard it reported that persons who pass through an earthquake seldom throw off the impression of it entirely : a certain tremor continues lurking in the nerves, and re-asserts itself from time to time at any actual or apprehended recurrence of any such shock. With myself, and also with my son, this did not hold good : we remained, as scatheless, so also impassive enough. My daughter however was somewhat nervous ; and my wife soon decided that she could stand San Remo no longer. I urged her to think well of it before deserting a place which was obviously doing good to her much-endangered health, through the mere dread of a contingency which might probably not be repeated—and as a fact it *was* not repeated, for no further earthquaking ensued. I failed to persuade her, and on the third or fourth day after the cataclysm we left San Remo, and travelled straight on to Dijon. Most or all of the other guests at the hotel departed. I gathered that the premises had to be shut up for the season, and they re-opened little or not at all, and were pretty soon demolished. At Dijon, a city which I already knew tolerably well, I stayed some days, and then returned to my work at Somerset House ; my wife and children remained behind for several weeks, quartered at an excellent hotel, La Cloche. A great number of people, seeking refuge from the earthquake-districts, came to the same hotel : some of them from our old hotel in San Remo. One of these was a pleasant young lady, Miss Burrows (now Mrs. Martin), whom I had had the surprise of discovering, in San Remo, to be a family connexion of my own on my mother's side.

In the late autumn of 1888 my wife, still in quest of health, again went abroad, accompanied by all our four

children. This was after they had spent two or three months at Worthing ; where we had an excessively bad time of it, what between a dangerous attack of pneumonia which befell our eldest daughter Olivia, and a carbuncle in the nape of the neck which tortured my wife. They went to Pau, a town remarkable for stillness of atmosphere, and glorified by the Pyrennean panorama. The atmospheric conditions suited my wife, but after a while had a lowering effect, and she was even less fit than usual for any physical exertion. I was there for two or three weeks in December, including Christmas day. After passing Bordeaux on the journey, I found myself in fine and genial sunshine, which persisted with little alteration throughout my stay, and the trees in and about Pau still made a goodly show of leafage. We had the satisfaction of renewing there our acquaintance with an old friend of my wife's girlhood, Miss Fanny Seddon, who was for a good while settled in the town. We also made acquaintance in our hotel with two ladies, Mrs. and Miss Bené, who continued on very intimate terms with us for three or four years ensuing, until they went to reside away from London. These ladies, who were pre-eminently sociable and obliging, had travelled in Spain and elsewhere. Miss Bené had acquired a sound practical knowledge of Spanish, and very soon set to at coaching up Olivia in the language.

Just as the year 1888 was expiring my wife felt inclined to quit Pau. Mrs. Bené, who had moved on to Biarritz, found there lodgings for her and the children—commodious and inexpensive lodgings in about the most picturesque locality of the town (1 Rue de la Falaise), on a beetling cliff which commands a noble view of the mighty Atlantic—a sea-spectacle far sur-

passing anything that we had yet seen. The people of the house were all Basques, and the cheerful hard-working little servant-girl Catherine could only express herself clumsily in French. This lodging, with the performances of the landlady Madame Serre and her assistants, proved very much to my wife's taste ; unfortunately the weather was mostly broken, sometimes squally. It was the same season when Queen Victoria made a sojourn at Biarritz : she became a familiar sight to the inhabitants, driven about in her donkey-chaise. Catherine went to look at her, and was both surprised and disappointed to behold a quiet, plump old lady who was not wearing a crown, and who carried a parasol in lieu of a sceptre. Having returned from Pau to London at the end of 1888, and being soon afterwards much and sorrowfully occupied in consequence of the death in January of Francis Hueffer, I could not get away until some moderate while following the settlement of the family in Biarritz : I did then depart, and joined them for several weeks of the spring. This is the only time when I got a little into Spain,—a *very* little, my son and I crossing the Franco-Spanish frontier by rail to San Sebastian. My wife and Olivia were also there after I had made my way back to London.

As I am here so much and so painfully concerned with questions of health, I will include a few words about my own. In a general way I may thankfully say that I have always been a healthy man : but at the end of 1878 I was assailed by gout, which has returned several times since then, varied by sciatica and rheumatism. Yet these maladies have, up to the present writing, proceeded much less far, and given me much less pain, than I had expected when I was first subject to

them. Colchicum for gout, and an electric bath for rheumatism, have stood me in good stead.

In 1890 my wife was greatly bent upon quitting our house in Endsleigh Gardens, and moving to some locality at a higher elevation, with freer and purer air. The announcement of her wish came to me just when I should have best liked to stay on in Endsleigh Gardens; for Charlotte Polidori, who held the lease of the house, had died in January of that year, bequeathing the lease to me—so that we could now live there rent-free. Moreover, my stationary habits of life indisposed me for any removal whatever, with all the accompanying incertitudes, upset, and trouble. However, my wife's preference, being based upon the paramount consideration of her state of health, admitted of no cavilling, so I prepared to flit. Madox Brown was already resettled in London, at No. 1 St. Edmund's Terrace—a line of street raised well above the level of Regent's Park, and not far below the summit of the closely adjoining Primrose Hill. It is not a cloud-capt summit, but in London it counts as the nearest approach to a hill that we have to show. Not unnaturally, my wife's thoughts turned to this same St. Edmund's Terrace. She first entered into an arrangement for tenanting No. 5; but it turned out that our friends the Garnetts were soon to vacate No. 3, Dr. Garnett having been promoted to the post of Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum, which entailed his living on the Museum premises. No. 5 was therefore given up, and my wife made a bargain with a body named the Nineteenth Century Building Society, under which No. 3, after payment of a certain number of years' rent, was to become her own leasehold. I paid her the rent of the

house, she paid it over to the Society, and, just towards the close of her life, the lease was hers, or about to be hers. No. 3 St. Edmund's Terrace is a somewhat smaller edifice than No. 5 Endsleigh Gardens, and somewhat less well built ; and, though its close proximity to Regent's Park and the Primrose Hill enclosure gives it a vast superiority in the way of open space and pleasurable walks, and also of noiseless quiet (for there is scarcely any of the London rattling and rumbling), the actual outlook from the front windows is the less good of the two. The building faces the then West Middlesex Waterworks, with a plentiful supply of unsightly sheds and unsightlier water-pipes. To me there was the further disadvantage that the distance from Somerset House was about doubled. In this Primrose Hill locality my old friend the London fog (for which I have always had a sneaking kindness) is considerably less demonstrative than at a lower level and in closer environments : many times when there has been a dense fog in London streets, and even in Regent's Park, there has only been a whitish mist in St. Edmund's Terrace.

While the removal was pending, and was engaging the energies and the capital business aptitudes of my wife, we took our summer holiday abroad, in the noble old city of Bruges : tolerably well known to me, and to her not unknown. All our children accompanied us. Towards this time there was something of a lull in my wife's illness, and we all got a deal of enjoyment out of this still comparatively unspoiled haunt of Flemish mediævalism—and we discerned Bruges to be not so totally stagnant in the vital activities of our own day as some people are pleased to allege. We did not move

much out of the city, yet we went some few miles across the border into Holland. Soon after returning to London came Michaelmas Day, and we were due to quit Endsleigh Gardens for St. Edmund's Terrace. Some obstacle ensued, and some repairs in the old house had to be provided for, and for a few weeks we all housed with Christina in Torrington Square. Christina was delighted to have us all as a family party, and made our stay a very cheerful one, steeped in a genuine sense of home. The only then surviving relative with her was Eliza Polidori, who had for some while been confined to her bed weak in body and not less so in mind.

Early in October 1890 we were domiciled in St. Edmund's Terrace, and Endsleigh Gardens, which I had inhabited since 1867, knew us no more. For some months the change of residence seemed beneficial to my wife, and the facilities for constant intercourse with her father were a satisfaction to her. In that same month, 11th October, his wife died: she had been severely ill with a form of paralysis since the preceding April. I find it recorded that she was born in May 1835, in which case she expired in her fifty-sixth year; but it seems to me that she must have been born some three years earlier than this. In any case, she preserved to the last a very fair share of her original good looks.

Soon it became too evident that Lucy's malady, though it might undergo some temporary lull, was not to be cured. In 1891 we went to Oxford, where our two elder children followed the University Extension course; and my wife and children, after I had returned to London, went on for some days to Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, and Birmingham. At the last-named

town an exhibition of paintings, chiefly of the Præraphaelite type, was then being held, and a *Beata Beatrix* by Dante Rossetti, completed after his death by Madox Brown, had recently been purchased for the Municipal Gallery. The curator of Shakespear's birth-house at Stratford was at this period Mr. Joseph Skipsey, the coal-miner poet. He had procured the berth chiefly through the influence of Dr. Furnivall, who had acted (for he was not previously acquainted with Skipsey or his claims) upon my recommendation. I at least understood so at the time : since Skipsey's death (September 1903) I have seen it stated that Mr. John Morley and Dr. Spence Watson had been his most influential supporters.¹ I had known something of Mr. Skipsey—who was “every inch a man,” as well as remarkably capable in his own line of verse—for some years, and had met him in person in 1881, and indeed earlier. My wife saw him at Stratford, and conceived a very high regard for him. Not long afterwards he had to resign the curatorship, owing chiefly to the failure of Mrs. Skipsey's health. In 1892 we passed our vacation at Malvern.

The change in my wife's illness, from bronchial pneumonia to an incipient form of phthisis, was gradual and insidious. I could hardly define when it began, but it must have been somewhat advanced before 1892 neared

¹ I have also seen since Skipsey's death in a newspaper statement : “Some remarks in a biography of Rossetti, in relation to Rossetti's friendship for himself, which he construed as being depreciative, once sent Skipsey to bed for some days.” I do not understand what is here referred to : so far as Rossetti himself is concerned, all his remarks about Skipsey seem to me to be laudatory in a full if not even an extreme degree.

its close. Our regular medical adviser, ever since the middle of 1874, was Dr. William Gill, of Russell Square, first specially recommended to me by Sir William Jenner. We had the best reason for feeling confidence in Dr. Gill as a professional man, and he became besides a most pleasant and kindly friend. At times too, with Dr. Gill's cognizance, my wife consulted other leading physicians—Dr. Wilson Fox, Dr. Frederick Roberts, Sir John Williams. But the disease pursued its course with inexorable persistence. A very distressing accompaniment of it was brain-exhaustion (as I hear this called). It did not in any way weaken my wife's readiness or keenness of perception, or her power of estimating things by an intellectual standard ; but it gave a swerve to her feelings, and to her construction of persons and occurrences, and made her look at all sorts of matters with a resentful bias. Mentally, it was the same kind of thing as if she had gazed with the physical eyes through blackened spectacles. This change of feeling seemed to augment suddenly early in November 1892, and the months which ensued are full of painful memories to me : I charge them to the malady, and not to herself. Soon after returning to London from Boscombe she had a frightful attack of illness which for several days kept her hovering between life and death. This was the first time that she brought up blood to a serious extent ; there had however been two or three previous instances when a symptom—hardly more than a symptom—of the same trouble had appeared, leading on to extreme weakness. During these years, following her return from Biarritz in 1889, I was not sparing in my suggestions that she ought once more to go abroad ; but she appeared very reluctant to make the effort, and more than a certain amount of urgency on my

part seemed inexpedient. At last, at the close of the summer of 1893, and after recovering from the first shock of the attack in the spring, she made up her mind to go. She, with our three daughters, left London on the 3rd of October. She saw England no more.

XXVII

OUR CHILDREN

WE had five children : Olivia Frances Madox (this last name was given to every one of the five), born in September 1875 ; Gabriel Arthur, February 1877 ; Helen Maria, November 1879 ; Mary Elizabeth and Michael Ford (twins), April 1881. Olivia's birth was celebrated by Swinburne in a beautiful ode of some length, and allusions to others of the children are to be found in his writings : welcomed by us with befitting gratitude to so illustrious and warm a friend. I have already borne my testimony, and it could not be too strongly expressed, to Lucy's intense devotion to her children ; and the delight which she took in them—their infant wiles and their gradually expanding minds—was no less intense. She nursed them all : except only Arthur (he was always so called, the name of Gabriel being preoccupied by my brother), who, at an early period of infancy, was pronounced by our doctor to be in need of a different treatment. I could not do justice to my own feelings if I did not here say something about my children : a reader who opines that paternity looms too large in my account of them can consult his own taste by skipping the present section.

We did not have the children baptized, for neither my wife nor I attached any importance, whether spiritual or

temporal, to the baptismal ceremony, and to conform to mere custom because custom it is was not in our line.

As to the general training of the four children (I must omit Michael who died in infancy) let me say thus much. We did not bring them up in the Christian or in any defined religion ; but made them understand that they ought to acquaint themselves with the main documents and rudimentary principles of Christianity, think seriously over them, and, if convinced, adopt them, without minding whether their parents entertained the like views or not. The children have more or less acted upon these precepts ; they understand what is the substance of the national religion, but it has not become their religion. Rightly or wrongly, we thought the training of character a more essential matter for our children than the fashioning of their minds to any form of speculative belief, affirmative or negative ; this we regarded as being their own affair when they should be qualified to judge for themselves. We sought to keep steadily before their thoughts the rule of right—principally justice, kindness, truth, helpfulness, honour of the high things in intellect and achievement, and (on their own small part) an endeavour to attend seriously to serious matters, and be prepared in the long run to take their share gallantly in the work of the world. Neither of us “preached” to the children, or endeavoured to interfere with every harmless outburst of their childishness ; we kept them very much in our company, and my wife enjoyed the privilege due to a good mother—that of impressing them by a few simple words spoken in season. I will not pretend to determine how far they have responded to these counsels ; but will only say—they are now all grown up, and I consider myself to be

happy in my children. We left them to develop severally in character and turn of mind very much according to the innate bias of each, not trying to dictate to them with any imperative strictness, and not having recourse to manual correction ; to make them feel constantly that they were cared for and loved, and their future kept well in view, was the chief incentive applied to their dawning faculties. They have grown up in mutual affection and harmony, but certainly without any monotonous sameness of disposition—a sameness which I should regard as equally sterile and tedious.

Of ordinary schooling my children have had extremely little—Olivia and Helen none. Arthur, and likewise Mary, attended some classes, chiefly at the Polytechnic Institution ; neither of them was in anything resembling a boarding-school. Olivia and Arthur had also a certain amount of private tutoring at home. I myself, though by no means enamoured of boarding-schools, thought at more than one juncture that it would be best to send our son to one ; to this my wife was opposed, pleading that he was too sensitive (though I do not see that he was sensitive in any exceptional degree), and that it would do him more harm than good ; and I allowed her preference to prevail. She did a great deal, with careful method and steadfast persistency, in personally instructing all the four ; and followed a plan which I consider truly sensible—that of bringing into the house, from an early date, a foreign nursery governess. There were two such governesses—a French lady of the middle class, and a German ; both of them young, agreeable, fine-looking women. We liked them both, more especially the German, who, in any case of illness in the family, was most unsparing in her kindly attentions, and

had a large fund of household knowledge. I call Fraülein Heimann a German, as she is an Alsatian, and we were then more in want of German than of French for the children to learn and talk : in heart however she was thoroughly and undisguisedly French, and of course she was as familiar with the French as with the German language. My wife (like myself) knew and talked French, and (much better than myself) German ; so, between their governesses and their parents, our children, from a very early age, could say anything they wanted in either tongue, and could read currently in either. This is a precious advantage indeed for the after years. Still more precious perhaps is that immunity from senseless prejudices, and from the pettinesses of national self-opinion, which comes of associating from the first with persons of a different race ; under such conditions, the British Lion continues to be a more than decorous heraldic beast, but the British Unicorn (if I may allow myself the expression) gets notice to quit,—he is chased, in the words of the old catch, “all round about the town.” At the present day all my children know French and Italian well, and have a firm foundation in German, though they may have become rusty in this ; in one or more of them there is a fair proficiency in Greek, Latin, and Spanish ; and some inkling of Russian, Arabic, and Yiddish. In point of travel also, with the enlargement of mind and experience which comes of that, they have done not amiss. Since 1883, when the two elder children were in Calais, Olivia has lived in Florence and in Rome, and has seen many other parts of Italy, and of Norway as well. Arthur has been in several of the same places, in the United States, and in Belgium, Holland, Sweden, etc. Helen has made the voyage to Australia and back,

by the Cape Town and then the Suez route, and has spent some months in Davos Platz and in Cairo. Mary has not gone on such distant expeditions as Arthur and Helen, but has shared in the French, Italian, Belgian, and Dutch trips, and has (with myself) been on the steamer-tour round Great Britain up to Orkney, and she was recently (1905) in Algeria. All this is an experience very different from that of their father, who had never crossed the British Channel until he was getting on towards twenty-four.

Crescit eundo. The love of freedom which in my father took its course towards constitutional monarchy, and in myself towards theoretic republicanism, launched my children upon the tumultuous waters of anarchism : social democracy had been tried and found wanting. I except the youngest girl, Mary, though she also might have "anarchized," if the impulse had continued for a year or two longer with her three seniors. I might have more to say on this subject, were it not that in 1903 a book was issued entitled *A Girl among the Anarchists*, by Isabel Meredith. This book is in fact written by my daughters Olivia and Helen ; and it gives, with fancy-names and some modification of details, a genuine account of their experiences. Mr. Morley Roberts, whom we have the pleasure of knowing, obliged my daughters by writing a preface.

It never entered into the head of my wife or of myself to offer pap to our children as their mental pabulum ; to dose them with the goody-goody in the way of books ; to tie their thoughts down to mere puerilities which, even if not noxious in the first instance, would demand summary rejection at the end of some few years or months. From the first they were brought up to like good

things : I don't mean to like things which are good for adults and unadapted for children, but such as are good for children, and continue to be good when the period of mere childhood has passed. The *Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Puss in Boots* and *Cinderella*, are good things of this kind.

I myself know comparatively little of the Anarchists. I had however a great regard and liking for Stepniak, and retain the like for Kropotkin, and for the memory (though I never spoke to her) of Louise Michel. The susceptible British reader should not suppose that the exploding of dynamite is the quintessence of anarchism; any more than the igniting of pitch-caps upon the heads of Irish insurgents in 1798 was the quintessence of British militarism in that year. Dynamite has been exploded by anarchists, and pitch-caps have been ignited by soldiers; these were incidents, and were surely (in the parlance of the Transvaal-war days) very "regrettable incidents": but they were not the gist of the anarchist nor of the military *raison d'être*. The theory of anarchism is the theory of non-government, which is the same thing (under a different name) as self-government. If, instead of saying "I advocate anarchism," the anarchist were to say "I advocate self-government," the normal taxpayer and ratepayer might be very apt to respond, "Well, so do I." True, the anarchist says this in an extreme sense, extremer than that of the ratepayer; and yet the latter, if he is a Nonconformist of our days flicked by a Government Education Bill, goes some way along with the anarchist, and vows "Then I shan't pay my rates." The anarchist says essentially, "I don't want you, A, to set yourself up as governing me, B; I want to govern myself, and, being a decent fellow

(if I happen to be one), I mean to govern myself properly. You, A, have a handsome apparatus of policemen, judges, etc., with the hangman bringing up the rear of the procession ; but I don't want to be concerned with any of them, nor that they should be concerned with me." So far the anarchist ; but I, who never was an anarchist, can see that there is a very awkward flaw in his demand—namely, that while anarchist B may be a decent fellow, anarchist or non-anarchist C may be an intolerable scoundrel, for whom the policeman and the judge are highly requisite, and even Jack Ketch not an unquestioned superfluity. In fact, it looks as if anarchism, so far from being a grovelling degradation, were an ideal, and a far-shining ideal ; but that our poor world is remote from having yet attained to the height where such an ideal could be put in practice. If we could all be anarchists with enduring safety, we should all be better men than we are.

Naturally my wife and I had thought and talked seriously, from time to time, about the rather overstrained ideas which dominated our children, not only by way of speculation but in actual performance. My wife had highly independent opinions of her own, tending towards socialism, though not committed to any precise dogmas of that movement. In this I was in accord with her. She considered that on the whole it would be a pity to chill our youngsters in their generous enthusiasms ; and that some modicum of restraining influence and sympathetic guidance would be more beneficial than any coercive interposition. I was somewhat less inclined than she to allow the children to go to the end of their tether : still, I entered into her general view, and kept my interferences within very narrow

limits. The boys and girls of one generation are, one must always remember, the men and women of the next generation ; according to their own innate perceptions and faculties, their own authentic sympathies and antipathies, they have to grow up, and act upon the stage of the world. If they merely *pretend* to hold by certain notions, it will be so much the worse for themselves and for others. The parents, while it is their obvious duty to regulate the children, should not, in my opinion, wrest them aside, attempting to alter their identities ; the attempt will probably fail, and we shall have meagre and stunted hybrid growths, instead of natural and naturally developed growths. The plan which we followed with our children has succeeded ; for some years past the excesses and fantasticalities of anarchism have shredded away from them, while they remain free-minded, open to new impressions, and exempt from class-prejudices.

I will subjoin some brief account of my children, one by one, as they stand at the date of this present writing, November 1902.

A youngish Italian anarchist refugee, Antonio Agresti of Florence, whom Olivia saw frequently in London, fell in love with her, and she favoured his suit. He is the son of a scientific chemist, and had not, so far as I know, performed any anarchistic feat more grim than that of signing, along with others, some protest against a high-handed governmental act, which protest formed the subject of a prosecution in Italy. He quitted his country, and was condemned in default to some lengthened term of imprisonment. He was unable to return to Italy until 1896 or '97, when an amnesty was proclaimed on the occasion of some public rejoicing. He

then returned, having withdrawn from any active concern in the anarchist propaganda (which indeed seems to be now very much at a discount in Italy as elsewhere), and became a clerk in a bank in Florence, as a temporary expedient before he could obtain some footing as a literary man. In December 1897 Olivia was married to him. Late in 1900 they removed from Florence to Rome, where they continue to reside. Agresti has acted as editor of a literary magazine (*La Bohème*, now defunct), and has written plays which have been acted, a published romance or two, a translation of poems by Dante Rossetti, a book named *La Filosofia nella Letteratura Moderna*, and other things. Olivia has been active in translating-work, light journalism, and some original writing. Her *Life of Giovanni Costa*, the celebrated landscape painter, with whom she was intimate in Rome, came out in London in 1904.

Arthur is the only Rossetti (within my knowledge) who ever showed a scientific turn. In boyhood he had plenty of opportunity of reading poems, romances, histories, biographies, etc., and he showed an ample appreciation of such work; but studies of chemistry, algebra, and other matters of science, engaged his chief personal attention; for a spell of light reading he would take up the Differential Calculus. He wanted to be an electrical engineer, and was put in the way of pursuing that vocation. Towards 1896 he was placed as a student in the large engineering works of Messrs. Jackson & Co. of Salford. Here he became intimate with the manager of the firm, Mr. J. Slater Lewis, an excellent man of very superior abilities. Afterwards, late in 1899, an opening was found for him in a business in Bolton which seemed eligible though it is not concerned with

electricity—the so-called “Lancashire Stoker Works” of Messrs. Bennis & Co. He became the works-manager to this firm, and has of late passed into a different position—that of scientific referee, which takes him a good deal away from Bolton to other parts of the kingdom, and sometimes abroad. In September 1901 he married Dora, a daughter of Mr. Slater Lewis, who had died suddenly not long before. Amiability and excellent sense distinguish my daughter-in-law, who in October 1902 made me the grandfather of a boy, Geoffrey William.

Since Olivia's marriage, Helen was at the head of my household. She has published under her own name one thing which excited some attention—the monograph on *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* which formed in 1902 the Easter Annual of *The Art Journal*: it had been preceded by a briefer notice of Madox Brown for an exhibition at Whitechapel in which his works were conspicuous. As her chest was weak, and her general health not strong, she received medical orders to go to Davos Platz at the beginning of 1896, and to Australia at the end of the same year. I accompanied her in each instance, and we were away ten months between the two expeditions. Each of them did her some good, more especially the second; and ever since her return from Australia I have been permitted to regard my daughter's condition of health, actual and prospective, with less anxiety than for many months preceding. From her earliest years she showed a certain unmistakable aptitude for sketching and painting. I have already referred (Vol. I, p. 279) to her having wished at one time—say 1897—to study landscape-painting under a Japanese, if only we could have discovered such an artist in London. When this idea

proved impracticable—and in my opinion it was rather eccentric than absurd—she meditated other projects of study, such as might fit her for the ordinary career of a painter. Finally she came to the conclusion that, as first-rate painters are of the fewest, while to be a full-fledged painter of the third or fifth order would be mortifying to the ambition rather than contentful, it might be better to try a restricted form of art wherein a solid though minor success could be reasonably hoped for. She selected miniature-painting, and has studied and practised this with some diligence. The art is a charming though a limited one; and requisite if the record of the men and women of a generation, on a small and delicate scale, is not to be consigned wholly to photography. Helen continued to be my house-mistress up to 10 December 1903. She then, in Naples, married a young Florentine Gastone Angeli, and proceeded with him to Cairo, where he held an appointment in the Italian Chamber of Commerce. Gastone (who had never anything to do with anarchism) spent some length of time in the Congo State of King Leopold,¹ and he fought for the Greeks in 1897, in the legion commanded by Ricciotti Garibaldi. He was brother to a distinguished scholar and writer, Diego Angeli, author of an excellent manual on the Roman churches, etc. This gentleman resides in Rome, married to a Russian lady. Painful to record, Gastone's health got worse and worse, and he died in Rome in July 1904. Helen, in September,

¹ I asked Gastone Angeli whether the stories of atrocities by officials to the natives of the Congo are true. He said that these stories are certainly not without foundation, but culprits have in several instances been punished by imprisonment, and a sentence of imprisonment in the Congo is very much like a sentence of death.

gave birth to a daughter named Imogene Lucy Maria ; she remains for the present in Rome, in the same house with her sister Olivia.

Mary, with a robust person and corresponding heartiness of character, has always done what she found doable in the way of gymnastics, swimming, boating, cycling, riding, etc. She has also studied some rather abstruse matters, such as biology, having no little desire to become a doctor ; one or two disappointments ensued, and the project has been relinquished. Mary has accomplished one literary performance. Being an ardent Napoleonist (I refer to the *first* Napoleon, and not to the third), she was asked by Mr. Charles Rowley to deliver to the Ancoats Brotherhood, in 1901, a lecture on Napoleon, more especially in relation to Lord Rosebery's book on the captivity in St. Helena : she complied, and was well received by the audience.

Our only other child was Michael, who died in January 1883, before completing his second year.

In concluding this section, I will recur to the expeditions which I made with my daughter Helen, in 1896-7, with a view to benefiting her health.

Bound for Davos Platz, we left London on 15 January 1896, and spent a few days in Paris, Helen being housed by our affectionate and much-loved friend Madame James Darmesteter (now Madame Duclaux), whom we had known, as the poetess Mary Robinson, ever since 1876. Thence, by easy stages at Chaumont, Bâle, Zurich, and Ragatz, we went on to Davos Platz, and settled at the commodious and well-kept Hôtel Belvedere. At Bâle, in the famous Hôtel des Trois Rois, I had a vexatious adventure. I was in a room with a sheeny white-painted door facing the bed, and

the glittering Rhine far below my window kept up a constant shifting shimmer of light upon the door. I omitted to bolt the door, being much addicted to the happy-go-lucky method in such matters ; since that night I have been not quite so heedless. I fell asleep ; but soon woke up with a start, and had an impression of some person vanishing through the doorway. Fixing my gaze upon the door, however, and taking note of the play of light upon its panels, I came to the conclusion that this must have deceived my eye, and that no one had been there. I composed myself to sleep again ; but shortly, feeling thirsty, I laid my hand upon a glass of water which I had kept at my bedside. In setting down the glass, I spilled some of the water, and rose from the bed to see what damage had been done. As soon as I had got a light and looked about me I perceived that my trousers had been thrown off a chair on to the floor (the sound of this must have been what woke me up in the first instance), and that my other clothes lay on the chair in inverted order. I then discovered that some stranger must really have entered the room. I felt in my trousers pocket for my purse, containing about £60 in foreign money, and it was gone ; and, what I liked still less, when I soon afterwards discovered it, my watch, an old gold repeater which had been my grandfather's from some such date (I dare say) as 1810, was gone also, with its gold chain, a cherished gift from my wife not long after our marriage. The value of the watch and chain was (as I was credibly informed at a later date) probably not less than £40. Luckily I had kept some English money, about £40, in a different purse, in my coat-pocket ; and I inferred that the thief must have been searching in my coat

at the moment when he upset the trousers, and so roused me from slumber. I rang the bell for the night-porter. He came, and I explained the facts to him, and asked him to make inquiry, and take all requisite precautions. He left the room, and walked some few steps away along the corridor. It was at that moment that I first noticed the absence of the watch and chain: so I opened the door, very scantily clad, to speak to the night-porter once again. I saw him in conversation, in a rather low tone of voice, with a tall robust man whose back was turned to me. I could not catch what they said (and indeed seldom do catch what is said in German): I did not care to interrupt them at the moment, so I simply stood at my door—visible at any rate to the porter, and I presume that his companion likewise was conscious of my presence. The talk lasted some little while: finally the two men walked downstairs together, and I could hear the opening and closing of a door. In a short while the hotel-keeper, M. Flück, and two or three policemen, were assembled in the night-porter's lodge, and I joined them there. M. Flück questioned the night-porter as to what had occurred, and was as much astonished as I was to hear the following narrative. At about eleven at night (much the same hour when I had retired to bed) an unknown man presented himself at the hotel, without any luggage, and asked the night-porter to give him a room. The porter, quite contrary to the rule of the house, complied, and placed him in a room within a few doors of mine: the name which he gave was Dr. Gerber of Strasburg. This Dr. Gerber was the same person whom I had seen speaking to the porter after the latter had been told of the robbery in my room. The conversation between

the two was to the effect that Dr. Gerber failed to get to sleep, and wanted to be let out of the hotel ; and, incredible as it might seem, the porter, aware as he was of the robbery, let him out. A sharp, and surely a much-needed, reprimand was administered by M. Flück ; and all persons to whom I have since related the facts exclaim at once, "The porter must have been in connivance with the thief." I am unwilling to suppose so, and I credit him rather with a mixture of dense unsuspiciousness and denser stolidity : he was not dismissed (so I learned before leaving the hotel).

The police acted with promptitude and efficacy, sending notice about the watch and other details all over Switzerland ; and, not many days after settling at Davos Platz, I was informed that my watch and chain, with about £20 in money, had been recovered from a notorious criminal, Alexander Staude (no longer Dr. Gerber) of Strasburg. One may suppose that, in those few days, he had been giving himself "a high old time" with the balance of my £60. Before the end of 1896 Staude was brought to trial in Karlsruhe (Baden), and received the swingeing sentence of ten years' imprisonment ; this was not his first conviction, and I think that the offence committed in my case was not the only one brought against him on this occasion. Is he still in jail ? I presume so. I should have preferred to hear of a lighter penalty ; but, not long after that, I saw an account, in one of the London newspapers, of the system of prison discipline in Germany, which appears to be of a much less cast-iron kind than in England. I even found it stated that the prisoners are permitted to get up, or to attend, a concert at frequent intervals—once a week or so. Perhaps Herr Alexander Staude, who seemed a

little turned of forty when I saw him, is qualifying, no longer for the medical profession, but as a musical virtuoso, and may yet fascinate suburban London as a member of a German band.

Why "Dr. Gerber of Strasburg" had pitched upon me, rather than any one else in the hotel, as a suitable subject for his enterprise, was not quite apparent. I recollected however that, at some railway station at which we had stopped as we approached Bâle, I had entered the small refreshment room, where several persons were present, and had taken out my well-filled purse to pay for some chocolate. I fancy that the Doctor must have been one of the persons in question, and must have noticed the plethora of my purse, and formed the opinion that it required bleeding, and followed me in the train to the hotel. He made a successful *coup*, but there was a Nemesis on his trail.

I will here bear my testimony to an upright lawyer. On my speaking to M. Flück, he had denied my being entitled to any compensation from him for the theft committed in his hotel—on the ground (and to me it seemed tenable) that the fault was greatly my own in having left my door unbolted. I then spoke to a lawyer in Bâle, Dr. Kern. He at once informed me that M. Flück was a leading client of his own; but that he would consider the point, and advise me as to my legal rights. This he did by letter, expressing a clear opinion that my claim to compensation was valid; but that, as it might be inconvenient to me to attend in court, and the issue of an action must always be a little uncertain, it might perhaps serve my interests better to enter into some compromise. I proposed terms of compromise, which would I suppose have been accepted; but, on

the recovery of a portion of my property, I gladly dropped the whole affair, thanking Dr. Kern for his advice.

Davos Platz, when Helen and I reached it on 25 January, was a mass of snow. Snow is a natural phenomenon which, from an æsthetic point of view, I can enjoy as well as other people ; but I have not much relish for it as a daily environment, and Helen had still less. Davos Platz in winter is a place where one ought to do skating, tobogganing, and the like. If one engages *con amore* in these exercises, one lives there in a frigid paradise ; if not, one lacks the paradise, and has the frigidity. Helen shared my inaptitude for anything of the sort. We did a large amount of sledging however, and with keen enjoyment.

Helen's health derived some benefit from her sojourn at Davos Platz, followed by Pallanza and the brief sea voyage from Genoa homewards. Still she was not well ; and in the autumn the doctor whom she consulted, Dr. Allport (a son of the Mrs. Allport mentioned on p. 432), strongly urged that she should take a long voyage, terminating in Australia. Helen and I pleaded for Japan as a substitute ; but the doctor was firm, so to Australia we went. On 24 December 1896 we entered the steamer *Nineveh*, of the Aberdeen line, Captain Allan, a bluff and genial Hercules. In our route we made a short stoppage at Teneriffe, and again at Cape Town. After that there was no more land for us until we reached Melbourne on 5 February 1897. We both took a vivid delight in this sea voyage, which involved two rather exceptional experiences. Pursuing a somewhat more southerly course than usual in the Pacific, we encountered numerous icebergs—an incident

which, as the captain assured us, had never before befallen him in forty-two voyages which he had made in those latitudes. In one day of foggy weather we sighted fifty-three icebergs, and, but for skilful seamanship, we ran a very considerable chance of scrunching into one of them, of colossal bulk. Helen however flinched not at all. Then, just before reaching Melbourne, the ship's doctor (a young man who stood nearly six foot five) announced to us that various cases of illness which had been talked of among us for days past really meant small-pox. The captain was grievously ill, and two or three of the officers, and others of the stewards and crew: a pantryman, it was given out, had been under the infection ever since we left London. Of the passengers, none, with one dubious exception, caught the disease. So, as we approached Melbourne, we had to fly the yellow flag. A well-known doctor, Tweeddale, came out to examine us: his examination appeared to me cursory in the last degree, but the declared result was a satisfaction to our minds—no infection needed to be feared, and a clean bill of health was accorded.

But this roseate view of the case did not last long. On the second night after we had entered Melbourne Harbour a different doctor, getting scent of the facts, came on board and pronounced small-pox to be raging. A great flurry ensued in Melbourne, and for some days the newspapers echoed with "Small-pox on board the *Nineveh*—Severe Precautions," etc., etc. And indeed the precautions were severe. All on board were re-vaccinated and quarantined, including policemen and visitors who had set a casual foot on the vessel; a few passengers who had already left were recalled—one

couple from remote Gipsland. The next stage was to separate us into such persons as had to be quarantined at Melbourne, and such as might be permitted to proceed to Sydney, there to be quarantined. My daughter and I were of the latter. We went on to the Heads in Sydney Harbour, and were drafted into the quarantine-station. Luckily this is a spacious and agreeable bungalow building, commanding noble views of the harbour, one of the grand sights of the world. Those persons upon whom the vaccination worked well were released at the end of ten days ; those in contrary case had to remain the full term of twenty-one days. Helen was among these, and I of course remained with her. We had free victualling from the *Nineveh*, and the services of her stewards, and all went well, in weather of an intenser settled heat than I had ever known before.

I will finish up with the small-pox by saying that Captain Allan finally recovered, to the great satisfaction of all the passengers who heard the news. Two of the officers died, and I think more than one of the crew ; others were miserably disfigured. Dr. Tweeddale, who had made the blunder of passing us as free from infection, died suddenly in a street in Melbourne on 26 March. No doubt the poor elderly gentleman must have been brow-beaten and badgered to a sad extent in the interval by the press and his fellow-citizens. When Captain Allan became incapacitated by the illness, the first officer was promoted, and became Captain Schleman, whom I bear in agreeable recollection.

Mrs. Allport had two sons settled in Sydney, Robert and Roland, with their wives and families ; she herself was then in Sydney, alternating her sojourn between the

two. Prior to leaving London, we had received a hospitable invitation from Mr. Roland Allport to stay at his house, on the outskirts of North Sydney. Thither we proceeded after our release from quarantine; we were made exceedingly welcome by our pleasant host and hostess, seconded by Mrs. Allport herself, and we passed an enjoyable time in the capital of New South Wales. Our stay only lasted from 6 to 20 March; but for the quarantining, it would have been doubled. In this the early autumnal season of Australia we found the climate variable; some days being extremely hot—a solid moveless heat new to my experience, and mostly pleasing to me, for whom heat is seldom in excess—whereas on one or two evenings a fire proved agreeable. There was a “buster” with dust-whirl now and again; of rain I recollect very little. We wanted a wombat to take home; but found that at Sydney such a beast is counted almost as extraneous as in London. He figures in Zoological Gardens, but not in the walk of life of a Sydneyite.

After passing a day in Ceylon (Colombo), we two, through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal, bore on to Naples, reaching that city on 29 April. One of my attacks of gout had begun in November 1896, some weeks before I started from London; it stuck to me on and off throughout the voyages, and was not fully surmounted until September 1897. On reaching Naples I found myself so far discomfited that I resolved to get back to London with all convenient speed. I accompanied Helen to Genoa after a few days in Naples; and in Genoa I left her with her elder sister Olivia, whom I had invited over from home. I then returned to London; they proceeded to Florence, and after a while rejoined me. In both our voyages Helen and I had some amount

of rough weather, but nothing to be called a tempest; fortunately for us, we were both entirely free from sea-sickness—not even a qualm assailed me.

Olivia, in leaving London for Genoa through Turin, had a queer adventure, consequent upon her connexions with anarchists and exiles. She was timed to reach Turin on the day when an exhibition was to be opened by King Humbert. As she was taking her place in the train in London, a man, whom she hardly knew even by sight,¹ accosted her, and claimed some acquaintance, and was obstinately bent upon entering the same carriage. He was a police spy, of one or other grade of unattractiveness. Olivia repelled his advances, spoke to a railway official, and got him sent about his business. He then, it would seem, telegraphed to the police in Turin that a suspicious character was about to make her appearance there, and might be dangerous to the Royal Majesty of Italy. On reaching Turin, Olivia was detained and marched off to a police-station, and her luggage rigorously overhauled. It contained neither dynamite, revolver, nor stiletto, and, after some questioning and the consequent losing of her train, she was allowed to proceed to Genoa. Here, as I myself witnessed unmistakably, she was shadowed by the police; if we started in a cab to see the sights, a detective started in her wake in another cab. The matter excited some notice in Italian newspapers (which were good enough to compliment the personal appearance of my daughter, “the grandchild of the illustrious poet-patriot and refugee Gabriele Rossetti”), and, if I remember right, in some English newspapers as well. An Italian Member of Parliament,

¹ This person figures under the name of “Limpet” in the *Girl among the Anarchists*.

Riccardo Selvatico whom I had known in Venice in 1895, wrote to me asking for details on which he could found a question to the Minister : Olivia then noted down the particulars, but I doubt whether anything further was done. The police-agent in London, as I understood, was considered to have exceeded his duty, and was reduced to a lower post. As the wife of an Italian domiciled in Italy, Olivia is now an Italian subject. She has not, since her wedding, been ever molested by the police, nor visibly subjected to any kind of surveillance.

On the return voyage from Australia a singular personage came on board—at Adelaide ; Mr. Carr-Boyd, an explorer who had travelled much in the interior of Australia—partly, I gathered, on his own account, and partly commissioned by public bodies in quest of fresh gold-fields. He averred that he had twice traversed the so-called Central Australian desert, and that no such thing really exists. It is all fine, promising land ; it is not waterless, but some devices have to be resorted to at times for procuring the water. Mr. Carr-Boyd was (or is) a tall, straight, athletic, black-browed man, then, I presume, approaching fifty years of age ; of stern, rather hard and menacing aspect, but, in my experience, not at all wanting in good-nature. He seemed full of robust self-confidence, and fellow-passengers considered him rather addicted to “drawing the long bow.” From this view I did not dissent ; yet it appears to me that characters of this type come nearer to crediting what they themselves say than outsiders are ready to suppose.

There are several other persons whom I recall, whether in the Davos Platz or in the Australian expedition ; but what I have here said may, in the reader's eyes, be enough, or more than enough.

XXVIII

LITERARY AND LECTURING WORK 1874 TO 1893

IN my 23rd and 24th Sections I have been led to say certain things which according to the order of date would more properly belong to the years I have now to deal with. Some other details remain to be mentioned.

The literary review named *The Academy* was founded in 1869 by Dr. Charles Appleton, an Oxford man, who invited me to write there some critiques of books. I did so to a small extent ; noticing among other things the *Songs of the Sierras* by the Californian poet Joaquin Miller—a book in which I found a great deal calling for unstinted admiration. Towards the beginning of 1874 Dr. Appleton asked me to undertake the ordinary art-criticism of exhibitions etc.—not including the exhibitions of old masters. I assented, and did a rather large amount of work in this way. All my longer articles were signed, a plan which I vastly preferred to the anonymous system. By 1874 several years had elapsed since I had been the regular art-critic of any journal ; even my pamphlet-review of the Royal Academy, written in co-operation with Mr. Swinburne, was six years old. In early youth I had done that sort of work with considerable zest ; partly because it enabled me to strike a

stroke or two for the "Præraphaelite" painters in the days when they were ringed round with foes, and to carry the battle into the enemy's camp. But in 1874, when I was forty-four years of age, I was by no means enamoured of such occupation ; it was stale to me, and to a great extent monotonous, and moreover it often diverted me at inconvenient moments from my regular work at Somerset House. I had to run out to an exhibition when I had more than enough employ at my office-desk. In the confidence of private intercourse I once and again said as much to Dr. Appleton ; always giving him to understand however that, as I was now a family-man, and not justified in throwing up any source of regular income, I was fully minded to continue my function as art-critic. My critiques were I suppose at least as good as they had been in my earlier days, and therefore well up to the standard of performance upon which the editor had based his request that I should fill this post. Thus I was rather taken aback when, one evening in 1878, I received from Dr. Appleton, without any even remote forewarning, a letter saying that he had relieved me of my work, and transferred it to Mr. Comyns Carr—a gentleman with whom I had some, but only a casual, acquaintance. The editor professed in his letter to be doing this in order to meet my own wish. I replied saying that he had wholly misapprehended my wish, whether as privily entertained by myself, or as more than once expressed to him by word of mouth. This rectification was sure to be of no avail. Dr. Appleton had resolved, whatever the reason (of which I never heard anything further), to be quit of me. He invited me to write literary reviews as occasion should serve ; but I, who considered myself the reverse of well

treated, did not close with this proffer, and my connexion with *The Academy* was finally at an end. It is quite possible that Mr. Comyns Carr is a better critic, or a better writer, than myself; one may safely assume that the editor thought so. Mr. Carr wrote to me in very civil terms to say that, but for having been informed by Dr. Appleton that I wished to resign, he would not have consented to become the art-critic; I naturally replied that, whether or not, his own action appeared to me perfectly unexceptionable, whatever I might think of the editor's.

Not very long after this transaction, Dr. Appleton, who had sought the clime of Egypt as a palliative against pulmonary disease, died in that country still comparatively young. He was a bright-eyed, fresh-complexioned man, of polite address corresponding to his standing as "University man," and by me and mine very well liked. Francis Hueffer had at one time acted as sub-editor of *The Academy*.

Ousted from this periodical, and wishing to repair the gap in my annual receipts, I bethought me of *The Athenæum*, then under the editorship of Mr. Norman MacColl. As I have before mentioned, this review had contained a very hostile critique of my edition of Shelley's poems in 1870; but, not long after that time, I had been informed (I think by Miss Blind) that Mr. MacColl, with whom I had some slight personal acquaintance about the same date, would be inclined to receive some contribution from me, and thus bring any antagonism to a close. I did not take advantage of the suggestion, not having then anything that I wanted to offer. But after leaving *The Academy* I addressed Mr. MacColl, having first consulted with Mr. Watts-Dunton,

who favoured my proposal. Mr. MacColl very readily acquiesced. I saw him with moderate frequency after this period, and he was always amicable, and particularly courteous to my wife. I did not however obtain, nor yet solicit, any regular appointment on the staff of *The Athenæum*: a few books were sent to me from time to time—more particularly such as related to Dante or to Shelley. With fine art I had nothing to do. The number of books tended in the course of years to diminish rather than increase, and it may be that none reached me after 1895. By that date, having other literary avocations and more command of ready money, I was quite content to relinquish any such book-reviewing, and I never inquired why the supply had come to an end. At the opening of 1901 Mr. MacColl retired from *The Athenæum*: the art critic, my old friend Mr. Frederic G. Stephens, also retired.

I will here confess one of my sins. In 1878 the editor sent me for review two books which were republications got up by Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd. One was some early poems by Longfellow, and the other was the *Studies of Sensation and Event* by Ebenezer Jones—a book of poems which my brother and I had read long ago, towards 1847, with keen though qualified liking. It happened that in a previous instance Mr. Shepherd had brought out some early poems by Mrs. Browning. This was a literary misdeed; as the only person properly qualified to decide whether these juvenile performances should be revived or not, Mr. Browning, was wholly adverse to the project. *The Athenæum* commented severely upon Mr. Shepherd's performance in Mrs. Browning's case: I know who the writer was, but possibly I ought not to say. When the Longfellow and Jones volumes reached me I

did not think that Mr. Shepherd had done any harm in resuscitating those writings—indeed the contrary so far as Jones was concerned ; but, as I considered Mr. Shepherd to be a man rather too free in his wonted line of operations, and as I was aware that he had already fallen under the lash of *The Athenæum*, I thought it permissible to open my review, which was on the whole commendatory, with some general remarks about “literary vampires” or what not. I regarded these preliminaries as “chaff” of an essentially harmless though in intention pungent kind : it never occurred to me that they could be, or be construed as being, libellous. But herein I was wrong, and I ought to have known better, and written with more reserve. Mr. Shepherd resented the remarks, and raised against the publisher of *The Athenæum* an action for libel, grounded upon the old article concerning Mrs. Browning, and upon my new one. The case came into court in June 1879, and the jury awarded the plaintiff the not inconsiderable damages of £150 (treatment very different, I may observe, from that which Mr. Whistler had experienced about a year before). My name, I heard, did not transpire at all at any stage of the proceedings. I offered to bear what I thought my suitable share, one third, of the damages, but the proprietor of the review, Sir Charles Dilke, did not care to accept my tender, and he, I presume, paid the whole of the damages and costs. Since that date I have not been much in the way of writing or publishing tart things about any one, and I should feel that the temptation is one to be steadily resisted.

In 1876 I was invited to write notices of painters in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: it was Dr. Garnett who recommended the editor, then Mr. Spenser Baynes,

to apply to me. I wrote a great number of notices, mostly but not exclusively of Italian masters—Correggio, Perugino, Titian, Tintoret, etc. Sometimes I took up an article printed in an earlier edition of the *Encyclopædia*, and altered it according to more recent information and to my own views—e.g. Canova, Haydon, and Murillo. Canaletto and Canova were the first two articles falling to me. The only notice of mine unconnected with an artist is that upon Shelley. This work went on at intervals for several years. I also wrote, on request, the account of Ford Madox Brown in the supplement to the *Encyclopædia*. If all these articles of mine were to be put together, they would make a substantial booklet or book, not deep in scholarship, yet not perhaps greatly behind-hand in the information they supply according to the dates when they were produced. In 1905 I had to revise them for a forthcoming re-edition of the *Encyclopædia*. The series would however be markedly incomplete, as a good number of notices of Italian (not to mention other) painters were written by different contributors—for instance, those on Michelangelo and Raphael. My function was rather that of the “utility man” than of the desiderated expert bespeaking his own subjects.

At the beginning of 1881 I again took to writing in verse: I had done next to nothing of the sort (setting aside my Dante translation) since the remote year 1849. There was however a sonnet, *Shelley's Heart*, written towards 1870, and published in *The Dark Blue*. It was my brother who urged me to resume. He held the opinion that I had a definite degree of poetic endowment which, though allowed to lie dormant so long, might properly be utilized and brought into the light of

day at a period when so many men of fair literary faculty elected to figure as poets no less than as prose writers. I retained and expressed a certain reluctance (which had always been potent with me) to come forward as a moderately good poet when I had a brother and sister who were positively good poets, and recognized as such. However, we discussed the matter a little, and he thought that my best course would be to write a series of sonnets upon topics in which I felt some strong interest, not merely private or personal. The project finally shaped itself into a series to be called *Democratic Sonnets*, relating to public events or personages, all of my own time. I contemplated a hundred as a proper number; fewer than this would not make a batch producible as a small volume. I wrote the first, on Garibaldi, when I was absent from London, in January 1881, to deliver some lectures. I then for a while proceeded rapidly, scarcely a day passing when I did not draft a sonnet—occasionally more than one. I found that my facility in this first drafting work was fully adequate, or even ample—reviving the memory of olden times when *bouts rimés* sonnets were rattled off by Dante Gabriel and myself. There was of course the after-task of revising and regulating. I had written a fair number of these sonnets when my brother, in the month of April, thought I was expressing strong and subversive opinions with dangerous freedom: some details on the subject are to be found in the volume of his *Family Letters*. This however did not deter me from going on with the sonnets, with which I persevered for some months further—perhaps up to the autumn of the same year. I had by that time composed seventy-two. The impulse with which I had begun slackened

in time, and finally died out : I left the series uncompleted. I had six printed for my private convenience, and a very few have been published in anthologies. I will take it upon me to express my opinion of these sonnets. Some of them, which I wrote with real interest for the subject, and an inclination to have my say about it, show a sufficient measure of force and ardour, both in thought and in diction—somewhat less in poetic accomplishment. Several others, which I produced merely as being germane in theme to the series, are the reverse of good. This therefore was my essential reason for leaving off. The series, as a series, required the including of various events or personages that were not the right material for poetry by any one, or surely not by me ; and so, as I could not do anything to satisfy myself in this phase of the undertaking, I preferred to drop it as a whole. There was the alternative of cutting out all the sonnets that I account bad, whether in subject or in treatment, and offering the residue for publication in one form or another. From this I am not averse, and it may yet be accomplished.

During the lifetime of my brother I wrote scarcely anything about him. If he had been an exhibiting artist, I should of necessity, in my position of art-critic for many years on and off, have been bound to deal with his pictures no less than with those of other exhibitors. But, as he withdrew from the picture-shows towards 1852, I had very little opportunity for writing concerning him. A few observations could be ferreted out from my critiques of the opening years ; there was also a notice of his *Early Italian Poets*, which, at the direct request of Mr. John E. Taylor, the editor of *The Parthenon* (a recast form of *The Literary Gazette*), I penned for that

paper. My being precluded by circumstances from criticizing my brother's art-work was not altogether contrary to my liking. While I should on the one hand have been pleased to say in its behalf anything that I might consider just and true, I could not on the other hand have been free from a sense that criticism from a brother, and especially commendation, and that mostly anonymous, was not what the public had a right to expect. After Dante Gabriel's death in April 1882 my position in relation to this matter naturally underwent a change. It became practically inevitable that I should undertake to write, either spontaneously or by request, various things concerning him ; I have, however, from first to last abstained from entering upon any general estimate of his claims whether as painter or as poet, and have even been very chary of indicating my opinion regarding individual works. What I have written has been chiefly in the way of statements of fact ; sometimes strictly biographical, at other times relating to his pictures and poems, but not debating their merits or demerits. In my preface I have specified four writings of mine as to my brother, between the years 1884 and 1889 ; there was also the catalogue (which I compiled) of his remaining works, sold off my Messrs. Christie in 1883. As to other writings of later date I shall have to speak further on.

A few words as to the four writings here referred to. No. 1, the notes in *The Art Journal* as to some of his works, was done for the purpose of supplying a few particulars and explanations, after the exhibitions of Rossetti's paintings and designs—in the Royal Academy, the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and elsewhere—had produced their crop of comments and surmises. No. 2,

the *Collected Works* in prose and verse, 1886, required a good deal of consideration, both as to the compiling of the contents from various sources, published and unpublished, and as to the prefacing and annotating of them—matters in which I aimed to be brief and condensed rather than discursive. There ought at some future day to be a new issue of the *Collected Works*, including various compositions, most of which have appeared in some scattered forms since 1886. Meanwhile an edition comprising most of the original *Collected Poems* and illustrated by Rossetti's own designs, was published at the end of 1904 ; I attended to it, annotating and elucidating more freely. Several of Rossetti's writings are now near to running out of copyright : some of those for which copyright is already expired have been reprinted by one or other publisher, without my being able or desirous to exercise any control. No. 3, articles on the *Portraits of Dante Rossetti*, remains as yet, I apprehend, the only treatment of that subject. There are a few persons alive—Holman Hunt, Stephens, Swinburne, George Meredith, Lady Burne-Jones, Shields, Gosse, Watts-Dunton, Fairfax Murray, Hall Caine—who would be well qualified to deal with it within certain limits of date : none except myself knows what Dante Rossetti was like from early childhood till the day of his death. No. 4, the volume named *Dante Gabriel Rossetti as Designer and Writer*, 1889, has for several years past been out of print. It was based entirely upon the data which I found in letters written by my brother and remaining in my own hands, upon those which he had addressed to Madox Brown and to George Rae, and upon letters addressed to himself which after his death came to me ; these data I supplemented

to a slight extent by my own recollections, but without travelling much beyond the details as recorded in those same letters. The book, therefore—though it may contain a few inaccuracies here and there—is highly authentic so far as it goes, showing the commencement and progress of a large proportion of Rossetti's works as painter and author, with numerous details as to purchasers, purchase money, etc. If any one tells me that the book has no æsthetic depth, and does not make very entertaining reading, I shall cordially agree with him ; holding none the less that the contents are such as deserve to be borne in mind by persons seriously interested in Rossetti's career, and are serviceable to any person minded to write about it. I added to the volume a literal prose-version or amplification of the sonnet-sequence *The House of Life*, for the benefit of those (and I have known more than one, especially Madox Brown) who opined that the sonnets themselves are not easy to be understood. That is an opinion in which I myself do not distinctly agree : I find that most of the sonnets are plain enough, and that others, not equally perspicuous, are accessible to a sympathetic mind, are not hazier than other literature of a like order, and are in no grave need of a commentator. Still, as some people *will* have it that the series is obscure, I thought it a good turn to them and to the author to make them less obscure, however prosaic the process of doing so. My brother himself, as I am well aware, had not the least wish to be obscure. To himself, his thoughts, whether in these sonnets or in his other poems, were always clear and compacted ; and he took a large amount of pains to keep the diction free from huddle or ambiguity. His conceptions may have been sometimes subtle and

rarefied—if ever they became nebulous, that was quite against his will ; in style he aimed at elevation, not at inflation.

In 1886 I was asked to write a biography of Keats, to form one of the moderate-sized volumes in the series termed *Great Writers*. I very willingly consented. The request was made by the then editor of the series, Mr. Eric Robertson ; but he soon afterwards obtained a Professorship in India, and the editor with whom I was practically concerned was his successor, Sir Frank T. Marzials—a very courteous and agreeable gentleman, who knew when and how to make a suggestion, and when to leave the decision to his contributor. I read all that I could discover about Keats, and of course reperused the whole body of his works with diligent application. It was the second time that I had had something to do with this fascinating poet. The first time was in the series *Moxon's Popular Poets*, followed by the *Lives of Famous Poets* ; later on there was a third instance, when I produced the annotated edition of Shelley's *Adonais*. My biography came out in the autumn of 1887 ; almost simultaneously with a biography by Mr. Sidney Colvin, in a different series—but I had not had any idea, until my book was written, that he was engaged upon the same theme. I am a hearty admirer of Keats, and I expressed my admiration heartily, but certainly not in a tone of unmingled or cloying panegyric ; a treatment which could be applied to no poet with less appropriateness than to Keats. Some critics, and I suppose many readers, seemed to think that I had dealt with the subject in a grudging spirit ; which had not been my intention, nor do I see that such a conclusion is warranted by the book itself.

What is the true and rightful principle in biography? A very serious question, which is answered diversely by two different classes of minds, alike sincere. In the case of a poet justly honoured and loved, such as Keats, the question may be held to apply to the estimation of the writings as well as to that of the life itself. One answer to the question is this. The chief object to be kept in view is sympathy. Defects and misdoings should not be absolutely ignored, but they should be minimized; let us turn a blind eye to them as far as manageable. The portrait presented should be a consciously favourable one. Nothing should be done to derogate from the ideal type of the original, such as it exists in the thought of his votaries. The other answer to the question is this. The chief object to be kept in view is truth. Defects and misdoings should not be minimized, but stated frankly and accurately, without the least animus, and in a spirit leaning towards indulgence. The portrait presented should be favourable so far as candour will allow. The ideal type should not be defaced, but it should assert itself athwart the haze of those blemishes from which no man is exempt; these, considerably regarded, will define rather than mar the ideal type, for after all the ideal type is simply an abstract from the man's actual performances, his doings in literature and in life. This second answer is the one in which I decisively acquiesce. To my thinking, it allows everything which can be properly conceded to that impulse of homage which befits every biographer of a highly gifted man. It provides for outspokenness, and excludes hostility. By hostility I mean such an attitude of mind as appears in Mr. Jeaffreson's book *The Real Shelley*. Mr. Jeaffreson evidently thought that Shelley, though a

great poet, was as a man much more bad than good. Entertaining that opinion, he counted himself justified in writing a book to illustrate and enforce it. I on the contrary consider that, even if Shelley had been a bad man (which I am far indeed from thinking), a book ought not to be written for the express purpose of developing that opinion. We should be grateful to him for his glorious poetry, and keenly alive to his personal merits, though straightforward in admitting proved aberrations of character or of action. Disliking and condemning Shelley, Mr. Jeaffreson became at once the wrong sort of person to write his life. Browning, in treating of "the subjective poet" with Shelley as his chief type of the class, has well expressed the right relation of reader or biographer to writer: "In our approach to the poetry, we necessarily approach the personality of the poet; in apprehending it we apprehend him, and certainly we cannot love it without loving him." If I, in the various instances where I have undertaken the office of biographer, have succeeded in acting up to the principle which is here advocated by me, I am well contented to abide the result.

There is only one other publication of mine which I need mention as proper to these years. It is a very small affair; but I took pleasure in writing it, as bearing on Browning's noble (though sometimes desultory) poem of *Sordello*, so fascinating to the days of my youth. Its title is—*Taurello Salinguerra, Muratori, and Browning*: and it was written, perhaps towards 1887, for the Browning Society, of which I was not at any time a member. Salinguerra is, scarce less than *Sordello* himself, a leading personage in Browning's poem; but, irrespective of that work, I presume that hardly any one in England

has the least idea of how he acted on the stage of the world, and how he figures in historical record. I had lately been reading Muratori's *Annali d'Italia*. Here I found some (not very numerous) statements affecting Salinguerra; and I thought that it might be well for the readers of Browning to know what these statements amount to, and how far they confirm or confute the poet's version of the facts. I pointed out various discrepancies—not however invalidating the figure so puissantly limned by Browning.

So much for what I wrote in this interval of time; and next as to what I did in the way of lecturing.

I first accepted for the spring of 1875 an invitation to lecture. I had been more than once asked to do so in earlier years; but had always declined, chiefly because I felt quite uncertain whether I possessed two of the most requisite qualifications—voice and self-confidence. In 1874 a request came to me from the Midland Institute in Birmingham: I decided to accept, and see whether I could do the thing or not. I selected as my subject *The Life and Writings of Shelley*—the theme with which, of all others, I was well acquainted at that date. I composed two lectures; and was, with my wife, very hospitably received at Birmingham by one of the directors of the Institute, Mr. Charles E. Matthews, and his wife. Mr. Matthews was a barrister and a great Alpine climber, author of one of the leading books on this topic. The evening came for my first lecture; and, although I had somewhat distrusted myself up to the last moment, I found that, as soon as I stood up before an audience and opened my mouth, I was wholly free from nervousness, and able to do justice to any faculty which I possessed as a speaker. The lectures were

afterwards published in *The University Magazine* (the same which had heretofore been named *The Dublin University Magazine*), then edited by a valued acquaintance of mine, Mr. Keningale Cook. This experiment as to lecturing was decisive ; and in the sequel I felt no hesitation in accepting other invitations, if only an agreement could be effected as to a subject within my competence. Once or twice proposals failed, as this concurrence of opinion was lacking. I gave the Shelley lectures in Newcastle-on-Tyne and elsewhere ; and afterwards wrote another brace of lectures, *The Wives of Poets*, which I delivered in Newcastle and Glasgow. This I thought an interesting subject for investigation ; the main purpose being to see whether poets, of any period and any nation, had been happy or unhappy with their wives, and what mould of character in the wives had seemed to fit in best with the poetic temperament in the husbands. This second brace of lectures was published in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Of some lectures which I delivered to the Shelley Society, on topics connected with Shelley but not including the two lectures written for Birmingham, I have said something in my twenty-third section. Almost the last of my lectures was upon Leopardi at the Taylor Institution in Oxford in 1891. The invitation to lecture there, on some subject at my choice bearing upon Italian literature, came to me from the Rev. Dr. (now Canon) Edward Moore, Principal of St. Edmund Hall, one of the curators of the institution.

My acquaintance with Canon Moore dates back to the year 1882, when he honoured me by suggesting that I should act along with him and Professor Max Müller as an examiner in Italian for a competition at

the Taylor Institution. The Canon is generally known to be one of our profoundest scholars in Dante and Dantesque literature, and his labours have entitled him to the gratitude of all Dante students, great and small. From Canon and Mrs. Moore I received abundant civilities; in fact if I had to name, among the gentlemen I have known, the one most distinguished by manly courtesy, I might have to designate the Rev. Canon Moore. The competitors on that occasion were extremely few; they were possibly still fewer in two later instances when I was again joined in an examination—once with Professor York Powell, and then for a second time with Canon Moore. There was also an examination, not entailing absence from my home, of female students of Italian, in connexion with the Oxford University Extension Movement. In Professor York Powell I found a scholar of universal accomplishment, and one who took a lively interest in most of the subjects attractive to myself, including Walt Whitman. I saw him in one or two other instances, and only regretted that these were not more numerous.

The writings of Leopardi had not been at all familiar to me in youth: my father, I assume, valued them as high-class literary work, but he seldom referred to them in speech, and I never saw them among his belongings. Perhaps he thought that Leopardi, though an Italian patriot, was a patriot of the class whose writings tend towards abating rather than prompting energetic practical action. Somewhere towards 1874 I began reading Leopardi, and I at once regarded him as the most important and consummate poet of Italy in the nineteenth century. His pessimism did not repel me, though neither did I subscribe to it as a creed for

myself. Thus, when Canon Moore asked me to choose a subject for an Oxford lecture, I named Leopardi, and this was at once agreed upon. I delivered my lecture to a distinguished company of Oxford men, by whom it was received with apparent favour. Leopardi, besides being an extreme pessimist, was an atheist and materialist, and I did not scruple to say so in as many words to my clerical and university auditors. I find, however, that in the printed version of my discourse (of which, as it happens, I never saw a proof) that phrase has disappeared, though the general and pronounced heterodoxy of the poet is still fully apparent. The lecture stands printed in a volume issued from the Clarendon Press in 1900—*Studies in European Literature, being the Taylorian Lectures 1889-1899*. My fellow-lecturers form an eminent company—Professor Dowden, Pater, T. W. Rolleston, Mallarmé, A. Morel-Fatio, H. R. F. Brown, Paul Bourget, Professor Herford, H. Butler Clarke, and Professor Ker.

This must have been my last performance as a lecturer; except that I followed up my discourse upon Leopardi for Oxford by another (previously named) on Leopardi's poetry as related to Shelley's, for the Shelley Society.

Speaking in general terms, the audiences for my lectures have always been more or less sympathetic: I never had the mortification of finding them strictly glum or manifestly bored. Yet I have not encountered anywhere in England an amount of rapid and keen responsiveness equal to that which greeted me in Scotland—at Glasgow. This is, I apprehend, a very general experience. A Scottish audience has more appetite than an English one for the things of the

intellect, and more of warm impulse in demonstrating its feelings. In Glasgow my hosts were Professor and Mrs. John Nichol, both of them exceedingly friendly and agreeable. The Professor has left some dramatic poetry entitled to high respect, and as a biographer on a condensed scale I barely know his equal—witness his accounts of Burns and of Byron.

XXIX

FAMILY INTIMATES IN OUR MARRIED LIFE

AN ample number of persons, whom I have as yet mentioned little or not at all, were known to me during the twenty years of my married life, April 1874 to April 1894 ; some of them, but comparatively few, had been of my own acquaintance at an earlier date. I will first say something of those with whom my wife came into frequent and familiar contact—those whom we could chiefly class as “family friends.” In using this phrase I do not, of course, exclude some other family friends whose intimacy in our household came either from the Brown connexion or from the Rossetti connexion, and who have been already referred to.

It was in 1876 that we first met Mr. George T. Robinson and his daughter Mary (now Madame Duclaux) in a company got together (if I remember right) to meet Professor David Masson, my old friend, in one of his visits to London from Edinburgh University. Mr. Robinson was an architect, in close relation with the large business firm of Trollope & Co. He was besides an art-critic, and author of an interesting book which I had read aforetime, *The Betrayal of Metz*, made up from newspaper correspondence which he had conducted in 1870 ; in personal intercourse, an agreeable, sensible, and lively-witted man. *The Betrayal of Metz*

was I believe the first publication—at any rate in England—which openly and explicitly charged Marshal Bazaine as traitorous. Mr. Robinson was one of those men who believe themselves to have seen “the great sea-serpent.” He once gave me the details of this experience, and I thought them not lightly to be set aside ; I regret that they no longer dwell in my memory. Miss Robinson, then still in her teens, was as bright as could be, and highly sympathetic in matters of art and literature interesting to myself. This was before the publication (1878) of her first volume of poems, *A Handful of Honeysuckle*, which left no doubt of her exceptional gifts. Soon afterwards we knew also Mrs. and Miss Mabel Robinson, and from the whole family we received constant marks of the warmest kindness and regard. It was at our house that Miss Robinson first met her future husband M. James Darmesteter, the great oriental scholar : he had come over from Paris, to attend the Shelley concert of which I previously made mention. In the summer of 1888 she was busy in London in preparations for her wedding ; and yet, with a womanly glow of feeling which I shall not forget, she went down for some weeks to Worthing, to give companionship and solace to my wife, then suffering much from a carbuncle after seeing our eldest daughter through her very dangerous illness. But this is only one instance out of many in which this distinguished lady’s friendship for all of us has been conspicuous. I had the pleasure of dedicating to her one of my publications, *Ruskin, Rossetti, Præraphælitism*. M. Darmesteter, of Hebrew-French nationality, had a singularly piercing intellect and great refinement of feeling in a weakly bodily frame ; he first became known to us as having published some-

thing in generous appreciation of Oliver Madox Brown. He died in October 1894, midway between my own losses in the death of my wife and of my sister Christina. Mr. Robinson succumbed to a very sudden attack of illness in 1897.

Miss Mabel Robinson, besides some good work as a novelist, produced several years ago a brief *History of Ireland*, which brought her much into contact with members of the advanced Irish party. She sympathized vigorously with them, as also did I. At the hospitable Robinson house I have met on various occasions Mr. John Dillon and Messrs. Timothy and Maurice Healy. My belief is that, if there is one man in public life more distinguished than others by chivalry of feeling and high motive, that man is Mr. Dillon. Mr. Timothy Healy, the inimitable "Tim" of the present day, was always, within my observation, self-possessed and undemonstrative in a marked degree, and as full of reason as of matter in his remarks upon political affairs. He seems to be regarded as "impracticable"—a very convenient word to be used by people who dislike a particular line of procedure; and yet, if I may trust my own impressions, he might have been capable of leading the Irish Nationalists (*sua si bona nōrint*) to success after the enforced retirement of the potent Parnell.

The Robinsons saw a great deal of company, including several persons of eminence. I have met in their house Mrs. J. R. Green, the widow of the historian, and herself historian of Henry II; Mr. George Moore the novelist, who has also been welcomed to our own house; Mr. Sargent the pre-eminent portrait painter (I was glad to find him a hearty admirer of my brother's work); Miss Violet Paget, who writes under the name of Vernon

Lee, and whom I have pretty often re-encountered, both in London and in Florence. In Paris in 1889, in the house of M. and Madame Darmesteter, I had the great satisfaction of seeing four famous Frenchmen—Taine, Sully-Prudhomme, Paul Bourget, and Gaston Paris with his wife. It would be in vain to attempt to give any particulars about so many celebrities, some of whom I met only once; I felt not slightly impressed by the suavity and charm of manner of that profound scholar M. Gaston Paris, snatched from us by death all too soon in 1903. Is there any one more attractive than a thoroughly cultivated and high-minded Frenchman?

There is perhaps no man living for whom I entertain a warmer regard than for Mr. Justin McCarthy, who became the leader of the Irish party in Parliament in succession to Parnell. I met him often in the Robinson house, but had known him before then, and he had known Ford and Oliver Madox Brown (both of whom he liked and admired with exceptional heartiness) prior to my making his acquaintance. Of Mr. McCarthy's multifarious and brilliant work in literature and journalism, in romance and history, I need not speak. In personal intercourse no one could exceed him in simple courtesy of address, in readiness to oblige, in manifest but never-obtruded superiority of character, faculty, and attainment. Fine intellect, ardent patriot, accomplished gentleman, Justin McCarthy is an honour to his party and his nation. I was acquainted also with Mrs. McCarthy (who died towards 1880), the sweet-natured Miss Charlotte McCarthy, and Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy—who was, however, much less well known to me than his father. In this house I saw something of Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, then one of the more

prominent Irish members of Parliament. There was also McCarthy's brother-in-law Mr. William Cronin, who has become an authority on the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. This gentleman was slightly known to me in official life, as he was a collector of Inland Revenue at Nottingham, and afterwards in London ; and he showed much polite attention to Madox Brown when occupied, not far from Nottingham, upon his picture of *Byron and Mary Chaworth*.

A family very well acquainted with the Browns for some few years preceding my marriage was that of Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, the Deputy Keeper of the Records, with his wife and daughter. Of Sir Thomas I saw but little—he seemed remarkably kindly and young-hearted, reminding me so far of Dr. Lushington of the Admiralty Court. His decease ensued not long after my marriage. Lady and Miss (Iza) Hardy, both of them novelists, were very warmly attached to my wife. The Jeaffreson family—Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson with his wife and daughter—were extremely intimate with the Hardys, sometimes housed along with them. They were very good friends of ours, and Mr. Jeaffreson was particularly kind in promoting my wife's researches when she was writing her *Memoir of Mary Shelley*. Another lady who was an attached friend of my wife was Mrs. Holman-Hunt ; some long intervals however elapsed when, owing to absence from England or other circumstances, they were prevented from meeting. There was also Miss Mary Carmichael, a professional musician, who had won my wife's heart by setting to music some of the songs of Oliver Brown.

I have made some previous mention of the Greek families whom we knew in London. Foremost among

these was the Spartali family, including the lady who in 1871 became Mrs. Stillman, the elder of two strikingly beautiful daughters, Marie and Christine (practically the same baptismal names as those of my own two sisters). Christine, who appears in Whistler's grand painting *La Princesse du Palais de Porcelaine*, became the Comtesse Edmond de Cahen, and, after much suffering from a strange cataleptical malady, died many years ago. Marie (Mrs. Stillman) had from an early age a great love and aptitude for pictorial art. She studied under Madox Brown along with his son and two daughters, and was the most intimate and the most beloved of all Lucy's female friends, both before and after marriage. I will not here renew my panegyric of this most gracious, gifted, and admirable lady : she neither needs it nor likes it. My daughters and myself continue to enjoy the privilege of her friendship. There was likewise the Laskaridi family, of which one member, Mrs. Petrici, knew my wife extremely well, and often relieved some hour of depression by lively and pointed talk.

Mr. Moncure Conway had been known to me several years before my marriage. I first met him, perhaps in 1863, in the house of Bell Scott. He interested me in various ways : not least as being a Virginian who had espoused the Abolitionist cause, and who had for conscience' sake, on the outbreak of the War of Secession, migrated from the United States to England to diffuse his principles. Mr. Conway and his wife were on pleasant terms with Lucy and the rest of us. Once and again he did me some very acceptable service in connexion with American publishing, and we enjoyed his open-minded and telling conversation, as well as the placid but in no way phlegmatic amiability of Mrs. Conway. The

gifts of Mr. Conway as a public speaker are well recognized : he consented to exercise them at the open graves of Oliver Brown in 1874 and of Madox Brown in 1893.

Shortly after the question was started of commissioning Madox Brown to execute the mural paintings in the townhall of Manchester, he made the acquaintance in that city of Mr. Charles Rowley, who was a member of the corporation, and in business as a frame-maker and print-seller. Soon we were all very intimate with Mr. Rowley and his wife. I saw also his father and mother, a most worthy old couple who had made their way in life from very humble beginnings by steady persistence in well-doing. Mr. Charles Rowley has a quick eye for what is good in art and literature, and a boundless willingness, I may say a genius, for exerting himself for the benefit of others. I have before had occasion to mention his splendid foundation, the Ancoats Brotherhood. To make himself uncomfortable in order to promote the comfort of his fellow-citizens of the working-class appears to be his ideal : and, what is better, he does not *feel* himself to be uncomfortable, but the cheeriest of the cheery—here, there, and everywhere, in the good cause. As a practical philanthropist he is worthy to be, and is, the friend of Kropotkin : he makes no fuss, and pulls no long faces. With men of this order my line in life has seldom brought me in contact. I feel proud whenever it happens to me to grasp Mr. Rowley by the hand, and he gives a vigorous Lancashire grip in return. Another Manchester man whom Madox Brown met rather frequently, and I two or three times, was Edwin Waugh, the poet in Lancashire dialect ; he was vivacious and sociable—I understood indeed somewhat convivial.

It was in 1890 that I received a letter from Mr. William Money Hardinge asking me to look at something which he had written concerning my brother. This was soon afterwards published in *Temple Bar* as *A Note on the Louvre-sonnets of Rossetti*. Mr. Hardinge had seen my brother once or twice through the introduction of Louisa Lady Ashburton. I found his article to be both interesting and discerning, and have since then perused other praiseworthy writings of his. We saw him pretty often, and always with satisfaction. My wife, for whom he exhibited a marked regard, took great pleasure in his conversation, and was readier in confiding to him than to almost any one else any projects or performances of her own in art or in literature. In her will she bequeathed to him for his lifetime (it will afterwards go to our daughter Mary) her leading water-colour picture of *Romeo and Juliet*, which, although purchased by some one at the time of its being exhibited, had at a recent date been bought back by herself. Mr. Hardinge wrote a gratifying little memoir of her, published in 1894 in *The Magazine of Art*. In 1902, when he got together several works by or relating to Dante Rossetti shown at Leighton House, the *Romeo and Juliet* figured among them. It has also been in one of the Guildhall Exhibitions.

Our family-connexion with Mrs. Hueffer and her husband brought to our knowledge a few members of the numerous Hueffer race, all of them foreign residents: I have however seen them but rarely. One brother was Professor Hermann Hueffer, a distinguished historical scholar, now deceased. I had a great liking for Hermann, and regretted to learn after some few years that he had lost his sight.

XXX

OTHER ACQUAINTANCES, 1874 TO 1893

SMALL was the number of artists, not known to me in previous years, of whom I saw something during my married life ; far more considerable the number of literary people. I will speak first of the former class.

In January 1875 Madox Brown had to deliver some lectures in Edinburgh. With his wife and our two selves, a small family-party was made up. Not one of us was personally acquainted with the distinguished painter Sir Joseph Noel Paton, the Queen's Limner in Scotland, who (as it happened) was among the most strenuous and generous admirers of Dante Rossetti's work : but Brown, as a brother artist well known to Paton by reputation, felt warranted in calling upon him, in company with the rest of us. I had from a very youthful age admired the work of Paton up to a certain point, and not beyond that ; finding it thoughtful, well-invented, dignified, skilfully handled, yet not absolutely gifted : on the mental side it tends to genius, but it has not the heart of genius beating against its ribs. Sir Joseph Paton was a tall and very fine-looking man : he received us with a stately courtesy, in which some degree of shyness seemed to be lurking. He expressed himself with much modesty in respect to his own performances, with warm recognition of those of

Madox Brown. He had a handsome well-kept house, comprising a very noticeable collection of armour. I should have wished to see more of this eminent man; but our stay in Edinburgh was short, and no second interview ensued.

Mr. Walter Crane and his wife were fairly well known to us: we enjoyed the many admirable qualities of his art, and sympathized in the bold tone of his social opinions. A big garden with an immense dog added to the attractions of our occasional visits to his house. Of all the artists now living in England, there can barely be one or two who have exercised so widely varied and so beneficial an influence as Mr. Crane on art-development—an influence which has spread, and continues spreading, on the Continent as well.

Mr. Harold Rathbone, a member of a Liverpool family which took a leading part in regulating art-matters in that locality, has for some years past been at the head of the Della Robbia Works at Birkenhead. In early youth, towards 1876, he sought and obtained permission to study painting under Madox Brown. His first picture, *Joan of Arc receiving the Eucharist in a Village Church*, appeared to me quite right in feeling, and otherwise of superior promise; he also later on executed a good full-length portrait, in pastels, of Miss Mathilde Blind. For several years past his energies, though not withdrawn from fine art, have been diverted from the production of pictures. Owing partly to his close connexion with Madox Brown, we saw a good deal of Mr. Rathbone, and appreciated the frank and vivacious tone of his character. He is not addicted to hiding lights under bushels, and not unfrequently starts or assists some object conducive to the advantage of art.

My brother in 1879 took a dislike to Mr. Rathbone's late father (a gentleman whom I met once or twice) owing to a report—I understand, a mis-report—of something which he had said at a lecture concerning Dante Rossetti's poetry. In 1881, after a reasonable explanation, the breach was healed. This statement may throw some light upon a passage or two in Rossetti's *Family Letters*.

At a very early age, perhaps as far back as 1850, I met occasionally a sculptor named S. J. B. Haydon: he was afterwards a solicitor, and finally a print-seller at Parkside, Knightsbridge. I re-encountered him various times in my brother's studio, between 1878 and 1881. Dante Gabriel liked his company, and his detailed acquaintance with British art-work of the preceding half-century. He etched a plate, now in my possession, from Rossetti's design of *Hamlet and Ophelia*: a reproduction less noticeable for delicacy than for resemblance and force. It has as yet remained unpublished.

I now come to the literary personages. My early extreme admiration for the *Festus* of Philip James Bailey had always made me wishful to see the author in the flesh. In 1875 I wrote for *Macmillan's Magazine* an article entitled *William Bell Scott and Modern British Poetry*; being desirous to promote the repute of my old friend, who had recently brought out a collected and condensed edition of his poems in a handsome form. In this article I spoke of *Festus*—a poem as to which I was much less enthusiastic in 1875 than I had been in 1848. I expressed (substantially) the opinion that *Festus*, while it embodies much stately and exalted poetic material, is open likewise to considerable stricture, and has in its later issues been swollen and diluted

with inferior accretions beyond all reason. Hereupon Mr. Bailey wrote me a courteous letter showing that he considered himself to be not quite adequately estimated in my paper. I replied in a conciliatory tone, and in the spirit of an admirer, which I always had been, and still was and am. Soon afterwards the poet favoured me with a call at Somerset House. His appearance was prepossessing in the highest degree : a handsome well-made man, with a fine countenance full of masculine solidity and superiority, and a beautiful crop of grizzled hair. His address was as winning as his person. I never met a man whom I took to more at first sight ; and he seemed satisfied that what I had written had been simply the expression of a sincere opinion, by no means inconsistent with genuine respect and homage to one of the illustrious poems of the century. In 1877 Mr. Bailey with his wife, passed an evening in our house, among other friends : he presented me with a new edition of *Festus*, then just published. I had not the advantage of seeing him again : his ordinary residence at that time was in the Isle of Jersey, and, though he soon afterwards settled in England, it was far away from London.

Since Bailey's death in 1902 I have once more undertaken to read *Festus* through ; being curious to see what amount of foundation there was for the fervency with which my brother and I (amid many other poetic readers) regarded it towards 1848, and what may be its probable ultimate position among British poems. I read the volume which Bailey gave me, and which, I have no doubt, is much less satisfactory, chiefly because much bigger, than the earlier form of the work. It runs on to 688 closely printed pages, or something like 34,000

lines of verse. I find in *Festus* many noble ideas nobly and superbly expressed—even more so than in reminiscence I had supposed ; a plethora of grand images and pictorial phrase ; oracular oratory ; a striking though sometimes abnormal mastery of the resources of verse ; a frame of mind of spacious and sublimated benevolence. In the comparatively few scenes where a tincture of natural sprightliness is admissible, the rudiments of it are not deficient. The scheme of the poem—universal salvation ushered in by the end of “the world and all its worlds”—is perhaps the most ambitious ever adventured since the *Comedia* of Dante. That the poem takes the dramatic form where there is no possibility of real drama need not be deemed a fault ; for the narrative form would seem still less appropriate. The failure consists in this—that the work, considered as a whole, is a colossal monotony. A poem which is saturated with the doctrine of universalism passes out of the quality of poem into that of sermonic speculation. The Devil, as soon as we are told that he is to be finally saved, and is meanwhile an instrument in the hands of the Deity for good, ceases to be the Devil, and in especial ceases to be an entity in drama. In its present augmented form, and as a single continuous poem, *Festus*, I take it, cannot be *viable* (as the French say). The first thing to be done in order to give it a proper chance would be to bring it back to its original form and dimensions, as published in 1839 or soon afterwards. It would be a better poem, and above all a less daunting one : for 34,000 verses, all about God, angels, the devil, space, the starry heavens, the last man, the end of the world, the New Jerusalem, and universal bliss, with some intermittences of love-making and wine-bibbing and

song-singing, are not things to be tackled by the average human being. It might be urged that such a reissue would be an outrage to the memory of the author, who elected to alter and amplify his poem : but here I do not agree ; to reprint a poem in its first shape, and leave to the reader the option of perusing this first or a later one, is not an outrage. *Festus*, whatever its blemishes, is one of the landmarks of British poetry in the nineteenth century ; it ought to be presented in such a guise that it could be read in the twentieth.

James Thomson, the author of *The City of Dreadful Night* and several other fine poems (published under the initials B.V.), was a writer of whose name or initials I had never heard until in February 1872 I received by post a copy of his pathetic oriental poem *Weddah and Om el Bonain*, in a number of the *National Reformer*. I read it, and so did my brother immediately afterwards, and we both agreed in deeming it remarkable. I then wrote to B.V. to say as much. Such particulars as I could give about him appear *passim* in *The Life of James Thomson* by Mr. H. S. Salt (1889), so I curtail them here. Some correspondence ensued ; and in April 1873, after his return from a business-expedition to the Rocky Mountains, Thomson called upon me by appointment in Endsleigh Gardens. During my married life my wife as well as myself was wishful to cultivate his acquaintance, and he was in our house some half-dozen times, meeting friends at dinner once or twice. On one of these occasions Madox Brown said that Thomson's conversation was "better than Swinburne's" : this was a decided mistake, but it suffices to show that there was plenty to be got out of Thomson, both interesting and pleasant, in the

way of talk. A later dinner-invitation from us was accepted by the poet; but he neither came nor explained, and soon afterwards we had too good reason for understanding that he had been kept away by one of his recurrent drinking-bouts. These were the misfortune, the curse, and finally the destruction, of poor Thomson. His case might truly be regarded as one of dipsomania, a frenzy which, when it came upon him, was beyond control. He died in June 1882 in University Hospital, to which he had been removed in a hopeless condition from the lodgings of Philip Marston. Thomson was a devout admirer of Leopardi, and shared his atheism, materialism, and pessimism. I sincerely liked him: he was a fine poet and writer, and, when his own master, a fine fellow. *The City of Dreadful Night* is assuredly more than sufficient to show that he was a pessimist: but the prevalent opinion that this very striking poem was intended by its author to shadow forth the general and permanent condition of human life is an error. It was intended to represent a mood of mind—the view of human life which clutches a pessimist in a fit of black hypochondria, and which for the nonce he finds it impossible to throw off.

Mr. Salt, the biographer of Thomson, is known to me, more especially as having been my colleague on the Committee of the Shelley Society. He is a high-thinking man, and has done good service to the memory of Shelley by contending, and indeed demonstrating, that he was not a vague dreamer, but a strenuous leader of modern thought in various paths which since his time have been more and more actively explored, and found to be more or less the right ones. Mr. Salt

belongs to the party of advanced "humanitarianism" (weighted with too long and stilted a name), which seems to me to push some matters rather to an extreme, but with the best intentions and some good results.

Every now and then we were in the society of Mrs. Augusta Webster, the poetess, with her husband and daughter. Mrs. Webster's chief excellence, it appears to me, is in drama, though some of her poems in a different form are intellectual and able work. Her tragedy entitled *The Sentence* (where Caligula is the leading personage) is so fine that I hardly discern where its superior is to be sought since the time of Shakespear: another exceptionally good play is named *In a Day*. Apart from authorship, Mrs. Webster was one of the best of women. Her countenance was not specially remarkable: it was that of a highly sensible lady, of the practical domestic type; lit up by a fine pair of eyes, and crowned by beautiful silky crisped yellow hair. There was not an atom of affectation or pretension about her: her conversation was marked by thought and solidity, without gush or finessing, and her demeanour was eminently straightforward, frank, and kindly. If all literary and independent-minded ladies were like Mrs. Webster, the talk about "the shrieking sisterhood" and the unsexed blue-stocking would soon die out, or stand confessed as a silly and malicious travesty of the truth. Since the death of this distinguished authoress I was invited by Mr. Webster to write some prefatory words for her touching little volume of verse, *Mother and Daughter*, published in 1895; and I more than willingly complied, taking occasion to enforce the merits of *The Sentence*, which, besides its poetic value, would make an excellent acting-play. Were it translated into

French, a French manager and audience might probably reach the same conclusion, and cast shame upon British backwardness.

Of Mr. Hall Caine I have had occasion to speak in some detail in my *Memoir of Dante Rossetti*, with whom he was domesticated from the middle of 1881 till the moment of my brother's death. He had begun in 1879 corresponding with Dante Gabriel from Liverpool; we first saw him face to face in the autumn of 1880, when his age was barely twenty-seven. From 1881 up to some few months following my brother's decease I knew Mr. Caine intimately; since then, very little save by casual correspondence. While I knew him, he was evidently a young man of superior talents, minded to make them fully available for establishing a literary position, and not alien from discerning that some people have got beams in their eyes: it never occurred to me however that he had in him the rudiments of a romancist of world-wide repute. His turn seemed to be more towards critical than towards inventive work. I valued Mr. Caine for ability and earnestness, and for the many friendly services which, not without serious interruption to his own pursuits, he rendered to my invalided brother. This gentleman, since he achieved salient literary success, with the material advantages thereto pertaining, seems to be regarded in some quarters as a self-assertive and spoiled child of fortune. As I have not during that period been with him, I cannot bear my personal witness either negatively or affirmatively: I can but say that, if the charge is true, the Hall Caine of our current days is not quite the one whom I knew from 1880 to 1882. There has never been a lack of grudge among men of the writing pro-

fession: if one of them turns out "a great success," the eye of jealousy becomes greener than of yore. To be the owner or leaseholder of a castle in the Isle of Man does not assuage the greenness. As to Mr. Caine's *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, I may take this opportunity of saying that my individual liking for that book was not unmingled: but I decidedly consider it to be an honest narration, and in its broad lines a fair one. Mr. Caine was so good as to cut out from his manuscript, at my instance, two or three passages which, while they had no real bearing upon Dante Rossetti's character or performances one way or other, would have been calculated to wound some susceptibilities.

A poet occupying a peculiar niche of his own was Mr. Francis Adams, author of the *Songs of the Army of the Night*. He sent me from Australia in 1890 a copy of this work; which I found to be full of superb *élan* and vigorous impulsive poetic feeling, mingled with unflinching (and sometimes indeed unmannerly) denunciation of "the powers that be." I wrote to Mr. Adams expressing a very high estimate of the book. He in the autumn of the same year returned to England and gave us a call; it was when our house in Endsleigh Gardens was half stripped of furniture, pending our removal to St. Edmund's Terrace. Mr. Adams—then about thirty years of age—was noticeably handsome, with correct features and a very animated air; his manner was that of a man of thorough cultivation, and even elegance. He conversed agreeably—not dictatorially, but as if conscious of being in the right on the topics he dealt with, and qualified to guide others. He was a consumptive invalid, and then in an advanced stage of the malady, although I should not have

thought so to look at him. This was our only interview, for he left London at once and went to live elsewhere. Towards the middle of 1893 his disease had brought him near to the last gasp—indeed, I understand that he could at the utmost have lived only a day or two. His sufferings were intense: he called for a pistol, and shot himself dead. After his death I was asked to see to the bringing out of a new edition of the *Songs of the Army of the Night*, and was informed that Adams had empowered me to use my discretion as to minor omissions or alterations. At first I assented: but, when it came to the point, I considered that some things in the volume ought not to pass muster through my hands (for after all I was a Government official, whatever else I might be), while at the same time I was highly reluctant to interfere with the full and free expression of the deceased author's own convictions. I therefore relinquished this task, and undertook instead the editing of Adams's manuscript drama of *Tiberius*. The *Tiberius* is not a play that could ever be acted: it is to be considered as a dramatic poem, and as such is fairly imbued with the dramatic spirit, and contains many fine things. So far as I saw, it made very little impression on the British public.

Some few years after the close of Adams's life, I suppose in 1897, we received a visit from his widow, an Australian lady who had recently had some insight into the domestic life of an Egyptian Pasha and his women. We passed a very agreeable afternoon with this striking-looking and clear-minded lady: it was rapidly followed by a rather startling request—that I would “give her away.” If startling, the request was also flattering: so, in a church at Hampstead, I gave Mrs. Adams away,

and she became Mrs. Dean, wife of a well-skilled landscape-painter, not previously known to me. Both of them continue to be on the list of our esteemed friends.

Mr. William Sharp, a gentleman of much activity in various lines of literature, made my brother's acquaintance (through the introduction of Sir Noel Paton) about 1879, and saw not a little of him. I met Mr. Sharp from time to time in the Cheyne Walk house, and did not lose sight of him later on. He was the author of a rather elaborately planned and very eulogistic book on Rossetti, which came out at much the same time as Mr. Caine's *Recollections*. Dr. Todhunter (of whom I have spoken in connexion with Shelley) and his wife were also welcome visitors in our house.

Mr. Keningale Cook, author of an interesting and thoughtful book named *The Fathers of Jesus* (i.e. propagators of spiritual and moral truths which reappeared in the Christian teachings), had been known to myself as far back perhaps as 1870, when he consulted me as to some poems; we were more particularly acquainted with him in 1886, while we were staying at Bournemouth, and he on the outskirts of the New Forest. This was an acquaintance which bade fair to develop into intimacy, but was suddenly terminated by the premature death of Mr. Cook about a year afterwards. There were likewise Mr. Karl Blind and his wife, their daughter Mrs. Charles Hancock, and their son Mr. Rudolf Blind the painter. We received a large measure of warm hospitality in the Hancock house—which, after an interval of some years, I had the satisfaction of revisiting in the autumn of 1903. Of our principal intimate in the Blind family, Miss Mathilde Blind, I have spoken before. A great number of other names

occur to me—names of persons whom I have known, more or less, at widely separated dates in my life. I must limit myself to simply specifying Mrs. Lucy Clifford, Miss Amy Levy, Jules Andrieu (who had been a member of the Paris Commune), Edouard Rod, Cecil Lawson, Mr. Hipkins the pianoforte specialist, the ladies of the Hepworth Dixon family, Professor C. Eliot Norton, George Mason, Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson), Du Maurier, J. Dykes Campbell, Samuel Butler (author of *Erewhon* etc.), Mrs. F. G. Stephens, and H. C. Marillier.

I have known a few Japanese from time to time. The first was an acquaintance of George P. Boyce, Nagai. I forget the name of one whom I saw much later on as student in the Slade School of Art in London. Sanjo, son of a Minister of the Japanese Empire, and Oshikoji Kasumaru (a funny roly-poly little chap) were youths boarded in the house of Dr. and Mrs. Furnivall for instruction and training. Oshikoji wrote me a letter of exceeding quaintness, in his own language, and Sanjo was so good as to translate it for me into English. Baron Suyematzu, whom I met in Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hancock's house, had written in English a curious booklet maintaining the thesis that a certain Japanese hero of splendid fame, Yoshitsumé, the close of whose life was unknown, was the same person who re-emerged in Tartary as Jenghis Khan, the conqueror of half the Eastern Hemisphere. I transmitted this brochure to Sir Henry Howorth, the historian of the Mongols: who found a good word to say for my Japanese's ingenuity, and also his ingenuousness in supposing that Jenghis Khan, whose origin and early career are perfectly well known (but we are not all so well up in them as Sir

Henry), could possibly have been anybody other than himself. In 1903 I became acquainted (as stated in my 18th section) first with the poems of Mr. Yone Noguchi, and afterwards with himself, a young man aged about twenty-five; whom I salute without any hesitation as richly endowed with poetical faculty, and fully capable of writing, as he progresses in the manipulation of the English language, poems admirable and impressive in a high degree. I was genuinely astonished to find in Japanese effusions so much of what Europeans recognize as the ideal. I hope to cultivate his acquaintance further whenever he may return to London. Lastly I may mention Mr. Shozo Kato, of New Oxford Street, and his nephew, who continue to keep up a rich feast of Japonnerie in my bookshelves and portfolios—including (but this is naturally an exceptional instance) a book of Japanese feats of arms etc., in ninety volumes, illustrated by Hokusai—the complete work, not easily procurable. I transferred it to my daughter Helen. I likewise met a few times Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann, son of an American father and a Japanese mother: he is well known across the Atlantic in both theatrical and literary circles, and has published a *History of Japanese Art*.

In 1884 I received a letter from an American, the Honourable Charles Aldrich, living in the State of Iowa, asking me for some autographs, those of Dante and Christina Rossetti being principally in demand. I sent him these, and at various subsequent intervals numerous other autographs, I dare say more than a couple of hundred; for during many years past I have made it a practice to set apart letters etc. coming into my hands from interesting persons, and to give them away as autographs to applicants, casual though these may be. Of

course, I do not treat thus such letters as are valued by myself, nor such as contain confidential matter. I don't know how many such papers I may by this time have presented in all—perhaps at least fifteen to eighteen hundred, besides several hundred (not all of them unimportant) made over to my daughter Helen. Mr. Aldrich, as I learned, had collected, and still went on collecting, autographs at a great rate, including many historical and other documents of marked importance. I presume this was at first a private hobby of his own, but it had developed into a public-spirited plan for the benefit of the Iowa State-library. Here are lodged all Mr. Aldrich's copious gleanings, including a "Rossetti section" by no means inconsiderable : and I have seen divers newspaper-paragraphs and articles (besides letters from Aldrich to the same effect) showing that this section is—what I should hardly have anticipated—an object of substantial interest to the visitors from various parts of Iowa and elsewhere. Mr. Aldrich, who was engaged in farming when first I knew of him, is now the curator of the "Historical Department of Iowa," in the State-capital, Des Moines. I saw him in two instances when he visited England, and I keep up to this day a correspondence with him ; and it is no more than justice to say that I never met a man to whom the duties of citizenship seem to come more natural—he appears constantly to merge his personal interests in those of his Institution, his State, and ultimately the American Union. At an advanced age he continues to work hard, and always with a public end in view. On one of his visits to Europe he was accompanied by Mrs. Aldrich, a well-informed and well-bred but perfectly unpretentious specimen of the American housewife. My wife con-

ceived a high regard for her, and it was a sorrow to both of us to hear of her decease some few years afterwards.

Autograph-hunters are undoubtedly capable of making themselves a nuisance ; but I cannot say that I ever felt that scornful irritation which some people profess at the practice of autograph-collecting, and at the practitioners thereof. The practice appears to me an extremely rational one ; and the practitioners the like, and worthy of some indulgence even if they "poke about" here and there where they are not quite wanted. Autographs—if they are the sign-manual of really distinguished memorable persons, and not of mere titled or advertized nobodies—are interesting things. However "intellectual" one may be, to look through a well-selected assortment of them is a pleasure, and far from a stupid pleasure. I speak disinterestedly, for I have never myself formed, nor coveted to form, a collection.

I will here give an autograph-anecdote, realizing the sublime of impudence. It relates to a person who had never, I suppose, ranked as an autograph-collector, but rather as a begging-letter writer. A certain Mr. B. was for successive years in the habit of writing to Christina Rossetti asking for money. If I ever knew, I have quite forgotten, who or what Mr. B. is : he had not, I think, any even shadowy connexion with any member of our family, but had some sort of position on the merest outskirts of authorship. Christina, who was always more than willing to be charitable to the extent of her modest means, and who lived in permanent dread of failing in one or other item of Christian duty, used in reply to send some small sums enclosed in letters equally redolent of sympathy and of politeness. Either after her death in 1894 or some little while before it, I

noticed, in the catalogues of a well-known London bookseller and autograph-dealer, entries of letters by Christina Rossetti to this Mr. B. He pocketed her well-meant alms, and then trudged off to this autograph-dealer and sold her letters as autographs; and, if the prices paid to him for them bore any tolerable proportion to those set forth by the dealer, Mr. B. made a comparatively good thing of the transaction. Years elapsed, and one evening in 1899 Mr. B. called at my house presenting a begging-letter. To say whether I complied or not at the moment would not be to the purpose. Next day I wrote to Mr. B., saying that I had become aware of his habit of selling as autographs letters addressed to him by my sister, and that this was a shabby act highly distasteful to me. Now "would it surprise you to learn" (as the Counsel used to say to the Tichborne Claimant) that Mr. B. once more trudged off to that autograph-dealer, and sold him as an autograph that very letter in which I had reprobated his autographic proceedings? Such is the fact. I saw in due course my "autograph" letter "A. L. S." in the dealer's catalogue, with an extract printed from it to the above effect. My vanity was perhaps flattered at finding that it was offered for sale by the dealer at a price higher than I should have supposed to be its market value.

Mr. Edward A. Silsbee, an American, has been casually mentioned in my 22nd section. He called on me towards the beginning of 1878, when I was preparing my revised reissue of Shelley's poems. He came from Florence, where he had been living for some years, housed in the same dwelling with Miss Clare Clairmont. He was an ardent Shelleyite, and said from time to time some of the most penetrative and impres-

sive things about Shelley that I have heard from the lips of any one. On this footing he and I of course soon fraternized. I had had two interviews or so with him when I received from Miss Clairmont that letter of which I have already spoken reflecting upon my conduct in having (in the previous edition of Shelley) referred to her relations of old with Lord Byron, and insisting that all such matter should be henceforth omitted. Mr. Silsbee had not as yet said to me anything foreshadowing this move on Miss Clairmont's part, but now I could but think that he must have been privy to her intention, if not to the actual dispatching of her letter. My wife felt rather strongly on the subject, and for a while viewed Silsbee with anything but a favouring eye. However, I admitted to myself that, although he might have pursued a covert course causing me some embarrassment, he had not done anything distinctly sinister or condemnable; so I continued to receive him as before while he remained in London on the present occasion, and also when from time to time he returned. He was besides a strong Japoniseur, and this formed another bond of union between us. At a much later date he went to Japan, and travelled back (to my regret) with no sort of liking for Japanese people in the flesh. When my wife was collecting materials for her book on *Mary Shelley*, Mr. Silsbee came forward to supply her with details, of which he had a plentiful stock; and she not only relaxed her preceding rigour, but viewed him with very marked predilection—a feeling in which my daughters in after years heartily concurred. Silsbee had been a seafaring man up to middle age; and, when I was preparing to start for Australia with Helen in 1896, he spoke with so much elation of spirit about trade-winds and other

maritime delights that I urged him to join in our expedition if possible : but he was bound to return to America, and had to decline. He had once, he told me, discovered in the Pacific some islet, not much more extensive than a big rock, on which geographers had bestowed the name of Silsbee. I never saw this attractive and noticeable man after my return from Australia—a date which he did not long survive. A handsome and merited tribute has been paid to him by Dr. Garnett, in his preface to the recently-published *Diary of Lieutenant Edward Ellerker Williams*, the friend of Shelley.

Another person with whom my wife had the advantage of conferring in connexion with her *Mary Shelley* was Mrs. Lonsdale, the daughter of Williams's widow and of Thomas Jefferson Hogg : she came through the introduction of Mrs. Call. To see the daughter of two persons so closely associated with Shelley would have been of interest to me : but I had not this good hap, as there was only one visit from Mrs. Lonsdale. She was a lady of exceptional *embonpoint*. After her death, towards 1898, the nation came into possession of a portrait of Shelley, and of the guitar which Mr. William Graham (see p. 355) beheld in the hands of Miss Clairmont when she did not own it and never had had to do with it. A good deal of uncertainty seems to prevail as to that portrait of Shelley : some persons affirming explicitly that it is the original painted by Miss Curran, and others that it is a copy made, with slight modifications, by George Clint from Miss Curran's original. I feel some confidence in saying that it is the copy by Clint. The Curran portrait, which is now likewise in the National Portrait Gallery, always belonged to Sir Percy and Lady Shelley.

In Manchester Madox Brown naturally made acquaintance with several leading persons : one of them was Sir Henry Howorth, then M.P., author of *The History of the Mongols*, and of other works showing a remarkably wide range of thought and learning. In one of my visits to Manchester, perhaps in 1882, I was introduced to Sir Henry, and saw him various times. He was markedly courteous to me, and I retain a very pleasurable impression of our brief intercourse. There were also Mr. C. P. Scott, editor of *The Manchester Guardian* ; Mr. Alexander Ireland, editor of *The Manchester Examiner and Times* ; and Mr. Kendrick Pyne the organist, whose organ-recitals in the Town Hall formed one of the most genuine enjoyments of Brown while domiciled in Manchester, and cheered many of his working-hours in the same building. Mr. Ireland was a most vigorous expansive old gentleman, full of interesting and racy reminiscences of Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, and other literary magnates of that period : his wife in her closing years wrote about Carlyle, and became a lecturer of much acceptance. Mr. Pyne is now a connexion of mine by marriage—a somewhat remote connexion, for which perhaps the “table of affinities” does not supply any designation : he is brother to the lady (Zoe Pyne) who married towards 1898 Oliver Hueffer, son of my wife’s half-sister.

XXXI

DEATHS IN THE FAMILY DANTE, FRANCES, LUCY, AND CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, AND OTHERS

IT is impossible to write reminiscences without mingling amid some sweet a large infusion of bitter. Here comes my bitterest.

From my birth-year 1829 up to 1881 the deaths in the Rossetti family and connexion had not been numerous. There were my maternal grandparents in 1853, my father in 1854, and my sister Maria in 1876 ; also some other deaths less impressive to my feelings. But in the thirteen years beginning with 1882 all the persons dearest to me, except my four surviving children, were swept away.

The first to perish, in April 1882, was Dante Gabriel, my deeply-loved brother, the pharos of our house. His splendid genius was not grudgingly recognized during his lifetime, and it stands now well established over the British Empire, the Continent of Europe, and the English-speaking races of America. Reckoning together his attainments in painting and in poetry (whatever may be the fair deductions to be made in each case) and the influence which he exercised in both arts, partly by the performances themselves and partly by personal ascendant, I need not scruple to say that he was one of

the most memorable men of his epoch ; and I am far from being the first to aver as much.

In my *Memoir of Dante Rossetti* I have set forth so many particulars regarding the sequence of his illnesses, culminating in death, that I may spare myself any long recital of them here. I will only very briefly summarize as follows. Insomnia began in 1867. In the same year his sight became badly affected, compelling him at times to intermit painting. From this date onwards his eyes were permanently somewhat infirm, but the evil did not proceed to a great extreme. As a palliative against insomnia he took doses of chloral. This commenced in 1870, and after an interval was renewed—the doses, to which a glass of whisky was made an adjunct, becoming abnormally and noxiously heavy. This chloral mitigated his troubles from want of sleep, and for a while it did not seem to do any particular harm ; but it acted injuriously upon his nervous system and his spirits and power of self-control. The fact became only too apparent in June 1872, when he entirely broke down under the irritation and strain caused by Mr. Buchanan's abusive pamphlet, *The Fleshly School of Poetry*. He then became the victim of exaggerated, and sometimes of absolutely delusive, fancies. The question arises whether the chloral or the pamphlet had most to do with his then shattered condition. For many years past my conviction has been that both were concerned in the crisis, but that the pamphlet would have produced only a comparatively faint impression, had it not been for the chloral. My brother in the course of three months threw off the acuter forms of the attack, but he was never quite the same man that he had been before it. His health was often broken, his

spirits often gloomy ; not so constantly, however, as some persons seem to suppose. He went on painting with energy and success, and produced some of his best poems. A severe illness which prostrated him in 1877 had a cause quite other than insomnia, chloral, or hypochondria ; though it may be that his persisting with the drug rendered him less capable of rallying. He did however rally, and up to the autumn of 1881 was in much the same general condition as before this illness. On 11 December he had a sudden attack of a paralytic character. This again was subdued to some fair extent ; he discontinued chloral, and he went to Birchington-on-Sea (near Margate) to recruit. But the grasp of Death was to be relaxed no more. He died of uræmia at Birchington on Easter Sunday, 9 April 1882. I was present, with others, at the moment when his breathing ceased. Uræmia was indeed the medically certified cause of death ; but, taking a wider view of the matter, I do not believe that I exaggerate in saying that chloral brought him to his grave.

The above meagre outline must suffice for those phases of my brother's concluding years in which my feelings are most deeply involved, and I proceed to details of a different order. From me he needs no epitaph, pompous or fraternal. His works are his epitaph, which has by this time been conned by many, with increasing earnestness.

Since he had
The genius to be loved, why let him have
The justice to be honoured in his grave.

Dante Rossetti, by a will made immediately before his death, left me as his executor, and our mother and

myself as his joint legatees. Though he had always had something of the spendthrift in his composition, the debts which had to be met were not anything out of the common, apart from those which applied to pictorial work undertaken and unavoidably uncompleted, and the sums received for it by him in advance. There were some of the ordinary tradesmen's bills, including (if I remember right) upwards of £100 for chloral, due to two firms, and a somewhat considerable amount to his art-assistant, Mr. Dunn. A substantial sum, likewise, had to be paid to the landlord of the house as a substitute for my undertaking extensive repairs. The two claimants for money advanced in respect of work uncompleted were Mr. William Graham and Mr. Leonard R. Valpy: their claims were of course paid, and "made a hole" in the assets. I forget what was the net sum realized—probably not far short of £5,000: there were about £2,000 from the artistic and other contents of the house in Cheyne Walk, and a nearly similar sum from his own remaining works of art. Those two sales, more especially the former one, were accounted a marked success. As I have before said, it was Mr. Watts-Dunton who gave me the benefit of his legal advice throughout the questions, sometimes sufficiently thorny, arising during the executorship: he managed them with as much acuteness as friendliness, and earned my sincerest thanks. Madox Brown consented to overhaul the unfinished paintings and designs, and to do his best to put them into saleable condition. He broke off his own work in Manchester, and came to London. His intentions indeed were of the kindest; but in effect he did at this time next to nothing, being not very willing to fall in with the views of the

person most responsible (myself) as to how the works would have to be disposed of by sale. At a later date, when leisure and deliberation served better, he obliged my wife (to whom I had presented the uncompleted works not put into the auction-sale of 1883) by painting upon them: the replica of the *Beata Beatrix*, now in the Public Gallery of Birmingham, was thus turned into a very saleable picture, and was sold as being a work by Rossetti, finished by Brown. It is in some respects, naturally not in all, the better version of the two. Five others were disposed of by auction in 1894.

A deal of work devolved upon me in relation to my brother's copyrights; chiefly those of his writings, and, in a subordinate degree, of the photographic negatives from a good number of his paintings and designs. I brought out at the close of 1886 his *Collected Works*, through the firm of Ellis and Scrutton (now named Ellis) which had succeeded Ellis and White, Dante Rossetti's own publishers; and there have been various other forms, subsequent to this, in which his writings have come before the public. Matters of this sort continue to occupy my attention up to the present date, as opportunities arise. In France, Italy, and Germany, translations from some of his poems have been published (one volume is by my son-in-law Agresti), and I have had to be consulted in one or other instance. Some elegant translations from *The House of Life*, made by a Viennese, Herr Alfred von Ehrmann (with whom I have had the pleasure of some personal conference) are in print.

At the date of my brother's death the chief collections of his paintings were those formed by Rae, Leathart, Leyland, and Graham. These latter three

have now been dispersed; and, apart from the Rae collection, the most noticeable extant gathering is that in the hands of Mr. Fairfax Murray. Some of the Murray works have gone to the Art Gallery of Birmingham. Some other leading works are now in the possession of Mr. Charles Butler, others in America. The best book to be consulted on this branch of the subject is that of H. C. Marillier, *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, 1899.

In the early summer of 1882 I contemplated getting together an exhibition of my brother's works, although credibly advised that it was not likely to add to the assets of his estate. Before I had taken any definite steps, I learned that Mr. Leyland had offered to the Royal Academy that, if they would organize an exhibition, he would contribute for the purpose the works in his possession, and the Academy undertook to act. I therefore gave up my project, of which little could have been made under such conditions. Lord Leighton consulted me to some extent as to the works to be secured; but in the main that exhibition was got up without my being actively concerned in it. There was a certain sense of incongruity in the fact that an artist who had been ignored by the Academy throughout his lifetime—and who indeed had ignored the Academy not less decisively—should after his decease be represented on the Academy-walls in an exhibition which the members put together and controlled, and of which they reaped the profit, if any: to this point however I was sufficiently indifferent. In some quarters it was even alleged that the Academicians, with Leighton as their president, were endeavouring rather to burke than to promote the reputation of Rossetti, and some colour was lent to the im-

putation by the cramped way in which the pictures were at first hung, until a remonstrance (written by Francis Hueffer) appeared in *The Times*. I acquit Leighton of any such oblique intention, and know nothing of it as assignable to any one else. Two other Rossetti exhibitions were got up in 1883—one at the Burlington Fine-Arts Club, and the other in Bond Street; my connexion with the former (a very interesting display, actively promoted by Mr. Tebbs) was only subordinate, and with the latter nil. Since then there have been at least two other such gatherings, the last (1902) at Leighton House, supervised by Mrs. Russell Barrington (who had known the Brown family well) and Mr. W. M. Hardinge. The other and much more extensive exhibition, the project of which was due to Burne-Jones, was at the New Gallery in Regent Street.

I have referred briefly (p. 516) to Mr. Robert Buchanan and his *Fleshly School of Poetry*: in other writings of mine I have spoken of them—not, I think, with any inordinate amount of acerbity. Mr. Buchanan is now dead, and I should not here have said anything further on the subject if only people would leave it where he himself left it in 1881. But that has not been done: his biographer, Miss Harriet Jay, has had her say, and I will have mine. The obvious and indisputable stages in the case were as follows. (1) Dante Rossetti, in the spring of 1870, published his volume *Poems*; it was received with general and warm yet not unmingled applause. (2) In 1871, Mr. Buchanan wrote an article, *The Fleshly School of Poetry, Mr. Dante Rossetti*: it was published in October of that year in *The Contemporary Review*, under the pseudonym of Thomas Maitland. It was a fierce attack, and was

replied to by Rossetti, in a temperate spirit, in an article in *The Athenaeum* named *The Stealthy School of Criticism*. (3) In the spring of 1872 Mr. Buchanan re-issued in pamphlet form his article, not a little amplified and further envenomed. (4) Late in 1881 Mr. Buchanan dedicated one of his novels, *God and the Man*, to Rossetti, in some prefixed verses, wherein he totally withdrew his charges against both his poetry and himself: he did so in other forms as well. This—though it furnished no sort of explanation as to why Buchanan had at first denounced as highly impure poems which he afterwards declared to be pure—was a handsome, and in some degree a touching, apology. He termed Rossetti “an Old Enemy”; but in fact there had been no enmity on the part of Rossetti, but only of Buchanan. Rossetti died very soon afterwards, and there the matter remained—wound up, and the evil of it, so far as was possible, atoned for.

Not long before his final illness Mr. Buchanan recurred in print to the subject—as I deem, both needlessly and indiscreetly. But, as he is not here to prolong the controversy, I will not dwell on that. Now comes Miss Jay, and professes to vindicate him, and to re-besmirch that same Rossetti whom he in 1881 greeted as “pure in purpose, blameless in song, and sweet in spirit.”

What is the gist of Miss Jay’s vindication? It makes matters much worse than before for “Thomas Maitland.” The only plausible—I could not in conscience say tenable—excuse for that pseudonymist would be that he genuinely believed Rossetti’s poems to be vile and deleterious, and that, fired by zeal for moral right, he said so in severely aggressive terms. But Miss Jay will not have it thus: she avers that the whole affair was one

of rancour, and of rancour vicariously applied. Here in brief is her account of the sequence of events, necessarily supplemented by me now and again. (1) Mr. Swinburne expressed in print a slighting opinion of the poetry of David Gray, then deceased, with whom Buchanan had been intimate. Buchanan resented this, and we can sympathize with his feelings as a friend, though surely Swinburne must have had a right to his own critical views about David Gray. (2) (But this Miss Jay abstains from mentioning) Buchanan, after the publication of Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* in 1866, printed in *The Spectator* some verses, not free from ribaldry, abusing the author; and I thereafter (which Miss Jay does mention) in my *Criticism* of the Swinburne volume, termed Buchanan "a poor and pretentious poetaster." My reference to him was limited to those words. They expressed the opinion which I then truly entertained, founded upon extracts from Buchanan's poems cited in laudatory reviews; but I believe that at a later date he produced work (I have read it little or hardly at all) deserving to be spoken of in a different tone. (3) (But this again Miss Jay leaves unstated) Mr. Buchanan wrote in *The Athenæum* in 1870 a very damnable critique of my edition of Shelley. Here one might have supposed that these "alarums and excursions" would come to an end. Mr. Buchanan had had it out with Mr. Swinburne for not admiring David Gray's poems, and with me for not admiring his own. I had not in any way replied. But, according to Miss Jay, he continued to nurse a grudge, not only against Swinburne and me, but against any one in the same "set," and consequently (4) he attacked my brother in *The Contemporary Review* about a year and two-thirds

later. How far this explanation goes towards "white-washing" Mr. Buchanan I will not discuss : the facts, as affirmed by his own advocate, are sufficient.

There is one curious detail involved in the pleading. Miss Jay, quoting from Buchanan himself, says that a certain sonnet published by Dante Rossetti was reprobated by Tennyson in energetic language. This is the sonnet entitled *Nuptial Sleep*, which in 1870 was included in the provisional form of *The House of Life* series, but was omitted by my brother from the series when completed in the volume of 1881. But we have another and a very diverse account of the opinion which Tennyson entertained and expressed as to that sonnet. In the *Life of Tennyson* by his son, Vol. II, p. 505, we find the following for all men to read : it is among the *Personal Recollections* by F. T. Palgrave, who was an intimate, of old standing, of the Laureate. "In Rossetti's [volume] the passion and imaginative power of the sonnet *Nuptial Sleep* impressed him (Tennyson) deeply." Which statement are we to believe ? Or both ? If it is true that Tennyson denounced the sonnet as averred, I can only surmise that some one misrepresented the composition to him, and that he, reading it hurriedly if at all, took the misrepresentation on trust. Besides, I have in my hands an authentic copy of a letter written on 22nd November 1871 by another friend of Tennyson. I have no authority for mentioning his name : were I to do so, it would be seen that on this particular subject no one has a better right to be heard. He wrote as follows : "Mr. Tennyson was among the first to object to Buchanan's article that it was by no means a fair appraisalment of Rossetti ; much of whose work he rates extremely high, the sonnets especially."

Thus much for Miss Harriet Jay's "rehabilitation" of Mr. Robert Buchanan. Of Mr. Buchanan himself I had no knowledge, and am not conscious of having ever seen him—and my acquaintance with the general body of his writings is, as aforesaid, scanty in the extreme. That he had some personal as well as some literary merits I do not doubt. I presume that on the other hand he was open to the imputation of being "ill-conditioned"—irritable, litigious, self-assertive, and, when roused into ire, not duly scrupulous. In relation to Dante Rossetti he committed an offence, and at the end of several years he did his best to wipe it out: that last is what I prefer to remember of him. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." To him it appears to have been highly feverous.

Our mother and Christina had tenderly solaced the closing months of Dante Gabriel's life at Birchington-on-Sea, and they witnessed the drawing of his latest breath: they attended his funeral. Our mother was then close upon eighty-two years of age. She survived him exactly four years, dying on 8th April 1886. Save for partial deafness (which may have begun as early as 1868 or so), she retained all her faculties to the end: enfeebled certainly, yet not grievously decayed. Her decease was preceded, but not caused, by a fall in her room, the result of bodily weakness: she lingered a month or more, and then died through general exhaustion of the vital powers. Christina and I were present at the close: it occurred during the prolonged and harassed stay of my wife and children at Ventnor. In the death of a mother there is something which, more than aught else, severs one from one's past: it is the breaking of a tie that subsisted in fullest force at the

first moment of one's existence, and which has continued in almost or quite the like force ever since. I felt this ; and Christina, the most unceasingly devoted of daughters, saw in the loss of her mother the practical close of her own life. All that remained for her was religious resignation for a sorrowful interval, and a looking forward to the end. The nursing of two invalided aunts (eventually one) occupied her hours, and sapped her remaining forces. In these painful years one of the friends whom Christina saw with most satisfaction was Miss Lisa Wilson ; a lady accomplished in verse and sketching, who had been drawn to my sister by her poetry, and viewed her with deep affection and reverential regard. My daughters and I continue from time to time to see this lady, whom we hold in the highest esteem.

My wife, in a dreadfully shattered condition of health which left neither to herself nor to others any real expectation of her ever recovering, quitted London, as previously stated, on 3rd October 1893, bound for Pallanza on the Lago Maggiore, which had been recommended to us as about the least unpromising place that could be selected. Our three daughters accompanied her : not our son, who, having serious studies to pursue, remained at home with me. Her father, at the moment of her departure, seemed to be in much the same state of health as was then his wont : in other words, his constantly recurring attacks of gout, cramping his bodily and to some extent his mental energies, were not then at any critical stage. He was advanced in his seventy-third year. Scarcely had my wife gone when he was assailed by apoplexy. He remained unconscious until 6th October, and then he expired. I

have hardly passed any period of more trying agitation than that which ensued between the date when Madox Brown was given over, and the date, sorrowfully deferred, when I learned from my wife that she had received my intimation of his death. There were painful details to be attended to in London, and the still more painful obligation of explaining to my wife, in successive letters to uncertain addresses, that her beloved father was dying, and then dead, with the dread that, in her most precarious state, such calamitous and sudden news might wreck her last faint chance of amelioration. However, she had a large fund of courage for facing evils which there is no avoiding and no remedying, and she bore the announcement better than I had ventured to expect. She had by that time reached Pallanza, where she spent a very cold and very trying winter, getting rather worse than better : she then moved on to Genoa, and shortly to San Remo, the Hôtel Victoria. Here she called-in a young Italian physician, Dr. Ansaldi, whose medical training had been partly in England : he was extremely attentive, sympathetic, and judicious, and I feel satisfied that what little could be done was fully performed by him. That little was little indeed. The sufferer grew continually weaker and weaker, and seldom showed any even transient symptom of improvement. One of her few pleasures was supplied by the singing, of which she heard snatches at times, of Signora Giannoli, an Italian vocalist staying at the same hotel. On the 19th of March 1894 I received a telegram which made it only too probable that, on reaching San Remo, I should find my wife no longer alive : I had previously, about the end of 1893 (after some troublesome official uncertainties had come to a close), offered to go over, but she preferred

that I should not do so. I set off with my son on 20th March, and we arrived at San Remo without any intermission. Once again my wife had rallied to some appreciable extent: the actual momentarily danger was over. I found in her bedroom my good relative Isabella Cole, along with others. The case however was by this time past hope, though a force of vitality which surprised the doctor and every one else kept death at bay from day to day, and even from week to week. My poor Lucy was woefully wasted, incapable of taking any adequate nourishment, and constantly harassed by her cough and other troubles. She was under no delusion as to her condition, but showed no sort of flinching, nor any enfeeblement of mind. The ultimate and unevadeable stage was reached on the night of 12th April: in the presence of Olivia and myself, with one sigh and no final struggle, she ceased to exist. She lies buried in the cemetery of San Remo, the newer enclosure, within the murmurous sound of that same Mediterranean which we had crossed on our wedding-tour. Her age was fifty; the duration of our married life, as nearly as possible, twenty years.

In the death of Madox Brown I lost not only a close family-connexion but a deeply cherished friend of forty-five years' standing. His efficient professional career had lapsed within the preceding half-year: but he still worked on, brush in hand—the left hand if the right was crippled with gout. He was the most complacent of grandfathers, and to my children the loss was not less great than to myself.

By a will made in the spring of 1893 my wife left (practically speaking) the whole of her moderate property in equal shares between our four children:

to myself the sole bequest was her portrait in crayons, executed by my brother in 1874. To this arrangement I had no definable objection : it only forestalled the disposal which I should myself have made of any proportion which might have been assigned to me. The property consisted of the lease of the house in St. Edmund's Terrace, along with the sum (arising from Madox Brown's inherited wharf-property near Greenwich) which had been conferred on my wife by her marriage-settlement, and indeed at an earlier date, when I was one of the trustees. The interest in this sum was mine during my lifetime. There was also some money etc., chiefly of my own giving. To this was added the not very considerable amount which came to her on her father's death, she and Mrs. Hueffer being his joint legatees. Soon after the youngest of my children reached full age, April 1902, other arrangements were entered into. A sum was paid to me representing my life-interest in the settlement-money, and I paid another sum to my children to buy up the lease of the house. All these affairs seemed at one time not a little complicated, owing to difficulties consequent upon the trusteeship to the will : I may express my obligations, for the satisfactory unravelling of them, to a respected firm of solicitors, Messrs. Harston and Bennett, and to the accountant Mr. George Rae Fraser—a nephew, known to me many years ago, of Mr. George Rae of Birkenhead, the banker and picture-collector.

When I became a widower, the only near relative left to me (omitting my own children from count) was Christina ; and she had long been under sentence of death. I will not here enter into a detailed account

of her various and severe illnesses : some particulars are to be found in the biography by Mr. Mackenzie Bell, and in the memoir which I wrote for her *Poetical Works*. Suffice it to say that from early girlhood she was anything but healthy. Angina pectoris had been succeeded by what looked like incipient consumption, but it did not, I infer, go beyond the congestion of one lung. Then in the spring of 1871 came a horrid illness called exophthalmic bronchocele, or Dr. Graves's disease, involving heart-trouble and sudden stifling-fits : if only in point of appearance, Christina was a melancholy wreck. However, the extremer symptoms of this malady abated from the summer of 1873, and Christina became, comparatively speaking, herself again, though more or less permanently invalided. In 1891 began the insidious approaches of cancer in the chest and shoulder. For some while these were not very painfully marked ; but by May 1892 an operation was pronounced to be indispensable. It was successfully performed by Mr. Lawson, and was truly a formidable one. The ordinary medical adviser of my sister, since Sir William Jenner retired from practice, was Dr. William Edward Stewart, who had long been the regular attendant of my mother and aunts : he seemed to be peculiarly skilled in warding off the graver perils from impaired or failing constitutions, and Christina had every confidence in him, and this with good reason. He was (or is) a son of the Mr. Stewart whom I have named as attending my father in his last illness.

Soon after the operation my sister went to recruit at Brighton, in charge of a nurse : I spent a fortnight or so with her, and brought her back to London. She may be said to have got well over the operation ; and

for the remainder of 1892 and the greater part of 1893 her condition, though truly frail, was not such as to excite acute or immediate alarm. The snake however was only scotched, not killed. Symptoms of cancer re-appeared, and a medical consultation showed that no second operation was possible. Christina therefore, with calmness and fortitude, and even (I am sure) a large under-current of satisfaction, prepared herself to die, and to die of one of those diseases from which poor human nature shrinks the most. Before the operation of 1892 she had told me that she had not suffered from this malady any extreme pain—not (as she said) any pangs comparable to what she had at some times endured from neuralgia. And even in the later stages of the illness, when she lay on her deathbed, she, more commonly than not, informed me that she was almost painless: at other times the pain was confessed and severe. Dropsy in an arm and hand supervened. Opiates, more especially solfanel, were freely administered.

It was in the middle of August 1894 that Christina took finally to the bed from which she rose no more. Besides two servants, there was in the house a very efficient nurse-servant, Harriet Read, who had previously attended in the same residence on one or both of my aunts. She was sincerely attached to my sister, and did everything which the conditions admitted of to relieve her sufferings. Towards the end a regular hired nurse was brought in to assist her. In October Christina received the unwelcome tidings that Dr. Stewart could attend her no longer: he was himself seriously ill with bronchitis, and had to go abroad. Dr. Abbott-Anderson replaced him, and watched the case most assiduously and capably to the last.

There was a curious vein of sprightliness in Christina, threading but in no way thwarting her deeply devotional nature, and the extreme (indeed over-scrupulous) gravity with which she regarded anything which touched upon obligations, whether religious or moral, and the settled current of her self-suppression and self-seclusion. This sort of sprightliness made itself felt even after she had taken to the bed which was her deathbed. I recall two or three instances; how, early in October, she volunteered to recite to me a childish "poem" of hers (date towards 1843) about a Chinaman and his pigtail (I inserted it into my *Memoir of Dante Rossetti*), and a later set of humorous verses upon Charon's boat; and how, before the end of the same month, she airily cited Shakespear's line, "Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed," observing that a brinded cat was simply a tabby cat, and that it would be funny to print in the dramatist's page "Thrice the tabby cat hath mewed." Her memory also was very clear as to some family-details of our childhood, and she kept me right with regard to various minute points which I should otherwise have misstated in that memoir. In the very last stages of her illness however I had the sorrow of finding that her intervals of cheerfulness, and her detachment of mind, were all gone. In this, and in some momentary fantasies which affected her visual sense, I consider that the opiates with which she was frequently plied bore their part. Though she had absolutely nothing to reproach herself with, pertaining to any portion of her life, her spiritual outlook became gloomy rather than hopeful; differing herein entirely from the rapt trustfulness of our sister Maria. She had always indeed been intensely humble as to her

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



FRANCES AND CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

BY DANTE G. ROSSETTI, 1877.

NOW IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

own deservings and undeservings. One day she said to me, "How dreadful to be eternally wicked! for in hell you must be so eternally—not to speak of any question of torments." For some days before her death she seemed totally absorbed in unspoken prayer: I almost inferred that she was taking in its most literal sense (and the literal sense of Scripture was always very potent with her) the injunction "Pray without ceasing." This was her condition when the final moment came in the early morning of 29th December 1894, the sole person present being her nurse Harriet Read. Her appearance as she lay lifeless was not so very greatly changed as the long duration and severe nature of her malady might have led one to dread. She lies interred in Highgate Cemetery, along with our father and mother, and our brother's wife. A gentleman not known to me, Mr. Sidney Martin, attended of his own accord, and took a few photographs of the scene.

The worthy (and possibly some unworthy) people who enlarge upon the consolations of religion, the Christian's hope, Addison's "See how a Christian can die," and the like, seem to me to keep its terrors unduly in the background. After all, the dogma of Christians—the traditional dogma at any rate, for there may be some finessing with it at the present day—is that all human souls except the Christians (or particular sects of Christians) are excluded from salvation and horrifically tortured, and that, even of the Christians or their sects, a large proportion, if not a large majority, are similarly excluded and tortured. This is not a wholly comforting prospect, and it seems difficult to deny that, in comparison with it, the quiet expectation of extinction—the expectation that, after going on for a certain time in a

condition balanced between well-being and its contrary, one will go on no longer—has some advantages to offer. Two of the most devout Christians I have known were James Smetham and Christina Rossetti. Smetham's religion drove him insane: Christina's weighed her down at the last. Not indeed that she died despairing—very far from that: but she died with a more imminent sense of unworthiness and apprehension than of acceptance and unshakeable confiding hope. And yet she had nothing to fear, even in the balance-scales of justice—still less of beneficence and mercy. Her lifelong motto might have been, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him"; and she thought that she had a "Father in Heaven" not incapable of slaying her for ever.

The clergyman who regularly ministered to Christina was Prebendary Nash, of Christ Church, Woburn Square. He preached a memorial sermon for her on the Sunday after her grave had closed: with its devotional subject-matter and tone it combined some of the quality of an elegant literary essay. I have no doubt that Prebendary Nash treated her, on her passage through the valley of the shadow of death, with the judicious kindness which was natural to himself, and due to her as an exalted Christian as well as a suffering woman. She was at times visited likewise by a clergyman in whom she had great confidence, the Rev. Charles Gutch, of St. Cyprian's. I fancy, but cannot affirm it with assurance, that this cleric (who may not improbably have been Christina's "Father Confessor") took it upon him to be austere where all the conditions of the case called on him to be soothing and solacing—a course as foolish as it was unfeeling. I could not find that his advent ever left Christina cheered, but rather the more cheerless. Pre-

bendary Nash after a while organized a subscription for a memorial in his church to Christina, and subordinately to my mother and aunts. It took the form of a reredos-painting, Christ instituting the eucharist, and the four Evangelists as recorders of the event : Burne-Jones honoured us by furnishing the design, which was executed by Mr. T. M. Rooke.

Christina made her will in January 1891, giving everything to me. Afterwards, owing to the decease of her aunt Eliza (1893), she came into some additional money, and she died leaving a comparatively handsome property—far more than, during most of her years, she had looked forward to possessing. To her had come the substantial bulk of all the investments etc. which had pertained aforesaid to Polidoris and Rossettis. She therefore in her last illness very properly reflected that it would behove her to set something apart for bequests connected with religion. She would not interfere with my position as universal legatee : but she spoke to me on the subject, and I, without any hesitation, undertook to provide in my own will—and this I at once did—for leaving (subject only to certain contingencies which do not seem likely to arise) the same amount, £2,000, which she contemplated as suitable for her religious bequests. When I die, some persons may be a little surprised to find that a man who never figured as a Christian religionist has been leaving money for objects distinctively Christian : however, I have explained in my will the true nature of the transaction, and neither surprise nor the absence of surprise will make the least difference to me beneath the sod. As my sister's legatee I have had much more command of ready money than I had previously been accustomed to ; and this came

just at the time when the contrary was impending, as my retirement from the Inland Revenue, September 1894, reduced my official income from a salary of £900 a year to a pension of £600—or, as we call it, a “superannuation allowance.”

Christina left me another small legacy in the furry form of a cat. While very fond of animals of most sorts, she was not particularly addicted to the keeping and fondling of “pets”; but she had a dark semi-Persian female cat, Muff, which had been with her for some years, the offspring of another Persian cat, which, long domiciled with our mother and herself, ultimately disappeared and was seen no more. A kitten of Muff, yellow-tabby, had been consigned to me shortly before Christina’s death : Muff arrived very soon afterwards. A yellow-tabby cat was called by Dante Gabriel a “carroty cat”; so the kitten was named Carrots—a big robust animal, the most patient and forbearing of sons to his rather domineering mamma, whom he could most easily have trounced. He absconded at an early date. Muff remained with me until her death near the end of 1898 : a highly prolific puss who must, I presume, have given birth altogether to something like a hundred kittens. As soon as a brood was near at hand, she would retire into the safe seclusion of a cupboard or drawer. Her insatiate appetite for milk was surprising : no milk-jug or other vessel was sacred [from her instant and undisguised irruption. If I wanted to get some milk in my tea or cocoa while Muff was in the room, I had to pour it instanter from jug to cup, or Muff’s nose inside the jug would have forestalled me. She would jump from the floor on to my shoulder, and stolidly abide there as long as permitted ; would follow me

upstairs step by step, rubbing her head against my ankles, and half tripping me up ; and would sit for hours couched on my writing-table as I wrote. The amount of pleasure which I got out of this cat and her quaint ways was extreme : some of it was clearly due to her association with Christina's memory, but by no means the whole. I sincerely regretted the too visible decline of Muff's vital powers, and her death, which took place while I was away in Italy. There are few companions more companionable than a cat. Cats are of very diversified dispositions, and I never found that they are more "treacherous" (as the popular opinion runs) than other animals. If the average man were not any more treacherous than the average cat, he would be rising rather than falling in the moral scale.

The name of Christina Rossetti is dear to many : it continues dear after a lapse of several years from her death, and may perhaps so abide for a long space of time to come, for hers is a very penetrative influence, founded upon the depth and spontaneity, in her poems, both of the human personal sentiment and of the devotional fervour. In those days I kept a diary (as indeed I still do), and I noted down in it many particulars of her last days—brief and sad jottings they are to re-read. On two occasions I made a note, less scanty, of our interviews. On looking now at these memoranda, I find them to give a somewhat exact picture of her physical state, and of the shifting eddies of her mind, less than two months before her death. Some readers might feel it a privilege to be present, as it were, in her sick chamber ; and, as I discern no reason to the contrary, I will here reproduce the notes. To some extent they go over much the same ground which has been covered in my

preceding narrative : this seems of little or no consequence.

*"Interview with Christina—Friday, 9 November 1894—
2 to 3 p.m.*

"Christina very weak ; articulation imperfect, and difficulty in commanding her voice. Has a kind of catching pain in the right side at intervals, due to some temporary exposure or what not, besides the usual troubles. Very little coughing now, which had been violent for two or three weeks past. I opened and read to her three or four letters ; the last being from an American lady, Bates, who writes in very admiring terms, and solicits an autograph.

"Christina's mind has of late been very gloomy as to her prospects in eternity. I have endeavoured to reassure her (but am not the right person for any such purpose), and have promoted visits, now daily, from her clergyman Mr. Nash. To-day she said nothing of a directly gloomy character, but exhibits no cheerfulness. She asked : ' If I meet mamma in the other world, shall I give her your love ? ' ' Yes, to all.'

"She then said that she wished to obtain my forgiveness for two old matters. One (I did not understand details very clearly) was that several years ago, after I had recommended her not to see people, she went to lunch with the Cayleys, or received Cayley at lunch—'I was so fond of him.' The second relates to early childhood : that she had promised to give me some paints, but never did so (!). Of course, I told her that she had not then or ever committed any fault against me, but, as she wished it, I gave her the most absolute forgiveness. She used many affectionate expressions to me, and asked me to give her love to all my children.

"She asked whether I had 'any entertaining little bits of news'; and I gave what I thought of—next to nothing. I said that, in writing my Memoir of Gabriel, I have now got up to the date of *The Germ*. She expressed pleasure at my having got so far, as the assistance which she could give me in details (and it has been considerable) relates chiefly to Gabriel's earlier years. I acquiesced, and we talked a little about this.

"I asked whether she would like me to stay in the house, and read to her, as from the Gospels. She says she is now too far gone for this. She even finds that, in repeating the Lord's Prayer, she wanders off into some other prayer.

"Early in the interview she asked whether there was really any sort of animal crawling on the sheet. I assured her not, and that, if any such notion were to beset her again, she might safely dismiss it as a delusion. All this she took very quietly.

"For some while past it has been settled that I shall take a yellowish kitten, born of Muff her favourite semi-Persian cat, several years in the house. To-day Christina asked whether I would see the kitten, and I replied I would, on going downstairs. I then inquired whether (as in a previous instance) she would like to have the kitten up to her bedside. She answered that she is past that, and will probably never see Muff again. As I left the room, her last words were 'Don't forget about the kitten': and possibly those are the last words I am to hear her speak."

"Saturday, 17 November—3½ p.m.

"Am just back from Christina. She is in a trance-like dose, and was unaware of my presence—partly the effect of a sleeping-draught—so I came away soon. It

looks to me as if she would never recover consciousness ; but perhaps, as in previous instances, I am mistaken. A professional nurse is now in the house. I will write down what I recollect of our interview of yesterday, which lasted a full hour.

“Christina not in any acute pain, but reduced to the last extremity ; articulation very low and imperfect, so that she often had to strain for some ten or twelve seconds before framing a syllable.¹ I talked a goodish deal, and she understood me well. Her hearing must continue good ; and every now and then she looked at me with a natural glance of the eye, and even a natural smile.

“I read aloud a letter addressed to her by her Irish friend Miss Proctor.² It cited the line from Young’s *Night-thoughts*—‘All men think all men mortal but themselves.’ I observed on the substantial truth of this, and we talked of the merits (which I have always thought very considerable) of Young’s poem. She tried to recall the name of a certain *other* poem of the like class, but failed : I suggested one or two titles—not correct.

“I told her that I thought of going from Torrington Square (and this I did) to look at our birth-house 38 Charlotte Street, so as to make sure that I had not misdescribed it in my Memoir of Gabriel. I said that I think I have barely seen it more than once since we left 50 Charlotte Street : she said that she had seen it much oftener than that.

¹ To my surprise, a marked improvement in this respect took place afterwards : I noted it between 20th November and 7th December.

² The lady who in the course of 1895 published a *Brief Memoir of Christina G. Rossetti*.

“We talked a little of our mother : and I said that her life might be considered on the whole a happy one, as lives go—much affection bestowed by her, and not a little received. Christina did not reply very definitely, but I inferred that she is less prepared than myself to regard our mother’s life as happy. After this (but I don’t now see how the transition occurred) I got talking a good deal about Napoleon and his surroundings—the Duchesse d’Abrantès’ Memoirs etc. Christina replied in due proportion so far as possible. She remembered some particulars from those memoirs ; such as that Madame d’Abrantès speaks of the extreme beauty of her mother (to whom she says Napoleon proposed) ; that Madame d’Abrantès had at least one daughter, etc. She asked whether I had read—which I have—another book, *Mémoires sur Joséphine* ; and concurred in my observation that this shows Josephine in a very amiable light. She asked whether I remember—and I do so—that Junot’s Christian name was Andoche. This was introductory to her reciting a quatrain, which she thinks well turned, by some French abbé :—

Le grand Napoléon et notre brave Andoche

(then Napoleon is compared to Francis I, and Junot to)

Bayard sans peur et sans reproche.

“I forget the exact intermediate words : but I could catch them from poor Christina, greatly clipped as her articulation was. Curious that her mind and memory should be so clear on such subjects at such a time.

“Soon before leaving, I observed to her that I am now coming to her house every day ; but should be interrupted towards 28th November, and again towards

12th December, when I have to be in the country for official work about pictures. This she took in the best part ; but in fact I hardly think she will be alive, even on 28th November. We kissed and parted.

“At an early point in the interview she asked me for some water. I filled a quite small tumbler, and held it to her lips : she drank the whole, but quite slowly. Said it was ‘delicious.’ I remarked that no doubt she likes it much better than brandy and water ; which she has this long while been compelled to take in frequent doses, and altogether in considerable quantity ; some days ago she told me that it is now ordered in ‘by the dozen.’ She replied ‘Oh yes,’ and that she dislikes the brandy very much ; which is sure enough to be the case.

“It must have been quite early in the visit that she asked me whether the room appears to me like what it used to be [the room was her front drawing-room, for her bed, soon after Christina had been compelled to take to it finally, was permanently removed from her ordinary sleeping-room]. I truly replied yes—and that the room always seems well kept. I think there must have been in her mind and eyesight some delusive idea on this subject, but she did not develop it.”

Here end these poor jottings of mine concerning my good, beloved Christina, admirable and pathetic : a memory green to thousands, sacred to me.

I will add a few words relative to Mr. Mackenzie Bell and his biography of Christina Rossetti. I met this gentleman, for the first time, in Christina’s house some three or four weeks before her decease : he made several visits of inquiry during her illness. Soon after her death he mooted in conversation the question

whether I was likely to write a memoir of her. I replied that on some grounds I should wish to do so ; but that, as intense and devout Christian faith was the main element in her life and in her writings, I acknowledged to myself that I was unfitted to do justice to the work, adding "her life ought to be written by a Christian." Mr. Bell at once replied that he met that requirement : not long afterwards he undertook the work. Some other particulars, to which I need not recur here, appear in my memoir of Christina, in her *Poetical Works*.

There were other family-losses which took place in the interval between the deaths of Dante Gabriel and Christina, April 1882 to December 1894. My infant son Michael, January 1883 ; my cousin Teodorico Pietrocola-Rossetti, June 1883 ; my uncle Henry Polydore, January 1885 ; my wife's aunt Helen Bromley, June 1886 ; Francis Hueffer, January 1889 ; my aunt Charlotte Polidori, January 1890 ; Emma Brown, October 1890 ; Eliza Polidori, June 1893. To most of these losses I have already made some reference.

I recur for a moment to the death of Madox Brown. Very soon after that event Mr. Longman the publisher was minded to bring out a biography of Brown, and he applied to William Morris as a person not unlikely to undertake it. Morris did not feel disposed to do so, and he suggested that Mr. Longman might address me. This he did : but I had reasons for not wishing to be the biographer ; and I recommended Mr. Longman, before anything further should be done, to write to my wife at Pallanza as one of Brown's executors, and the most suitable of all persons to advise, and if requisite to produce the book. My wife responded to this advance ; and, notwithstanding the desperate condition of her

health, she set about writing the biography. This was no slight effort of resolute will. What she wrote was not exactly inconsiderable in amount, but it could not be any more than a beginning. After learning of my wife's death, Mr. Longman again communicated with me. I mentioned Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer as being then the most obvious person to consult. He undertook the work, and did it well, composing the book, very handsomely got up and illustrated, entitled *Ford Madox Brown*, 1896.

XXXII

MY WORK FROM 1894 ONWARDS

IN my 25th section I have given some details as to my later period of service in the Inland Revenue Office. It was fully understood that, on reaching the age of sixty-five, 25 September 1894, I should, under the general rule applicable to the Civil Service, retire from the Department. But, practically speaking, my office work closed in the middle of March 1894, when, having received a telegram showing that my wife was in an almost hopeless condition, I went off with my best speed to San Remo. On returning to London a widower in the middle of April, I felt wholly indisposed to resume duty for the brief remainder of my term. This I represented to the Board; and they, with their usual consideration, allowed me a lump-period of leave lasting up to 31 August. On and from 1 September I was definitely out of the service, to which I had given forty-nine and a half years of my life. My salary ceased, and my pension began.

Even so however my connexion with the Inland Revenue was not utterly severed.

It was in 1888 that I was first asked by the then deputy-chairman, Lord Iddesleigh, whether I would accommodate the Board by acting as referee for the valuations, presented for the purpose of Estate-duty, of

paintings and drawings. I very willingly assented. Prior to this date a gentleman in the Legacy-duty Department had been attending to the matter. He had now relinquished, and the Treasury had declined to sanction a scale of fees which the Board had proposed, to remunerate him for continuing the work as an outsider. I therefore undertook the task—the reverse of an uncongenial one—without any compensation. I received and considered numerous valuations, and reported upon them in writing, and in the more important cases I went to inspect the collections, whether in London or in other parts of England. With Ireland I had not anything to do, and with Scotland only in very exceptional cases. Before my relinquishment I had looked at and reported upon the collections left by Lord Radnor, the Duke of Cleveland, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Holford, Lord Derby, Mr. Woolner, Lord Essex; and, still more important than any of these (with the possible exception of the Duke of Devonshire), Sir Richard Wallace. There were several other collections besides.

Far be it from me to violate official confidence or “tell tales out of school”; or to say in which of these cases I considered the appraisements presented to be sufficient, and in which the reverse. Of *intentional* deception or subterfuge I never found a symptom. I need not perhaps scruple to say that in the Wallace case my services were considered to be deserving of some special recognition—which might indeed be regarded as covering all my exertions, otherwise uncompensated, up to that year, 1892. Sir Algernon West (it was one of his latest official acts) and the Earl of Iddesleigh recommended the Treasury to make me a grant of £500, and the Treasury promptly complied.

Before my retirement from the Service it had been arranged that I should thereafter continue this work, receiving fees as a "Professional Assistant." The fees were at first merely such as the Board happened to name in each individual instance : but from the close of 1895 a regular scale of fees, suggested by myself, was settled, and these continued always in force. I was conscious of proposing a very moderate scale. Such as it was, it satisfied me, and I found the work a pleasurable break in my routine of home-life. This employment enabled me to see a large number of important collections. I may mention (but far from exhaustively) those of Lord Lichfield, Lady Stanley of Alderley, Mr. Renton, Mr. Sharpe, Lord Verulam, Mr. Wilbraham, the Marquis of Northampton, the Marquesa de Santurce, Mr. Waller, the Duke of Hamilton, Sir R. Clare Ford, Lord Malmesbury, Lord Tweedmouth, Mr. Rathbone, Lord Pembroke, Mr. Du Maurier, the Duke of Leeds, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Pyke Thompson, Mr. Lea (Worcester), Lord Bradford, Sir R. Dyke Acland, Lord Suffolk, the Duke of Northumberland, Mr. Colman, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Fawkes, Mr. Leatham, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Ailesbury, the Duke of Argyll, Lord de l'Isle, the Marquis of Bute, General Pitt-Rivers, Lord Fitzwilliam, Mr. George Rae.

In the great majority of instances the object was to see whether the appraised values were such as the Revenue authorities could reasonably accept. There were however a few cases where the question was not one of appraisal but of exemption from duty : for a law was passed in 1896 (surely a very beneficial one) exempting such works of art as are heirlooms not saleable, and are "of national or historic interest." In this

relation, "national interest" is construed as covering any works which would presumably be accepted for one of the public collections (National Gallery etc.); and "historic interest" extends to some other outlying works, not necessarily of leading art-value, such as portraits suitable for the National Portrait Gallery, views of important edifices, etc.

The number of excellent works which I have thus seen—and of others far remote from excellence—is extremely large: I looked at them with a fair amount of confidence in my own judgment, formed almost on the instant, and without fear or favour, whether to the Revenue or the taxpayer. The Board of Inland Revenue always showed confidence in my reports: the deputy-chairman, Sir Frederick Robinson, up to the date of his relinquishment, took the principal part in dealing with all such cases. I have also met with invariable politeness and good will from the representatives of the deceased picture-owners, and might almost say that, the higher their social rank may have been, the more considerate and courteous have they shown themselves. They understood that my duty was to be unbiassed, and they seem to have given me credit for performing my duty in a proper spirit. It has often been said that the titled and landed classes of many years past patronize living artists not at all, leaving that function to moneyed men of business. My experience confirms this statement: but it must be allowed that several of "the stately homes of England" are so full of old pictures collected in time past that, unless many of the old were sold off, there is no room for new ones. Another serious consideration is that, to judge from the quality of the works collected and preserved—several

truly fine things among a majority of others which are not only indifferent but even rubbishy—it would seem that next to none of the owners or inheritors have in their own minds a fixed and luminous criterion of taste. I have scarcely ever entered one of these mansions without feeling that, were the pictures mine, I would rearrange them so as to give due prominence to the good ones, and would get absolutely rid of a lot of inferior stuff. Sell them off for a mere bagatelle—give them away—anything rather than continue housing them.

My health and my eyesight have been good enough to allow of my performing this picture-work without any undue strain. My tale of years has suggested to me that I might, on some grounds, do well to relinquish the task to younger hands. In fact, in 1901, and again in the summer of 1903, I tendered my resignation to the authorities at Somerset House, but I did not receive any encouragement to carry this into effect. In December 1903 I resolved (as a point of self-respect rather than anything else) that resign I would, and I did so.

I may mention here another work which I undertook in relation to paintings and other works of art, and I introduce it not so much for its own sake as because it enables me to speak of a Venetian family whom I regard as among my closest friends in Italy. In the summer of 1895 (just as I had returned from a visit with my two younger daughters to the last resting-place of my wife in San Remo) I received an invitation from the then Sindaco of Venice, Riccardo Selvatico, to act as one of a jury for awarding the prizes at an International Art Exhibition there—being the first of the now well-established biennial collections. The directors of the Exhibi-

tion had conceived a rather novel scheme of jurymen—that of selecting them from among recognized art critics. I gladly accepted the invitation, and went over to Venice in the early days of September. It was the hottest September that I ever experienced anywhere: a phenomenal degree of heat which every one was talking about. I found that my courteous inviter Selvatico had ceased to be Sindaco; there had been some scandal about a certain Italian picture in the Exhibition which was adjudged indecent (and indeed it was meat far beyond the strength of babes), and which was more particularly offensive to the *parti prêtre*. It remained on the walls, however, and finally received a prize voted not by the jury but by a popular *plébiscite*. The new Sindaco was the Conte Filippo Grimani, a member of an old family which gave three Doges to the Venetian Republic: as true a patrician in his proper person as in his exalted descent. Professor Fradeletto (now a member of the Italian Parliament) was the secretary and chief practical manager of the exhibition. It happens that two or three years before, he, being an admirer of Dante Rossetti's work, had written to me asking for information as to some details. My fellow-jurymen were all critics of high distinction—Italian, French, German, and Danish: Adolfo Venturi, who holds a leading public post in relation to fine art; Robert de la Sizeranne, deservedly esteemed for his books about pictorial art, the British included; Richard Muther, the historian of modern painting; and Professor Lange of Copenhagen. To my age rather than my deserts they paid the compliment of making me their foreman. As such I had to take the initiative in proposing the prizemen. To settle this point was not altogether

plain sailing. There were a good number of prizes, offered by various authorities: but several of them were restricted to particular nationalities—Italians, and sometimes only Venetians; so that one could not in all instances simply pick out the best exhibitor, and then the next best, and award the prizes on a descending scale. Moreover, some exhibitors were avowedly *hors concours*, and others, of leading eminence, were surmised to court the same position. To this last point however I did not pay attention. I proposed my men according to the best judgment I could form: some of my candidates passed, others were superseded by a majority-vote. One who passed was Whistler—the only man with an English-sounding name. He exhibited *The Little White Girl*, which had been an object of my admiration from a much earlier date. I remember very well the sitter for this small masterpiece. I obtained the sanction of the authorities for offering a final prize of my own to the best remaining exhibitor, of less than twenty-five years of age—the best in my opinion, for here the other jurors were not concerned. I selected a Venetian—Vettor Cargnel, who contributed a very able picture of a young woman in church, and I have little doubt that since then he has done other work still better. My prize was naturally not of large amount, but the recipient, a prepossessing-looking young man, seemed very well pleased to accept it.

I liked all my fellow-jurors—the one of whom I saw the most was M. de la Sizeranne. They were, somewhat more than myself, the partisans of the most modern methods in art, which put telling experiments in execution, and do not much mind if uncouthness and want of ideas are lurking underneath these. But more

especially I liked Professor Fradeletto, whom, along with his family, I met continually during that stay in Venice, and every now and then in subsequent years, notably 1900. The Professor is a fine robust figure of a man, replete with the heartiness which suits robustness : he turns a broad brow to whatever comes before him for consideration, whether in fine art, literature, or life, and in politics is a faithful adherent of the democratic cause. His wife, belonging to the Cornoldi family, is a lady of cultivated mind and of open friendly character, devoted to her promising brood of two daughters and a son, now grown or rapidly growing up. They live in the Carmine quarter of Venice, where they have the advantage, rather unusual for Venetians, of a fair-sized garden. I enjoy, whenever I return to them, the garden, the house, and most of all the inmates of the house. Riccardo Selvatico was the bosom-friend of Fradeletto ; I found him worthy of all esteem, and was not a little concerned to see his death announced in 1902. His compatriots have paid him the well-deserved tribute of setting up a bust of him opposite the Exhibition-building in the Public Gardens.

The experiment of appointing critics to adjudge the prizes has not been repeated in the gatherings subsequent to 1895. Possibly (but I know not one way or the other) the awards decided in that year were not considered very satisfactory : this I can truly affirm—that they were made honestly and painstakingly by all the jurors.

I now proceed to the literary work which I have done since I retired from the Inland Revenue Office in 1894. I may say, to begin with, that a life without some sort of definite occupation would not suit me at all. To get up

in the morning not knowing "what to be at," to dribble through the lagging hours, and then retire to bed without a sense of anything enacted, seems to be a very wretched fate, and one, in the case of a man who retires old from a long career of regular work, far from unlikely to lead to an early collapse of the vital energies, with the coffin closing the scanty perspective. It may be true that my performances are not important : they are however carried on with much the same sort of system and assiduity as my office-work used to be. I give to them very nearly as many hours per day as I was wont to give to the office, along with the literary work which frequently but not constantly succeeded to it. Making occupation for myself thus, I have not found the time since I quitted official life hang at all heavy on my hands. I have filled it up to my satisfaction, actual or comparative, and have felt it a relief to be my own master, no longer coerced to a daily tramp to and from Somerset House, and the desk-work thereat. The reader of my preceding narrative will perceive that, until I left the Inland Revenue, I had never (allowing for brief annual vacations) been exempted from diurnal attendances of this kind ; for soon after attaining seven years of age I entered a day-school, and I only quitted school to go to the Excise Office. To dispose of my day as I chose was therefore, at the age of sixty-four, a novelty, and I found the novelty welcome.

The year 1894 was a grievous one to me. I returned home in the middle of April from witnessing my wife's last hours, only to find that my sister, well known to be past cure, would soon be taking to her deathbed. For some weeks I did little in the nature of steady work, apart from attending to some business arising under the

will of my wife, and likewise consequent upon Madox Brown's decease ; there were also my visits to Christina. Early in July I resolved to bring these desultory ways to a conclusion, and to set to at something definite, and the project which I at once took up for fulfilment was that of publishing my brother's family-letters.

The idea of doing this had presented itself to me towards the autumn of 1882, the year in which Dante Rossetti died. I thought, and I still think, that he was a good letter-writer ; not in an elaborate style, whether descriptive or discussive or discursive, and still less in a style giving the reins to the "high horse" of ideal aspiration in poetry, painting, or whatsoever else. For anything of that sort he had in fact no taste at all. I will not say he had no faculty, for a man who had so many ideas communicable in the form of painting and of poetry, and who could express himself with so much readiness and aplomb in speech and in writing, must have been able to command such a faculty, had he been so disposed. But for any such form of self-revelation or self-display—or indeed for display of any kind—he had not any liking or personal tendency. Self-expression however is a very different thing from self-display, and of self-expression there is abundance in his letters, and not least in his family-letters ; whatever his mood, whether serious or enjoying or bantering (and it often was the last), he "gives himself away," as the common phrase now runs. His family-letters show all these moods, along with a very solid fund of good-humoured and sympathizing affection. I thought therefore that it would be a service to his memory, at a date when not very much was known about his real personality, to bring forward these family-letters,

and show the man as he was, under conditions which neither invited nor permitted any disguise. I put together his letters addressed to me ; Christina, using a very free hand for suppressing any laudatory items or passages, did the like with the letters which she had received ; and our mother, though her heart sank at times under a task so trying to her feelings, added to the store. There were some few letters besides to other members of the family. To all these materials I wrote explanatory notes wherever needed.

My friend Watts-Dunton undertook to co-operate with me by writing a biography. I need not say that he was excellently well qualified to do so, from his own knowledge of the last ten years of Dante Rossetti's life ; and I furnished him with some details of earlier years, and was ready to supply any further amount of these. That I should myself become my brother's biographer was far from my wish. I saw, not less clearly than the mass of readers would be certain to see, the legitimate objections to such a course. The firm of Ellis and Scrutton (now named Ellis) which had succeeded to the business originally conducted by Frederick S. Ellis, entered into an agreement with Watts-Dunton and myself to publish the book.

My part in this project was completed (I think) before the spring of 1883. I have never seen any portion of the biography that was undertaken by my friend. Occasionally I asked him about it, and the publishers told me now and again that they had done the same. To hazard a conjecture why the work remained unexecuted is not my part ; I understood however that some acquaintances of my brother, as especially Charles Augustus Howell and William Bell Scott, were

deemed by my intending colleague to be prolonging their lives unduly, and that they had better be disposed of underground before the biography came to light. They were both dead some while prior to 1894, but the biography remained "far in the unapparent." So I determined that I, as a *pis aller*, would be the biographer as well as the compiler. Early in July 1894 I wrote to Watts-Dunton to say so, and we had some personal talk over the matter. He raised no objection, and stated that he would not now persist with the project of a complete memoir, but would at some time write his personal reminiscences of Dante Rossetti. These I should enjoy seeing; and certain it is that there would be a large and laudatory body of readers to share in my enjoyment.

I found in 1894 a good deal of preliminary work to be done with my brother's letters, re-inserting some excised passages, and adding those addressed to my wife—also reading-up a number of books and articles about him, or somehow relevant to his life. Of these, to my astonishment, I traced (belonging to myself) no less than 260. It was on 4 September that I commenced the actual writing of the memoir. I have defined in some previous pages my view of the proper function of a biographer, which amounts generally to this—that he ought to care more for a candid than commendatory attitude of mind, and that, in portraying his original, he does him no real disservice by stating, with fairness and without asperity, minor blemishes and peculiarities, along with the leading lineaments of character and faculty. I accorded this treatment to my brother, as I should have done to any one else. I am conscious that some people have thought that my presentment of him

is such as to derogate somewhat from the regard to which he is properly entitled. That they should think so—i.e., that they abstract from his great gifts and fine performances an ideal superior to what I show forth—is so far gratifying to me ; and most assuredly the thing least consonant with my intention was to “run him down.” None the less I continue of opinion that I wrote upon the right principle ; and moreover that a biographer who is also a near relative is exceptionally bound to apply rouge or pearl-powder to no cheek, and *couleur de rose* to no fact.

I finished the memoir on 10 April 1895. In dimensions, and to some extent in subject-matter, it was the most solid task I had ever undertaken, and still remains so, save for the penning of the present Reminiscences. The memoir forms volume 1 in the two-volume book (Family-letters with Memoir) which was brought out in December of the same year. This book sold well at the first start ; and my belief is that it would have continued to sell well, and might have gone into a second edition, but for an unfortunate clash and subsequent lingering delay as to its getting reviewed in *The Athenæum*. Who should review a book of mine, or in what spirit it should be reviewed, is a matter with which I never concerned myself in the least. In the present instance Watts-Dunton wished of his own accord to deal with the book in *The Athenæum*, but he learned that he had been already forestalled by the regular art-critic of the paper, my old and tried friend Stephens. To have Watts-Dunton as the reviewer would have been highly pleasing to me : to have Stephens instead would have been satisfactory—on some grounds even equally satisfactory. The latter however found reason for not taking up the

book at once : when at last he did take it up, and sent in a notice of it, the editor opined that the lengthened interval of time was such as not to admit of the insertion of any review. I have seen these simple, but to me rather vexatious, facts wholly misstated in some other periodical : for there are press critics who always know more than they are acquainted with.

For the purpose of writing this memoir I naturally had to look up a great number and variety of family papers—letters, diaries, and the like. My brother, I may here remark, did not leave behind him any sort of diary ; nor do I believe that he ever kept one except towards 1847-8. That early diary he must, still youthful, have destroyed : were it now extant, it would be of no little interest, as attesting the first beginnings of the Præraphaelite movement. I recollect scarcely any passage in it, save one which spoke warmly of Holman Hunt's rigid self-denial in his pursuit of art through all difficulties : there was the phrase, "One of these days the facts will be known, and men will wonder and admire." After getting together the letters and memoir, I resolved to make a kind of family-compilation out of the large remaining mass of materials at my disposal. This compilation began with papers relating to my grandfather and father, as far back as about 1800, and went on to the year 1862, the date of the death of my brother's wife. The bulk of this compilation was no doubt formidable ; and it must have included some matter not particularly attractive to British readers, though I thought that on the whole the various items deserved publication. As several letters from Mr. Ruskin were inserted, I found it necessary to offer the manuscript, in the first instance, to Mr. George Allen,

who during Ruskin's lifetime was the only publisher empowered to bring out any of his writings. Mr. Allen quite repudiated the idea of publishing the entire compilation : but he was willing to issue a minor portion of it, which in 1899 appeared under the title *Ruskin, Rossetti, Præraphælitism*, a handsome illustrated volume.

An amusing press comment was made upon this book. A somewhat distinguished writer, reviewing it in a spirit amicable enough, said that it was questionable whether the grandchildren of the persons whose writings constituted the volume would be well pleased to see some of the items thus printed. Now the principal writers in that book are Ruskin, Dante Rossetti, William Bell Scott, and Madox Brown. Ruskin, it is pretty well known, had no children, and consequently no grandchildren ; Dante Rossetti the same ; Scott the same. Brown had altogether eight grandchildren, seven of them surviving. Four of these seven are my own children, and I might perhaps be as good a judge of their sentiments as the reviewer. With the other three I am familiar, and I never heard of any objection on their part.

After Mr. Allen had excluded the great majority of my big family-compilation, I was still inclined to publish as much of it as I could, and I looked out for other publishers, using the agency of the Authors' Syndicate, now housed in Southampton Street, Strand. Through the good offices of this body, I have published four further portions of the material. (1) in *The Pall Mall Magazine*, 1898, *Some Scraps of Verse and Prose by Dante Gabriel Rossetti* ; (2) *Præraphælite Diaries and Letters*, 1900 ; (3) *Gabriele Rossetti, a Versified Autobiography, translated and supplemented by William M. Rossetti*, 1901 ; (4) the

fragmentary poem by William Blake, *The Passions*, in *The Monthly Review*, 1903. I need not dwell upon the contents of these publications. In No. 2 the item of chief (yet not I hope of sole) interest is the diary of Madox Brown, showing his pictorial work from 1847 to 1856, and the straits to which he was frequently put to "keep the wolf from the door"—which somehow he always managed to do in the temper of an eminently independent and honourable man. To bring out my father's autobiography was a great gratification to me—indeed, I regarded it as little short of a filial obligation, now that circumstances made it feasible for me to attend to such a matter. I translated into blank verse the rhymed metre of the original; my chief object in this alteration being to secure strict adherence to meaning, to the comparative disregard of form. My blank verse has been mostly pronounced excessively bad. If it is so, I regret the fact, but still hold that I was warranted in using that form of verse and in sticking close to my text. I openly professed in the book itself that my father's narration was not highly poetical, and that my own was less so. There is at present a prospect that the original Italian autobiography, with some supplementary matter founded upon what I wrote, may be published in Rome, or elsewhere in Italy. This had naturally been much in my thoughts from the first.

Another literary matter (of quite a different sort) in which I have been concerned of late is the edition of Dickens and also of Thackeray, which an American publisher, Mr. Sproul, has undertaken to issue on a vast scale, and at an enormous price. My share in this scheme has been quite small, and is only worth mentioning through the interest attaching to the authors them-

selves and the scale of publication. I was invited to write the introduction to Dickens's *Child's History of England* and his *Pictures from Italy*, and to a volume of Thackeray's *Prose Miscellanies* belonging principally to his earlier years. This I did.

In that family-compilation which I offered to Mr. Allen there were numerous other items which remain unpublished. Most of these I at once set aside, as not being clearly serviceable in any different connexion. One thing I have tried to publish, but as yet without success : the Diary of Dr. John Polidori, written while he was associated with Byron and Shelley. I had occasion to refer to it on page 385, and I am rather surprised that no publisher has been minded to take it up.

The compilation in question went on, as I have said, to the beginning of 1862 ; but there was no reason why it should not be prolonged beyond that date. I have in fact prolonged it. One instalment is the *Rossetti Papers, 1862 to 1870* (published in 1903) : it continues to show the career of my brother (and of others) up to the time when his first original volume, *Poems*, was issued. I have prepared another instalment going up to the autumn of 1876, when Dante Gabriel, after some shiftings, resettled in London ; and a still further instalment extending to his death in 1882. The last instalment, also mostly done, goes on to December 1894, the date of Christina's death : that would be the conclusion.

No one perhaps has accused me of devoting to compilations of this class time which might be better employed upon original work of my own. And the reason is obvious—namely, that I have not an originating mind, and naturally am not credited by others

with having one. But it has been propounded in many quarters that the compilations are in themselves excessive—that I have offered to readers more particulars about members of my family than they care to digest. I do not see that this charge is well based. There are very few books which appeal to readers of all sorts : one book appeals to one set of readers, and another book appeals to a different set. Thousands and tens of thousands of people don't care to know anything about Dante or Christina Rossetti, or Madox Brown, or the rest of us : but there are some tens and some hundreds who do care. To these tens and hundreds I offer my authentic compilations ; wholly (and I conceive rightly) unregardful of the fact that a vastly larger number of people pay no heed to them, or to anything else bearing upon the same range of topics. Other writers do not possess the materials which are at my disposal. I have seen fit to use them, and I judge that in doing so I have been more serviceable than importunate.

This present book of Reminiscences is somewhat in the same line, but it follows a quite different plan. This is a personal consecutive narration, taking no appreciable count of documentary data of an old period ; whereas those other volumes consist of documents, to which my own adjuncts are merely by way of annotation or exposition.

I will close by mentioning a small matter as to which some feeling of self-gratulation may be pardoned me. Up to 1898 the reports of the Royal Literary Fund contained in paragraph 1 of the "Address" the following words : "Every author without exception is excluded [i.e. from 'the bounty of the Institution']

whose writings are offensive to morals or religion." On receiving these reports as an incentive for a subscription, I more than once commented upon this clause as being narrow-minded and even silly : the strict application of it would have excluded not only many of the "illustrious obscure," but several of the illustrious as well : we have only to reflect upon Shelley and Byron, as judged by the bigwigs of their own days. From the address of 1899 and of subsequent years this clause has disappeared. I am not at liberty to say how I know that my personal remonstrance was efficacious, but I do know it none the less.

XXXIII

CONCLUDING WORDS

A MAN who undertakes to write his *Reminiscences* may not unnaturally be minded to give, besides a compendium of facts, some slight self-estimate—an account of what he perceives or supposes his essential qualities and capabilities and deficiencies to be. He is sure to find much to define, not a little to blame, something or other to uphold. I shall however resist any such temptation, and shall leave the reader to put his own construction upon what he remarks in this book, and in whatsoever else he may know concerning me.

On the other hand it may be permitted me to say a little—a very little—about the progression of public opinion or sentiment in my time. As to material developments—the increase of wealth, the advances of science and invention, the acceleration of transit, and the consequent fusion of races and interests—I do not pretend to speak: they are in one degree or another patent to all of us, and I have no qualification for enlarging upon them. Matters more impressive to my own mind and personality are the immense development in the anti-dogmatic and anti-traditional tendencies in religion; the freer field open to women, and their increased independence of character and mental atmosphere; the advance, limited though it as yet is, in



WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI, 1905.



Socialistic ideas and schemes; and (in this country at least) the enormous increase of artistic activity and the multiform phases of art. Not indeed that art has in all respects improved, but that the number of its practitioners, and of its sincere or semi-sincere votaries, and the scale of its operations, have augmented prodigiously. It must, I fear, be conceded that, while the arts of form have progressed, poetry has of late receded. In my prime there were several poets of exalted rank; but, since the advent of Swinburne now some forty years ago, where is the new great poet?

While the movement in speculative and social ideas has been one of expansion and enlightenment, I cannot but think that in political temper we have retrogressed, and this not in the United Kingdom alone. The enthusiasm for ideals, which made possible such a colossal upheaval as the great French Revolution, is nowhere apparent now. A Robespierre stood for "*la vertu*," though he may have made some considerable misapplications of his watchword: a Bismarck stood for blood and iron, and a Cecil Rhodes for dividends, "commercial assets," and square miles. The era of Giuseppe Mazzini and Abraham Lincoln looks remote from us. Carlyle's appeals for force seem in the long run to have had a more distinct sequel than his pleas for righteousness. But it would be weak to suppose that because there is now an ebb, there will not at some time be a spring-tide.¹

Carlyle in 1850, in his *Latter-day Pamphlets* named *Downing Street* and *The New Downing Street*, gave a shrewd forecast of what we see increasingly—the decay

¹ All this was written in 1903. Had I been writing in 1906, I might have found something further to say.

of parliamentary discussion, and elocutionary debate of grievances, and the strengthening of the administrative control of public affairs. I am not sure that the fact that this Carlylean augury was thus made long ago has been much observed or commented upon, although the outcome itself, as a matter of present and future moment, has been anxiously remarked. Imperialism has a voice of its own, loud enough to drown echoes surviving from a past generation.

Two mottoes which, trite as they are, might be adopted by a man who writes his reminiscences, are *Γινῶθι σεαυτὸν* and *Memento Mori*. Since I began this narrative many persons here mentioned, who were known to me and alive, have passed into the silence of the grave. I may mention J. Hungerford Pollen, Henry T. Wells, Ernest Gambart, J. T. Nettleship, John Brett, Sir Robert Micks, George Rae, Riccardo Selvatico, Gaston Paris, Sir J. Noel Paton, Philip James Bailey, J. Birkbeck Hill, James MacNeill Whistler, Frederick Sandys, George F. Watts, Val Prinsep, William Sharp, John P. Seddon, Jessie W. Mario, Richard Garnett. Whose turn is to come next?

INDEX

A

Abbott-Anderson, Dr., 531
 Abrantès, Duc de, 541
 Abrantès, Duchesse de, 541
 — *Memoirs of*, 541
Academy, The (review), 95, 468-70
 Adams, Francis, 504-5
 — *Songs of the Night*, by, 504-5
 — *Tiberius*, by, 505
 Adelphi Theatre, 190
Adrienne Lecouvreur (play), 189
 Agresti, Antonio, 37, 453-4
 — *Writings and Translations*, by, 454, 519
 Agresti, Olivia, 429, 437-8, 446, 448-9, 453-4, 465-7, 528
 — *Life of Giovanni Costa*, by, 454
 Agresti, Olivia, and Helen Angeli, 450, 466
 — *A Girl among the Anarchists*, by, 450, 466
 Albany Street, London, 111
 — — 166, London, 112, 292
 Aldrich, Charles, 508-9
 — Mrs., 509-10
 Algeria, 457
 All Saints Sisterhood, 421, 427
 Allan, Captain, 462-4
 Allen, George, 558-9
 Allingham, Mrs., 86
 — Wm., 86, 233-4, 257, 431
 Allport, Dr., 462
 — Mrs., 432, 464-5
 — Roland, 464-5
 Alma-Tadema, Lady, 134, 323
 — Sir Lawrence, 323
 Alps, The, 347-8
 Ancoats Brotherhood, The, 457, 493
 Andrews, Rev. Dr., 84
 Andrieu, Jules, 507
 Angeli, Diego, 456
 — Gastone, 37, 456
 — Helen M. M., 278-9, 434, 446, 448-9, 455-7, 462-5, 508-9
 — *D. G. Rossetti*, Memoir by, 455
 — *Madox Brown*, Memoir by, 455

Ansaldi, Dr., 527
 Anthony, Mrs. (senr.), 141
 — W. Mark, 138, 140-2
 Antwerp, 432
 Appleton, Dr., 468-70
 Appleyard, Rev. Mr., 127
Arabian Nights, The, 451
 Ariosto, 30
 Arlington Street, 38, London, 107
 Armitage, Edward, 159
Art Journal, The, xi, 476
Artist, The (magazine), 180
 Aspinall, 169
Athenaeum, The, 68, 78-9, 299, 380, 470-2, 522-3, 557
Atlantic Monthly, The, 301, 483
 Australia, 24, 85, 150, 169, 449, 455, 462, 465, 467, 504
 Authors' Syndicate, The, 559
 Avenue Road, London, 89

B

B, 510, 511
 B (W.), 49
 B (W. E.), 50-1
 Bailey, Philip J., 101, 497-8, 566
 — *Angel World, The*, by, 101
 — *Festus*, by, 101, 123, 497-500
 Bajardo, 436
 Baldwin, Mrs., 230
 — *The Shadow on the Blind*, etc., by, 230
 Bâle, 457
 Barlow, T. O., 236
 Barnard, Mr., 38
 Barrington, Mrs. Russell, 521
 Bastian, Dr. Charlton, 89
 — Mrs., 89
 Bath, Marchioness of, 38, 108
 Bazaine, Marshal, 488
Beautiful Poetry (selection), 79
 Beddoes, Thomas L., 101
 — *Death's Jestbook*, by, 101
 Bedford, Paul, 190
 Bedlam, 269-70

- Behnes, W., 63-4
 Belgium, 344, 355, 432
 Bell, Mackenzie, 6, 542-3
 — *Memoir of Christina Rossetti*, by, 530, 542
 Belloc, Mme., 173
Bell's Weekly Messenger, 8
 Bené, Miss, 438
 — Mrs., 438
 Bennett, Rev. Dr., 108
 Bennis and Co., 455
 Benson, A. C., 395
 Biarritz, 438-9
 Bible, The, 121, 127
 Bientina, 347
 Birchington-on-Sea, 144, 325, 517
 Birmingham, 442, 482, 519-20
 Blake, Mrs., 307, 378
 — Wm., 302, 304, 307-8
 — Aldine Edition of, 308, 378
 — Dante designs by, 307
 — *The Passions*, by, 560
 Blanchard, Sidney, 169
 Blind, Karl, 506
 — Mathilde, 388, 428
 Bloomsbury Square, London, 421
 Boccaccio, 399
 — *Filostrato*, by, 399-400
 Bodichon, Dr., 172
 — Mrs., 171-2
 Bodleian Library, Oxford, 361
 Bognor, 429
 Bolton, 454
 Bonvicino da Riva, Fra, 399
 — *Zinquanta Cortesie da Tavola*, by, 399
 Boscombe Manor, 363
 Boughton, G. H., 278
 Bourget, Paul, 490
 Bournemouth, 434, 506
 Bowen, Miss, 111
 Boyce, George P., 144, 146, 152-3, 431
 Boyd, Miss, 132, 263, 349, 357
 Brantwood, 179, 327
 Brett, John, 90, 566
 Bridgeman, 169
 Brighton, 343, 530
 Brimley, George, 100-1
 British Museum, 84, 87-8, 331, 440
Broadway, The (magazine), 82-3
 Bromley, Helen, 137, 429, 543
 — Sir Richard M., 137
 Brompton Cemetery, 428
 Brook, Gustavus V., 190
 Brookbank, Shottermill, 305
 Brown, Dr. John, 145
 — Elizabeth, 115, 136, 433
 — Emma, 136-7, 442, 495, 543
 Brown, Ford Madox, 37, 60-1, 68, 97, 110, 136, 139, 142, 145, 154, 194, 209, 216, 218, 224, 227, 233, 245-7, 265, 277, 291, 325, 329, 333, 337-8, 388, 404, 420, 424, 428, 430-31, 440, 442, 477-8, 490, 492-3, 495-6, 500, 514, 518-19, 526, 528, 543, 554, 559
 — *Byron and Mary Chaworth*, by, 491
 — *Chaucer at Court of Edward III*, by, 137, 145, 149
 — *Christ Washing Peter's Feet*, by, 68, 325
 — *Crabtree observing the Transit of Venus*, by, 175
 — *Diary of*, 560
 — Monument to D. G. Rossetti, by, 244
 — Portraits of Lucy and Olivia Rossetti, by, 423
 Brown, Oliver Madox, 137, 299, 329, 334, 424-6, 489-91, 493
 — *Dwale-bluth, The*, by, 175, 425
 — *Gabriel Denver*, by, 425
 — Posthumous writings of, 426
 Browning, Miss, 244
 Browning, Mrs., 232, 236, 238, 239, 242-4, 268, 471
 — *Aurora Leigh*, by, 236
 — *Drama of Exile*, etc., by, 232
 Browning, Robert, 101, 189, 232-42, 244-5, 254, 256, 471, 481
 — *Bells and Pomegranates*, by, 232
 — *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, by, 234
 — *Lippo Lippi*, by, 236
 — *Paracelsus*, by, 233
 — *Pauline*, by, 234
 — *Sordello*, by, 233, 481-2
 Browning, Robert B., 236-7
 — Society, 481
 Bruges, 441
 Brunswick Place, Frome, 109
 Buchanan, Robert, 245, 334, 380, 405, 522-3, 525
 — *Fleshy School of Poetry*, by, 516, 521-2
 — *God and the Man*, by, 522
 Bull, Mrs., 38
 Burcham, Robert P., 111
 Burges, Wm., 146, 154-5
 Burlington Fine Arts Club, 224, 318, 394, 521
 Burne-Jones, Lady, 210, 229, 477
 Burne-Jones, Sir Edward, 194, 201, 208-14, 216, 218, 223-4, 228, 285, 318-19, 430-1
 — Reredos at Christ Church, London, by, 521, 535

Burne-Jones, Sir Philip, 230
 Burrows, Canon, 128
 Burton, Sir F. W., 323
 Burton, Wm. S., 226
 — *The Blessed Damsel*, picture by, 226
 Butler, Mrs. Fanny, 190
 Butts, Captain, 306
 Byron, Lady, 269
 — Lord, 337, 352, 378, 384, 512, 561

C

C. (R. S.), 50
 Caen, 346
 Cahen, Comtesse Edmond de, 492
 Caine, Hall, 337, 477, 503-4
 — *Recollections of D. G. Rossetti*, by, 504
 Call, Mrs., 370, 373, 379, 396, 513
 Cambridge, 170
 Cameron, Mr., 204
 — Mrs., 203-4, 207, 248
 Campbell, Major Calder, 59, 92
 Cargnel, Vettor, 551
 Carlyle, Thomas, 164-84, 219, 565
 — *Downing Street*, etc., by, 565-66
 Carmichael, Mary, 394, 491
 Carr, Comyns, 469-70
 Carr-Boyd, Mr., 467
 Catchpole, Mrs., 32
 Cayley, Charles Bagot, 36, 116, 173-76, 311-15, 538
 — Poems by, 173
 — Translation of Dante, by, 173, 309
 — Translations of Homer, etc., by, 173, 314
 — Prof. Arthur, 175
 Chandler-Moulton, Mrs., 330
 Charlotte Street, 38, London, 1, 3, 4, 540
 — — 50, London, 4, 7, 79, 107
 Chatham Place, 14, London, 112, 153, 271
 Chaucer, Geoffrey, 399
 — *Troilus and Criseyde*, by, 399-400
 — Society, 399
 Cheyne Walk, 16, London, 245, 271, 272, 286, 288, 291, 316, 321, 327, 338, 339, 340, 429, 430, 506, 518
 Christ Church, Albany Street, 65, 127
 — — Woburn Square, 534-5
 Christie and Co., 476
Chronicle, The, 300
 Ciampoli, Prof., 116
 Clairmont, Miss Clare, 351-4, 383-4, 511-13
 — Miss Paola, 353

Clayton, J. R., 144
 Clint, George, 513
 — Portrait of Shelley, by, 513
 Clough, Arthur H., 102
 — *Bothie of Tooper-na-fuosich*, by, 102
 Cole, Mrs. Lionel, 349, 528
 Collins, Charles A., 146, 151-2
 — W. Churton, 385
 — Wilkie, 100, 151
 — *The Frozen Deep*, by, 100
 Collinson, James, 62, 65-6, 72-5, 201, 357
 — *St. Elisabeth of Hungary*, by, 65
 Colvin, Sidney, 334, 479
 Congo State, 456
 Conway, Moncure D., 492-3
 — Mrs., 492
 Cook, Douglas, 299
 — Keningale, 483, 506
 — *The Fathers of Jesus*, by, 506
 Cooper, Mrs., 137, 426
 — Samuel, 138
 Corbett, C. H., 50
 Cotman, J. S., 51
 Courbet, Gustave, 345
 Cox, Serjeant, 92-3, 101
 Crane, Walter, 496
Crayon, The (review), 180
Critic, The (review), 92-4, 96, 101
 Crome, Joseph, 51-2
 Cross, John, 138, 140
 — *Death of Cœur de Lion*, by, 140
 Cross, Mrs., 140
 Cruikshank, George, 327-8
 Cunningham, Allan, 302
 — *Memoir of Blake*, by, 302
 Curran, Miss, 374
 — Portraits of Shelley, etc., by, 374, 513

D

Dadd, Richard, 270
 Dallas, E. S., 105
 Dallas-Glyn, Mrs., 103-5, 190
 Dalrymple, Lady, 204
 Dante, 3, 120, 309
 — *Divina Comedia*, by, 308, 499
 — *Inferno*, by (G. Rossetti's edition), 3
 — — translated by Longfellow, etc., 309
 — — translated by W. M. Rossetti, 308-10
 Darmesteter, James, 488-90
 Davies, Wm., 324, 334-5
 Davis, Valentine, 227
 — Wm., 226-7
 Davos Platz, 450, 455, 457, 460, 462
 Deagostini, G. A., 14

Dean, Frank, 506
 — Mrs., 505-6
 Denmark Hill, London, 178
 Dessoye, Mme., 277-8
 Deverell, Walter H., 146, 148-9, 192
 — *Twelfth Night*, picture by, 148
 — Wykeham, 149
 Devonshire, 168
 Dickens, Charles, 100, 560
 — Mrs., 100
 Dickinson, Lowes, 97, 131, 138-9
 — Robert, 138-9
 Dijon, 437
 Dilberoglue, Stauros, 342
 Dillon, John, 489
 Dixon, Mrs. Hepworth, 507
 — Thomas, 7, 182
 — W. Hepworth, 90
 Dobson, Thomas, 414
 Dodgson, Rev. C. L., 328-9
 Dodsworth, Rev. Mr., 127
 Doughty, Thomas, 59
 Dowden, Prof., 240, 366, 387, 390
 — *Life of Shelley*, by, 366, 387
 Doyle, Richard, 206-7
 Duclaux, Madame, 457, 487-488
 — *Handful of Honeysuckle*, by, 488
 Dumas, Alexandre, 349
 Dunn, H. Treffry, 328, 346, 518

E

Early English Text Society, 400
 Edinburgh, 131, 343, 495-6
 Edwards, H. Sutherland, 169
 Ehrmann, Alfred von, 519
 Eldred, Edgar, 47
 Ellis, F. S., 303, 342, 386
 — Messrs., 519, 555
 Eminent Women (series), 433
Encyclopædia Britannica, 91, 472-3
 Endsleigh Gardens, 5, London, 277,
 292, 293-4, 338, 394, 421, 440, 500,
 504
 Epps, Dr. John, 133
 — Mrs., 133-4
 Euston Square, London, 293
 Excise Office, 45, 46, 553

F

Fairbrother, Miss, 190
 Faringford, 247-9
 Faulkner, Charles, 209, 222, 430
 Ffolkes, W. B., 52
 Filopanti, Enrica, 135
 Finch, F. O., 159, 265
Fine Arts Quarterly Review, 299
 Fitzroy Square, London, 425, 428

Fletcher, 194
 — *The Spanish Curate*, by, 194
 Florence, 223, 236, 239, 267, 347-9,
 352, 367, 449, 454, 465, 490, 511
 Flück, 459-61
 Foley, J. H., 140
 Forman, H. Buxton, 82, 353, 361,
 381-2, 390
 Forsey, C. B., 415
Fortnightly Review, 385
 Fournier, 376
 — *Cremation of Shelley*, by, 376
 Fradeletto, Prof., 550-1
 — Signora, 551
 Francis, J. Deffett, 364
 Fraser, G. Rae, 528
Fraser's Magazine, 95, 299
 Freeling, J. Clayton, 46, 414
 Frere, J. Hookham, 2
 Frome-Selwood, 108-9, 357
 Froude, J. A., 299
 Furnivall, Dr., 302, 389-90, 398-9,
 443, 507

G

Gaisford, Thomas, 207
 Gallenga, Antonio, 36
 Gambart, Ernest, 265, 566
 Ganko, 279
 Garnett, Dr., 87-8, 362, 387, 390, 440,
 472, 513, 566
 — Mrs., 87-8
Gems of National Poetry, 79
Germ, The (magazine), xi, 74, 80-1,
 83, 93-4, 98, 102, 150, 160-1
 Gérôme, Léon, 376
 Gilbert, Sir Humphrey, 398
 — *Queen Elisabethes Academy*, by,
 398
 Gilchrist, Alexander, 304-5
 — *Life of Blake*, by, 305-6, 308
 Gilchrist, Herbert, 305, 404
 — *Memoir of Anne Gilchrist*, by, 305
 Gilchrist, Mrs., 305-6, 404-5
 — *Letters on Whitman*, by, 404
 Gill, Dr. Wm., 444
 Gillum, Colonel, 340
 Giotto, 240
 — *Portrait of Dante*, by, 240, 350
 Glasgow, 483, 485-6
 Goldsmid, Sir Isaac L., 42
 Gosse, Edmund W., 15, 333-4, 477
 Graham, Wm., 354, 513
 — *Chats with Jane Clermont*, by,
 354-5
 Graham, Wm. (Glasgow), 340-1, 518-
 19
 Gray, David, 523
Great Writers (series), 479

Greenwell, Dora, 264
Grimani, Conte Filippo, 550
Grisi, Julia, 188
Gutch, Rev. Charles, 534

H

H. (R.), 51
Hake, Dr. T. Gordon, 335-6, 407
— Poems by, 335-6
— *Vates*, by, 335
Hake, George G., 335-7, 357
Halliday, Michael F., 202
Hancock, John, 146, 149-50
— Mrs. Charles, 506-7
Hannay, James, 156, 163-6
— *Singleton Fontenoy*, by, 164
— James Lennox, 169
— Mrs. Margaret, 165
Hardinge, W. M., 494, 521
Hardy, Iza, 491
— Lady Duffus, 491
— Sir T. Duffus, 491
Hare, Dr., 113-14
Harston and Bennett, 528
Hartmann, Sadakichi, 508
Haydon, B. R., 90, 159
— Frank S., 91
— Mary, 90-1
— S. J. B., 497
Hayter, John, 205
Healy, Timothy, 489
Heberden, W. B., 415-16
Heimann, Dr., 29, 59
— Fräulein, 449
— Mrs., 431
Heraud, Edith, 103
— John A., 102-3
Herne Bay, 55, 343, 432
Hervey, T. K., 78-9, 103
Higgins, M. J., 207
Highgate Cemetery, 114-17, 532
Hill, Dr. G. Birkbeck, 218, 223, 259, 566
— Leonard, 223
— Mrs. D. O., 397
Hiller, Ferdinand, 241
Hipkins, Wm. A. F., 507
Hiroshige, 279
Hirsch, Baron, 351
Hitchener, Elizabeth, 364
Hogarth, Mr., 100
— Wm., 224
— Club, 224, 394
Hogg, Mrs., 338, 355, 377
Hokusai, 276, 279, 282, 508
Holbach, Baron von, 124
— *Système de la Nature*, by, 124
Holmer Green, 4-6

Holmwood, Shiplake, 231
Holyrood Palace, 49
Horne, R. Hengist, 105
— *New Spirit of the Age*, by, 233
Hôtel des Trois Rois, Bâle, 457-9
Hôtel-Pension Anglo-Américain, San Remo, 434, 436
Hotten, J. Camden, 402
Houghton, A. Boyd, 83
Houses of Parliament, 138, 140
Howell, Charles A., 327, 342, 555
Howitt, Mary, 93, 170-1
— Wm., 170-1
Howitt-Watts, Mrs., 93, 170-1
— *Boadicea*, by, 172
Howorth, Sir H. H., 507, 514
Hueffer, Catharine, 137, 332-3, 428, 528
— Ford, M., 333, 544
— *F. M. Brown*, by, 544
— Francis, 137, 332-3, 426, 428, 439, 470, 521, 543
— Hermann, 494
— Oliver M., 333, 514
— Zoe, 514
Hughes, Arthur, 146-8, 209
Hugo, Victor, 189, 233
Hunt, Alfred W., 226-8
— Mrs. Alfred W., 228
— Violet, 228
— Wm. Henry, 111, 159
— Wm. Holman, 62, 66-7, 69-70, 75-6, 142, 156-7, 159, 186, 192, 201-2, 204, 233, 321, 349, 477, 558
— *Claudio and Isabella*, by, 149
— *Light of the World*, by, 266
— *Our English Coasts*, by, 156
— *Porphyro and Madeline*, by, 67
— *Riensi swearing Revenge*, by, 67
— *Valentine and Proteus*, by, 169

I

Iddesleigh, Earl of, 409, 545-6
Imperial Dictionary of Biography, 301
Inchbold, J. W., 228-9, 348
Ingelow, Jean, 295
Ingram, J. H., 426, 433
— *Oliver Madox Brown*, by, 426
Inland Revenue Office, 45, 53-4, 409, 411-13, 417, 536, 545
Ionides, Constantine, 340-1
Iowa, 508-9
Ireland, Alexander, 514
— Mrs., 514
Isle of Wight, 81, 249, 343
Italian and other books on Courtesy, etc., 399
Italy, 343, 347-8, 453

J

- Janer, Salvatore, 13
 Japan, 512
 Jarves, J. J., 351
 Jay, Harriett, 521-2
 — *Life of Robert Buchanan*, by, 521,
 523-4
 Jeaffreson, J. Cordy, 269-70, 299, 491
 — *The Real Shelley*, by, 480-1
 Jenner, Sir Wm., 112, 425
 Jerrold, Douglas, 90, 102
 Jerusalem, 142
 Jesse, Mrs., 90
 Jones, Ebenezer, 471
 — *Studies of Sensation* etc., by, 471

K

- Kasumaru, Oshikoji, 507
 Kato, Shozo, 508
 Keats, John, 69, 480
 — *Isabella*, by, 69
 Kebbel, T. E., 169
 Keightley, Misses, 55
 — Mrs., 55
 Keightley, Thomas, 54, 55
 — *Fairy Mythology*, by, 54
 Kelmscott Manor-house, 218, 336,
 357, 429
 Kemble, Charles, 104
 Kern, Dr., 461
 Kincaid, Mr., 40
 — Mrs., 40
 King's College, London, 2, 23, 25,
 29, 36, 155, 175
 Kipling, Mrs. Lockwood, 229
 Kirkup, Barone, 239-40, 350-1, 367,
 375, 399
 Knewstub, W. J., 328
 Knight, Joseph, 331-2
 — *Life of D. G. Rossetti*, by, 332
 Kropotkin, Prince, 451, 493
 Kruger, President, 410

L

- Lamb, Charles (Brighton), 395
 Lambeth MS. Poems, 398
 Lancashire Stoker Works, Bolton,
 455
 Landor, W. Savage, 237-8, 241-2
 Lawson (surgeon), 530
 Lay, G. T., 374
 Leader, J. Temple, 366-7
 Leader, *The* (review), 404
 Lear, Edward, 146, 156-7
 — *Landscape-painter in Calabria*,
 by, 156
 Leathart, James, 135, 340-1, 519

- Leech, John, 146, 155-6
 Legros, Alphonse, 221, 322-3
 — *Ex Voto*, by, 322
 — *The Refectory*, by, 221
 Leifchild, Franklin, 176
 Leighton, John, 144
 Leighton House, London, 206, 494,
 521
 Leighton, Lord, 205-6, 282, 520-1
 — *Romeo and Juliet*, by, 266
 — *Venus*, by, 266
 Lemaitre, Frédéric, 189
 Leopardi, Giacomo, 484, 501
 Lewes, George H., 90, 338, 404
 — Mrs., 338-9
 Lewis, J. Slater, 454-5
 Leyland, F. R., 340-1, 519-20
 Liberty, Lazenby, 278
 Lincoln's Inn Fields, 271
 Linnell, John, 306-7
 Linton, Mrs. Lynn, 326-7
 Linton, W. J., 326-7
 Little, J. Stanley, 393
 Little Holland House, London, 202
 Liverpool, 226, 503
 Locker-Lampson, Frederick, 387
 Locock, C. D., 361
 London, 133, 336, 343, 377, 453
 Longfellow, H. W., 233, 266, 339-40,
 471
 Longmans, Messrs., 161, 543-4
 Lonsdale, Mrs., 513
 Lucy, Charles, 138-9
 Lunn, Dr., 293
 Lushington, Dr., 268-9, 491
 — Judge (Vernon), 155, 236, 241, 268
 Lyell, Charles, 2, 3, 69
 Lyster, Alfred C., 54, 55, 357

M

- MacCallum, Mrs., 297
 MacCarthy, Denis F., 388
 — Justin, 425, 490
 MacColl, Norman, 470-1
 MacKail, J. E., 217
 — *Life of William Morris*, by, 217-
 18
 MacLennan, J. Ferguson, 170
 — *Poems on Præraphælitic Principle*,
 etc., by, 170
 — *Primitive Marriage*, by, 170
 Macmillan, Alexander, 170
 Macmillan's Magazine, 497
 Macready, C. W., 190
 Magazine of Art, xi, 494
 Major, Rev. Dr., 28
 Mallarmé, Stéphane, 334
 Mallet du Pan's Memoirs, 168

Malta, 2
 Manchester, 337, 514
 Manchester Townhall, 325, 428, 493,
 514
 Manet, Edouard, 276
 Marciano, Siena, 236-7
 Marillier, H. C., 507
 — *D. G. Rossetti*, by, 520
 Mario, Jessie M., 244, 566
 Marochetti, Baron, 207
 Marshall, John, 138, 145, 425
 — Peter P., 209, 222, 430
 Marston, Dr. J. Westland, 103, 105,
 329-31
 — Philip B., 103, 329-30, 426, 501
 Martin, Mrs., 437
 — Sidney, 533
 — W. Wilsey, 418
 Martineau, Robert B., 146, 157-8,
 202-25
 — *Last Day in the Old Home*, by, 158
 Marzials, Sir F. T., 479
 Masson, David, 89, 487
 Matthews, C. E., 482
 Meadows, Kenny, 146, 156
 Melbourne (Australia), 462-4
 Meredith, George, 82, 258, 271, 273,
 286-8, 477
 — *Modern Love*, etc., by, 287
 Meuricoffre, Mme., 351
 Michel, Louise, 451
 Micks, Sir Robert, 414, 418, 566
 Midland Institute, Birmingham, 482
 Millais, Mrs., 70
 Millais, Sir J. E., 62, 66, 69-71, 75-76,
 99, 151, 155, 192, 201, 233, 321
 — *Ferdinand and Ariel*, by, 68
 — *Lorenzo and Isabella*, by, 69
 — *North-West Passage, The*, by, 367
 — Portrait of Leech, by, 155
 Millais, Wm. H., 26
 — (senr.), 71
 Miller, Joaquin, 337-8
 — *Songs of the Sierras*, by, 337, 468
 Miller, John, 222, 226
 Milner, Viscount, 409-10, 415-16
 Minister, Mr., 275
 Minto, Prof. Wm., 408
 Montgomery, Rev. Robert, 93
 Moore, Canon, 483-4
 Morris, May, 231
 — Mrs., 218, 230, 357
 Morris, Wm., 194, 209, 214-15, 217-
 18, 225, 357, 430-1, 543
 — *Golden Wings*, by, 216-17
 Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co.,
 209, 215, 430
 Moscheles, Felix, 26, 27
 Moxon and Co., 358

Moxon's Popular Poets, 406-7, 479
 Mullins, 24
 Munro, Alexander, 146, 163, 170, 209
 — Miss, 146
 Muratori, 482
 — *Annali d'Italia*, by, 482
 Murray, C. Fairfax, 149, 235, 325,
 477, 520

N

Naples, 348-9, 421, 456, 465
 Napoleon I., 541
 Napoleon III., 238, 244, 344, 356
 Nash, Rev. Prebendary, 534-5, 538
 National British Gallery, 142, 158,
 203, 229, 325, 341
 National Gallery, 181, 325, 548
 National Portrait Gallery, 14, 242,
 513, 548
 Nettleship, J. T., 278, 326, 566
 Newcastle-on-Tyne, 344, 483
 Newman Street, London, 136
 Nichol, Prof., 486
 — *Lives of Burns and Byron*, by, 486
 Nineteenth Century Building Society,
 440
Nineveh (steamer), 462-4
 Noguchi, Yone, 280, 337, 508
 Normandy, 345-55
 Norquoy, Mrs., 132
 North, Wm., 166-8
 — *Anti-Coningsby*, etc., by, 166
 — *Infinites Republic, The*, by, 166
North American Review, 290
 Norton, Prof. C. E., 507
 Norway, 251, 449
Notes and Queries, 332, 358, 383
 Nuremberg, 355
 Nussey, Edward, 26, 41

O

Old Broad Street, London, 58
 Orme, Mr., 89
 — Mrs., 89, 92
 O'Shaughnessy, Arthur, 326, 340-1
 — Mrs., 330
 Oxford, 215, 442, 485
Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, 216

P

P. R. B., 62, 71, 74-5, 92, 108, 151-2,
 163, 178-9, 192, 233, 321, 349
P. R. B. Journal, The, 63
 Palgrave, F. T., 524
 Palmer, Samuel, 159, 265, 302
 Paris, 35, 277, 317, 344, 356, 376, 457,
 490

Paris, Gaston, 490, 566
 Paris Universal Exhibition, 344-5
 Park Village East, 15, London, 30
 Parry, Sir Hubert, 394
 — music to *Prometheus Unbound*, by, 394
 Patmore, Coventry, 83-6
 — *Angel in the House, The*, by, 84
 — *River, The*, by, 83, 169
 — Mrs. Emily, 84
 Paton, Sir J. Noel, 495-6, 506, 566
 Pau, 438
 Paul, Benjamin H., 168
 — Rev. Mr., 23
 Payne, J. Bertrand, 358-9, 406-7
 — John, 326, 333-4
 — *Lautrec*, by, 334
 Pelham Crescent, 7, London, 367, 373
 Penfold, Rev. Dr., 126
 Penkill Castle, Ayrshire, 263
 Pepe, General, 115
 Pepoli, Conte Carlo, 13, 351
 Petrici, Mrs., 492
 Pierce, Harriet, 13-14, 40
 Pietrocola-Rossetti, Teodorico, 114-15, 349, 543
 Pinturicchio, 237
 — Acts of Pius II, by, 237
 Pistrucci, Filippo, 13, 116
 — Luigi, 36
 Pitti Gallery, Florence, 297
 Poe, Edgar A., 165, 433
 — Poems by, 165, 337, 407
 Polidori, Charlotte L., 15, 38, 40, 127, 293, 421, 440, 543
 Polidori, Dr. John W., 119
 — Diary of, 385, 561
 — Eliza H., 4, 6, 15, 30, 32, 113, 127, 421, 429, 442, 535
 — Gaetano, 1, 4-7, 9, 21, 30, 32, 110, 118-19, 347, 543
 — Margaret, 10, 15, 30, 113, 127, 271, 292
 — Mrs., 4, 6, 30, 39, 110, 119
 — Philip R., 4, 6, 30, 113, 119
 Pollen, J. Hungerford, 209, 223, 566
 — Mrs., 223
 Polydore, Henrietta (junr.), 7
 — Henry F., 7, 85, 119, 357, 543
 Polytechnic Institution, London, 448
 Potter, Cipriani, 11
 — Mrs., 11
 Powell, Prof. York, 484
 Poynter, Lady, 229
 Preston, Sidney E., 392
 Primrose Hill, London, 440-1
 Prinsep, Mrs., 203, 248
 — Thoby, 202-3

Prinsep, Valentine C., 203-4, 209, 566
 Privitera, 32
 Proctor, Miss, 540
 Pyne, Kendrick, 514

R

Rachel, Mlle., 189
Radical, The (magazine), 404
 Rae, George, 135, 226-7, 340-1, 477, 519-20, 547, 566
 Ralston, W. R. W., 88, 269, 339
 Raphael, 211
 Rathbone, Harold, 496
 — Philip, 497, 547
 Read, Harriet, 531-3
 — Mr., 38
Reader, The (review), 276
 Regent's Park, London, 441
 Regina (Florence), 240
 Ricciardi, Conte Giuseppe, 351
 Richardson, Anna, 264
 Richmond, George, 265
 Rintoul, R. S., 97-9, 297
 Ristori, Adelaide, 189
 Roberts, Morley, 450
 Robertson, Prof. Eric, 479
 Robespierre, 125, 565
 Robinson, George T., 487-9
 — *Betrayal of Mets*, by, 487-8
 — Mabel, 488-9
 — Mrs., 488
 Robson, Frederick, 190
 Roche, Antonin, 27
 Rome, 172, 348, 380, 396-7, 449, 454, 456
 Ronge, Johannes, 134-5
 — Mrs., 134-5
 Rose, J. Anderson, 319, 340-1
 Ross, George F., 47
 Rossetti, Christina G., 1, 7, 10, 15, 17-21, 37-9, 61, 73-4, 79, 90, 107-12, 116-17, 127-8, 133, 156, 170, 205, 218, 243, 256, 264, 271, 285, 292, 295, 301, 311-15, 328, 337, 348, 355, 357, 417, 421-2, 427, 429, 433, 442, 474, 508, 510-11, 525-6, 529-42, 553, 555
 — *Bouts-rimés sonnets*, by, 80
 — *Charon's Boat*, by, 532
 — *Chinaman, The*, by, 532
 — *Enrica*, by, 135
 — *From House to Home*, by, 315
 — *Goblin Market*, by, 286
 — *Monna Innominata*, by, 315
 — New Poems by, xi, 292
 — *One Seaside Grave*, by, 315
 — Poetical Works, complete, xii, 72, 530, 543

Rossetti, Christina G., *Rosseggiar (Il) dell' Oriente*, by, 312, 315

— Verses (1847) by, 33

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 1, 5, 9-10, 15, 17-25, 28, 31, 33-4, 37, 39, 57-63, 66-9, 72, 75, 77, 79, 81-2, 86, 107-8, 110, 117, 128-9, 131-9, 141, 144-6, 149, 151, 153, 163, 165, 177, 179, 185-6, 192-3, 201, 208-16, 218, 220, 224, 227-8, 230, 232-4, 245, 271-7, 283-5, 288, 291, 302-4, 306, 310, 318, 321-6, 328-32, 334-7, 339-40, 350, 355, 361, 365, 396, 401, 417, 426, 429-30, 443, 473-6, 478-9, 495, 497, 500, 503, 506, 508, 515-18, 520-2, 525, 536, 550, 554, 558-9

— Works by:—

Annunciation, The, 108

Beata Beatrix, 443, 519

Blake, Wm., writings on, 306

Blessed Damsel, xi

Bouts-rimés sonnets, 79-80

Browning portrait, 234

Bürger's Lenore, translation, xi

Christina Rossetti, portrait, 69

Collected Works, xi, 476, 519

Dante's Dream, 341

Elizabeth E. Rossetti (Siddal), portraits, 204

Family Letters, xi, 17, 218, 474, 497, 554-7

Gabriele Rossetti, portraits, 69, 108

Girlhood of Mary Virgin, 69, 108

Goblin Market designs, 222, 286

Hamlet and Ophelia, 497

Hand and Soul, 297

House of Life, 478, 524

Letters to Wm. Allingham, 259

Lucy Rossetti, portrait, 357

Mary in the House of John, 262

Poems, 1870, 255, 521

Roderick and Rosalba, 33

Scraps of Verse and Prose, 559

Siddal edition, xi

Sir Hugh the Heron, 33, 302

Sorrentino, 33

Stealthy School of Criticism, 522

Tennyson designs, 214, 254

Rossetti, Dora B., 455

Rossetti, Elizabeth E., 74, 117, 149, 183, 192-6, 200

— Poems by, 195-9

Rossetti, Frances M. L., 1, 9, 11-12, 15, 17, 20, 22, 30, 38-40, 61, 107-9, 112, 114-17, 119, 121, 127-9, 218, 271, 291, 308, 348, 355, 420-2, 429, 517, 525, 541, 555

Rossetti, Gabriel Arthur, 437, 446, 448-9, 454-5, 528

Rossetti, Gabriele, 1-3, 5, 9, 11-13, 15-17, 22, 24, 35-6, 41-2, 61, 80, 104, 107-8, 110-11, 113-17, 119-21, 125-6, 129, 240, 356, 366, 484, 560

— *Amor Platonico*, by, 3, 117

— *Spirito Antipapale*, by, 3

Rossetti, Geoffrey W., 455

Rossetti, Helen M. M. (*see* Angeli)

Rossetti, Lucy, 37, 136-7, 217, 256, 329, 349, 351, 394, 420-4, 429-35, 437-49, 452, 488, 492, 494, 509, 512, 526-29, 554

— *Mary Shelley*, Memoir by, 353, 433, 491, 512

— *Romeo and Juliet*, by, 420, 494

Rossetti, Maria F., 1, 10, 17-19, 21, 38-9, 56, 61, 78, 111, 115, 128, 133, 152, 225, 271, 420-2, 426-8, 532, 543, 544

— *Grandalina Talbot*, by, 33, 78

— *Rivulets, The*, by, 78

— *Shadow of Dante*, by, 428

Rossetti, Mary E. M., 175-6, 344, 446, 448, 450, 457, 494

— Lecture on Napoleon I, by, 457

Rossetti, Michael, 117, 447, 457, 543

Rossetti, Olivia (*see* Agresti)

Rossetti, Wm. Michael, writings by—
American Poems, selection, 406
Blake (Wm.) Catalogue Raisonné of Pictures etc., 306-8

Bouts-rimés sonnets, 79-80, 83

Chaucer's Troilus and Boccaccio's Filostrato, Collation, 399-400

Cor Cordium, 387

Critic, The, notices in, 101

Dante's Inferno, translation, 308, 310, 340

D. G. Rossetti and Elisabeth Siddal, xii, 192, 194-5, 204

D. G. Rossetti as Designer and Writer, xi, 477-8

Democratic Sonnets, 474-5

Encyclopædia Britannica, articles in, 472-3

English Opinion on the American War, 301

Fine Art, chiefly Contemporary, 300, 310

Fraser's Magazine, articles in, 299

Gabriele Rossetti, Translated Autobiography, xi, 559-60

Germ, The, articles in, 234

Humorous Poems, selection, 406

In the Hill-Shadow, 78

Introductions to works by Dickens and Thackeray, 560-1

- Italian Courtesy-books*, 399
Jeaffreson's Real Shelley, review, 385
Keats, Life of, 479
 Leopardi, lecture, 483-5
Lives of Famous Poets, 385, 407-8, 479
Memoir of D. G. Rossetti, 23, 31, 71, 108, 177, 185, 192, 194-5, 230, 245, 283, 303, 327, 329, 335, 503, 516, 532, 539, 556, 557
Mrs. Holmes Grey, 81-2
Portraits of Browning, 247
Portraits of D. G. Rossetti, xi, 477
Præraphaelite Diaries and Letters, xi, 559
Raimond and Matilda, 33
 Rossetti Notes, *Art Journal*, xi, 476
Rossetti Papers, 1862-70, compilation, xii, 561
 Ruskin, article on, 180
Ruskin, Rossetti, Præraphaelitism, xi, 195, 488, 559
Scott (W. B.) and Modern British Poetry, 497
Shelley, edition of, 359-61, 380, 383-5, 512, 523
Shelley, lectures on, 385, 482, 483, 485
Shelley, memoirs of, 385, 473
Shelley, notes on, in *Notes and Queries*, 358
Shelley in 1812-13, 255
Shelley's Adonais, edition of, 385, 479
Shelley's Heart, sonnet, 473
Spectator, articles in the, 97-8
Stacyons of Rome, notes on, 398
Swinburne's Poems and Ballads, a *Criticism*, 290, 523
Talks with Trelawny, 367
Tauarello Salanguerra and Muratori, 481
Ulfrid the Saxon, 33, 34
Wives of Poets, 483
 Rovedino, 12
 Rowley, Charles, 493
 Royal Academy, 58, 64, 69, 91, 145, 228, 255, 316, 520
 Royal Literary Fund, 562-3
 Rue de la Falaise, Biarritz, 438
 Rugby School, 160
 Ruskin, John, 143, 177-84, 212, 227, 262, 291, 317-19, 321, 326, 340, 547, 558-9
 — *Royal Academy Notes*, by, 227
 — *Time and Tide*, by, 182

- Ruskin, John J., 178
 — Mrs., 178
 Ruxton, Captain, 264-6, 268
 — Mrs., 268

S

- S. (W. S.), 48
 Saint Edmund's Terrace, London, 277, 428, 440-2, 529
 Saint Katherine's Chapel, London, 126
 Sala, G. A., 169
 Salt, H. S., 500-1
 — *Life of James Thomson*, by, 500
 Salvini, Tommaso, 189
 San Geminiano, 242
 San Remo, 157, 434-7, 527-8, 545, 549
 Sandys, F. A., 320-2, 566
 — *Sir Isumbras* (caricature), by, 321
 Sangiovanni, Benedetto, 13
 Sanjo, 507
 Sargent, J. S., 489
 Sartoris, Mrs., 205
 Sass's Academy, London, 39
Saturday Review, The, 299
 Scotland, 357
 Scott, David, 131, 396
 — Shelley's grave, drawing by, 396
 Scott, Mrs., 132
 Scott, Wm. Bell, 59-60, 130-3, 261, 263-4, 326, 348-9, 361, 396, 400, 492, 555, 559
 — *Autobiographical Notes*, by, 59, 263
 — *Eve of the Deluge*, by, 131
 — Wallington Mural Paintings, by, 261
 Scott (*Spectator*), 297-8
 Sebag-Montefiore, Sir Joseph, 36
 Seddon, Fanny, 438
 Seddon, John P., 143-4, 566
 — Memoir of Thomas Seddon, by, 143
 Seddon, Mrs., 144
 — Thomas, 138-9, 142-4, 180, 393
 — (senr.), 142
 Sellé, Dr., 390
 Selvatico, Riccardo, 467, 549-51, 566
 Severn, Mrs. Arthur, 179
 Shakespeare, 34, 195, 378, 532
 — *As You Like It*, by, 250
 — *Henry VI*, by, 34
 — Sonnets by, 250
 Sharp, Wm., 506, 566
 Shelley, Harriet, 364
 — Lady, 362-3
 — Misses, 395
 Shelley, Percy B., 57, 87, 126, 158, 338, 350-2, 355, 360, 364, 369, 375-6, 378, 394-5, 481, 512, 561

Shelley, Percy B., *Adonais*, by (Wm. Rossetti's edition), 87, 385
 — *Charles the First*, by, 363
 — *Defence of Poetry*, by, 401
 — Drawings by, 394-5
 — *Hellas*, by, 390
 — Letters to Miss Hitchener, by, 364-6
 — Poems of (Forman's edition), 381
 — — (W. M. Rossetti's edition), 359-61, 380, 383-5
 — Poems to Edward and Jane Williams, by, 374
 — *Prometheus Unbound*, by, 361
 — *Queen Mab*, by, 123, 375
 Shelley, Sir Percy F., 362-4, 374, 433, 513
 — Society, 363, 389-94, 483, 485, 501
 Shepherd, R. Herne, 471-2
 Shields, Fred. J., 278, 323-5, 477
 Shigemasa, Kitao, 279
 Siddal, Elizabeth E. (see Rossetti)
 Siena, 237
 Silsbee, E. A., 353, 511-13
 Sim, Dr. Robert, 351
 Simmons, Bartholomew, 49, 417
 Sizeranne, Robert de la, 550-1
 Skipsey, Joseph, 443
 Slack, Henry J., 364-6, 387
 Slark, John, 384
 Smargiassi, Gabriele, 13
 — Pictures of Vasto, etc., by, 13
 Smetham, James, 323-4, 534
 — Letters of, 324
 Smith, Albert, 169
 — Bernhard, 146, 150-1
 — Miss Anne Leigh, 172
 Somerset House, London, 53, 314, 381, 437, 441, 469, 498, 549, 553
 Sompthing (Worthing), 372-8
 Soskice, Juliet, 333
 Spain, 439
Spectator, *The* (newspaper), 94, 96-100, 180, 298, 344, 523
 Spielmann, M. H., 247
Stacyons (The) of Rome, 398
 Stanhope, J. R. Spencer, 209, 222-3
 Staude, Alexander, 459-61
 Stephen, Lady, 203
 Stephens, Fred. G., 62, 67-9, 75-6, 101, 159, 201, 225, 233, 471, 477, 557-8
 Stepniak, 451
 Stewart, Dr. W. E., 530-1
 — Wm., 113-14
 Stillman, Misses, 267
 — Mrs., 267, 342, 492
 Stillman, Wm. J., 180, 267, 348
 — *Autobiography* of, 267

Stokes, Whitley, 176
 Story, Wm. W., 237-9, 241-2
 Stowe, Mrs., 320
 — *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by, 320
 Stratford-on-Avon, 443
 Street, Edmund G., 225-6
 — Mrs., 225
Studies in European Literature (book), 485
 Sugaku, 279
 Suyematzu, Baron, 507
 — *Jenghis Khan and Yoshitsune*, by, 507
 Swinburne, Algernon C., 82, 194, 218-19, 220, 225, 231, 262-3, 271-3, 287-9, 291-2, 337, 361, 378, 390, 477, 500, 523, 565
 — *Atalanta in Calydon*, by, 288-92
 — *Poems and Ballads*, by, 221, 289, 291, 359, 523
 — *William Blake*, essay by, 220, 308
 — (and W. M. Rossetti), *Notes on R.A.*, by, 221
 Swinburne, Lady Jane, 231
 Sydney (Australia), 464-5

T

Talfourd, Field, 242
 — Portrait of Mrs. Browning, by, 242-3
 Tallent, Mr., 5
 Tatham, Fredk., 306-7
 Taylor, John E., 475
 — Miss Emma, 373, 378, 380
 Taylor, Sir Henry, xii, 207
 — *Autobiography* of, xii
 Taylorian Institution, Oxford, 483-4
 Tebbs, H. Virtue, 144, 171, 521
 Tennyson, Fredk., 90
 — Lady, 249, 251, 259
 Tennyson, Lord (Alfred), 85, 236, 247-59, 378, 524
 — *Idylls of the King*, by, 252-4
 — Illustrated edition of, 254
 — *Maud*, by, 251
 Tennyson, Lord (Hallam), 250, 259
 — *Memoir of Tennyson*, by, 250, 255, 258, 524
 Tennyson, Rev. G. C., 252
 Thackeray, W. M., 100, 207, 560
 — *Newcomes*, *The*, by, 147
 Thomas, W. Cave, 138
 Thomson, James (B. V.), 82, 330, 500-1
 — *The City of Dreadful Night*, by, 501
 — *Weddah and Om el Bonain*, by, 500

Thynne, Lord Charles, 38
 Tickell, R. E., 386
 — *Vale of Nantgwilt*, by, 386
Times, The, 137, 332, 521
 Tissot, James, 276
 Todhunter, Dr. John, 390, 506
 Torrington Square, 30, London, 314,
 422, 429, 442
 Trelawny, Edward John, 155, 207,
 277, 351-3, 364, 366-80, 388, 396
 — *Records of Shelley and Byron*, by,
 352, 376-7
 Trent, Wm., 47-8
 Trevelyan, Lady, 194, 261-2
 — Sir Walter C., 194, 261-2
 Trinity Church, Marylebone, 126
 Tupper, Geo. I., 161
 Tupper, John Lucas, 159-60, 184,
 233, 349
 — Poems by, 161-2
 Tupper, Mrs. John, 161
 — (senr.), 160-1
 Turguénief, 339
 Turin, 466
 Turner, W. A., 341
 Tweeddale, Dr., 463-4

U

Union Debating Hall, Oxford, 208
 United States, America, 167, 404,
 449, 492

V

Valentine, Mrs., 79
 Valpy, L. R., 340, 518
 Varley, John, 303
 — *Zodiacal Physiognomy*, by, 303-4
 Vaux, W. S. W., 269
 Venice, 348-50, 550-1
 Venice International Exhibition, 549
 Ventnor, 434
 Viardot-Garcia, Madame, 189
 Virgil, 88
 — *The Georgics*, by, annotated by
 Martyn, 88

W

Wallace, Sir Richard, 546
 Wallington Hall, Northumberland,
 261
 Wallis, Henry, 146, 158
 — *Death of Chatterton*, by, 158
 Ward and Lock, 381, 407
 Waterford, Marchioness of, 262
 Watson, Dr. J. Spence, 264, 443
 — Mrs., 264
 Watts, Alfred A., 93, 418

Watts, George F., 202-5, 566
 — Lady Tennyson, portrait by, 253
 — Mrs. Nassau Senior, portrait by,
 204
 — Tennyson, portrait by, 247
 — Wm. Morris, portrait by, 214
 Watts, Thomas, 89
 Watts-Dunton, Theodore, 195, 259,
 273, 283, 336-7, 402, 470, 477, 518,
 555-7
 Waugh, Edwin, 493
 Webb, Philip, 209, 216, 222, 430
 Webster, Augusta, 502
 — *Mother and Daughter*, by, 502
 — *The Sentence*, by, 502-3
 Welldon, Mrs., 208
 Wells, H. Tanworth, 146, 154, 566
 Wells, Mrs., 146, 153-4
 — *Elgiva*, by, 154
 Wetherall, Mr., 300
 Whistler, James M., 182-3, 212, 276,
 283, 316-20, 323, 341, 551, 566
 — *Cremorne Fireworks*, by, 182
 — *Little White Girl*, by, 551
 — *Princesse du Palais de Porcelaine*,
 by, 492
 Whistler, Mrs., 320
 — Wm., 320
 Whitman, Walt, 219, 378, 401-6, 484
 — *Leaves of Grass*, by, 300, 400, 405
 — Selection from, by Wm. Rossetti,
 402-4
 Wigan, Alfred, 190
 Williams, W. Smith, 96-7
 Wilson, Lisa, 526
 Windus, W. L., 226-7
 — *Burd Helen*, by, 227
 — *Too Late*, by, 227
 Wise, Thomas J., 366, 393
 Wood, John, 43, 49, 409, 413-14
 Woolner, Thomas, 62-5, 67, 75-6, 81,
 83, 89, 150-1, 201, 233, 247, 257,
 291, 431, 546
 — Lady Tennyson, medallion by, 253
 — Tennyson, medallion by, 85
 Worthing, 438, 488
 Wright of Derby, 14
 — Portrait of himself, by, 14

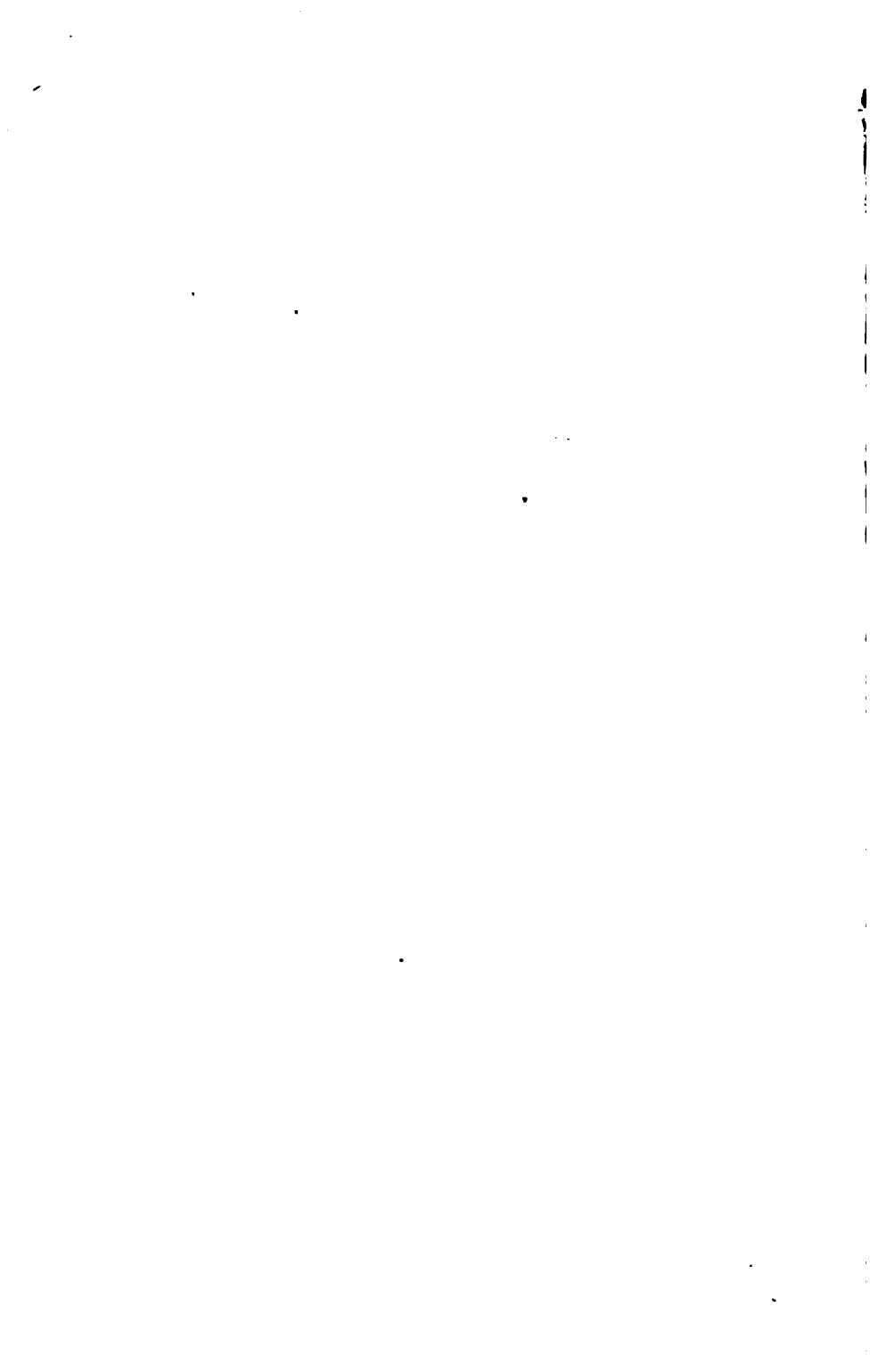
Y

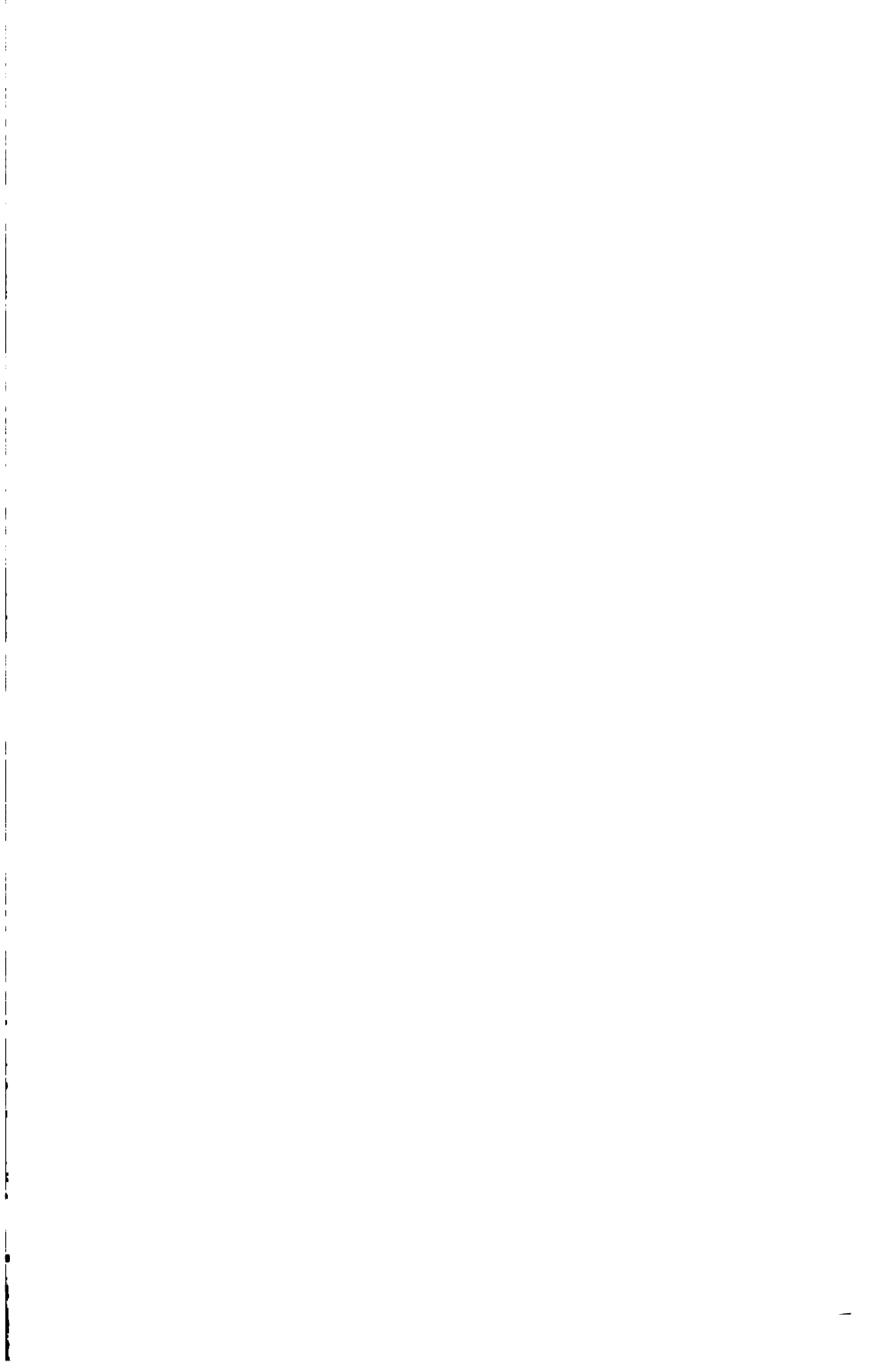
Yates, Edmund, 169
 Young, Rev. Edward, 540
 — *Night-thoughts*, by, 540

Z

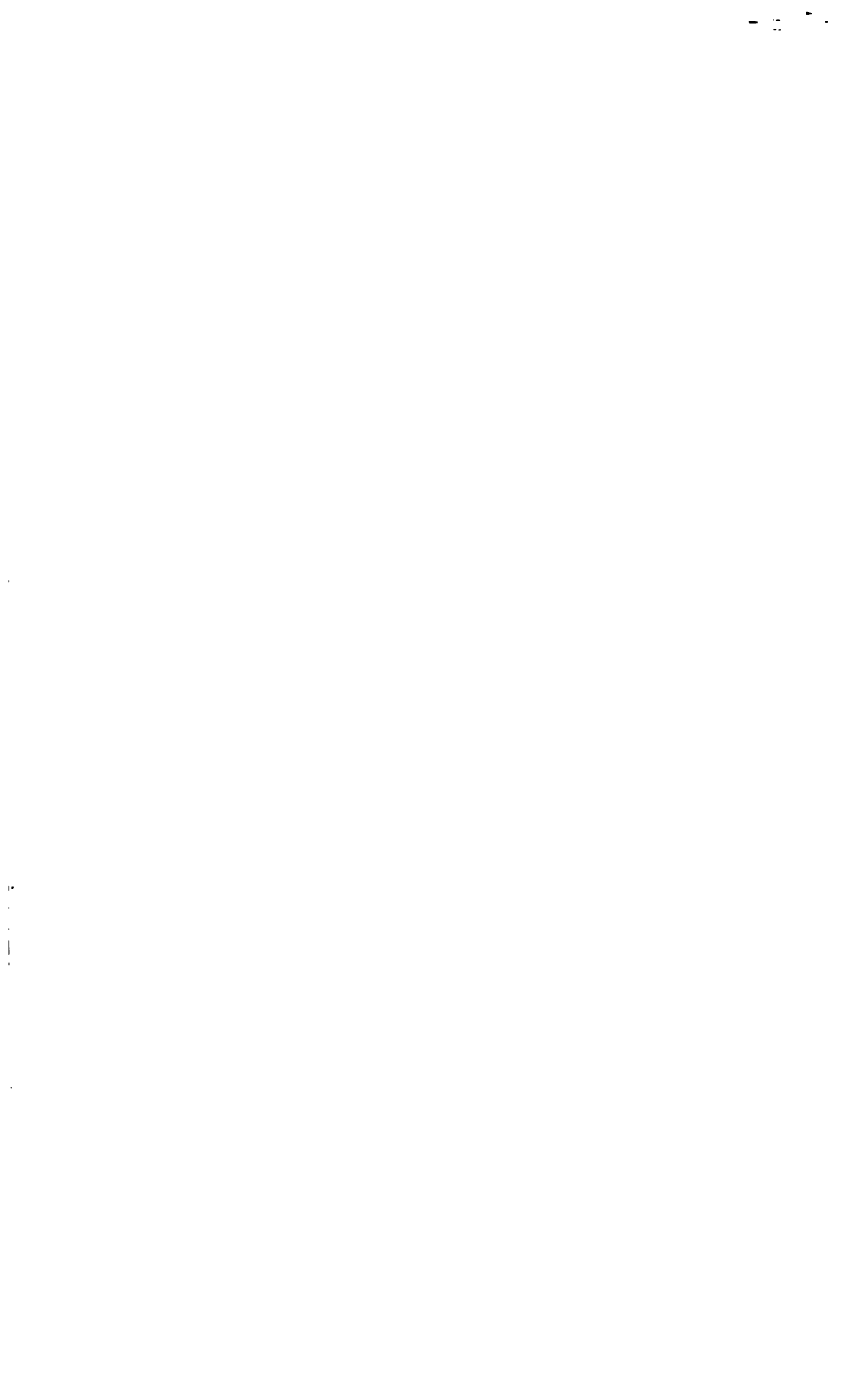
Z. (Y.), 283-4
 Zoological Gardens, London, 285-6

PLYMOUTH
WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD.
PRINTERS









APR 6 - 1954

